

PRIMITIVES NORMAN COOK

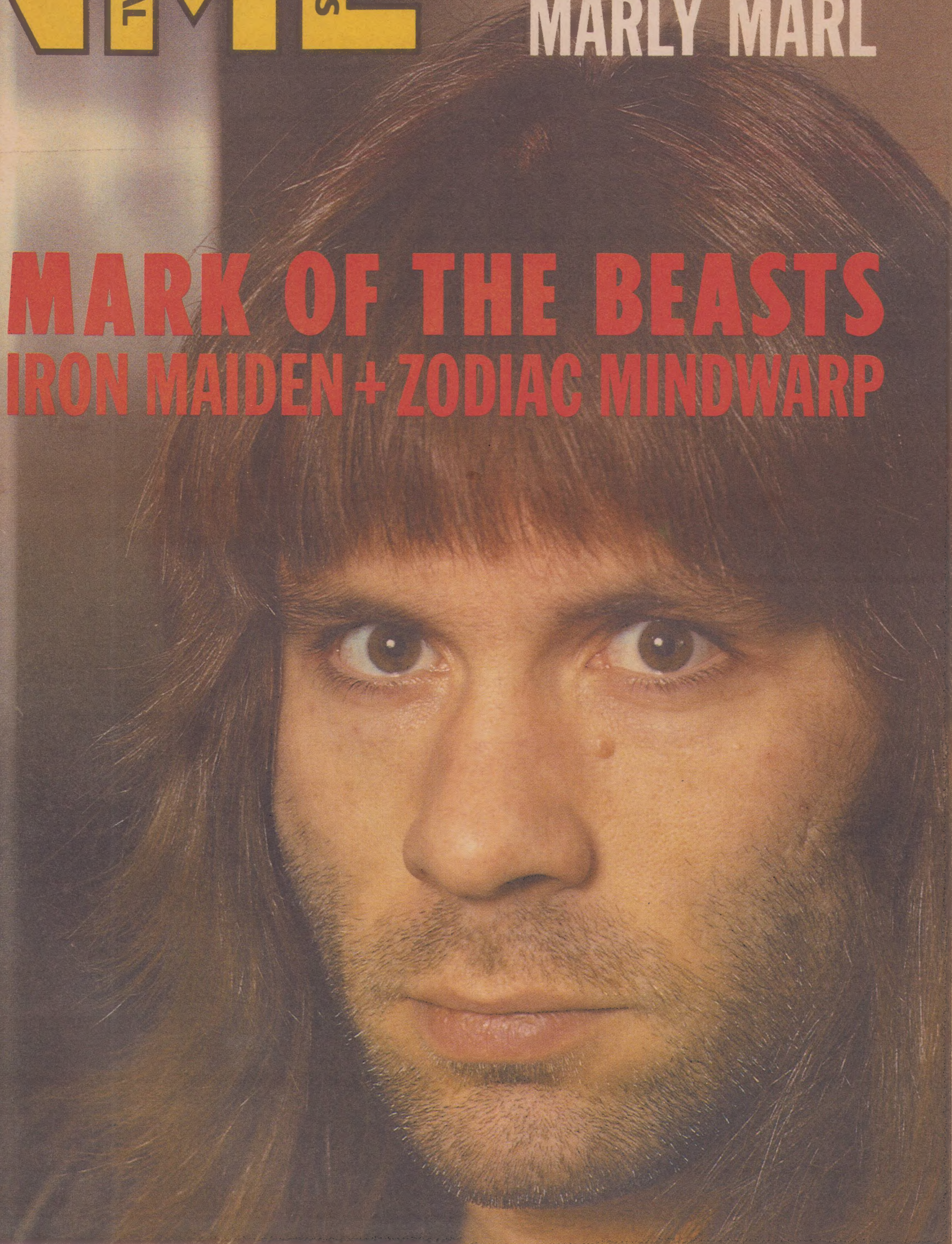
COLD CHILLIN' with

NEW NME EXPRESS MUSICAL

BIZ MARKIE
BIG DADDY KANE
MARLY MARL

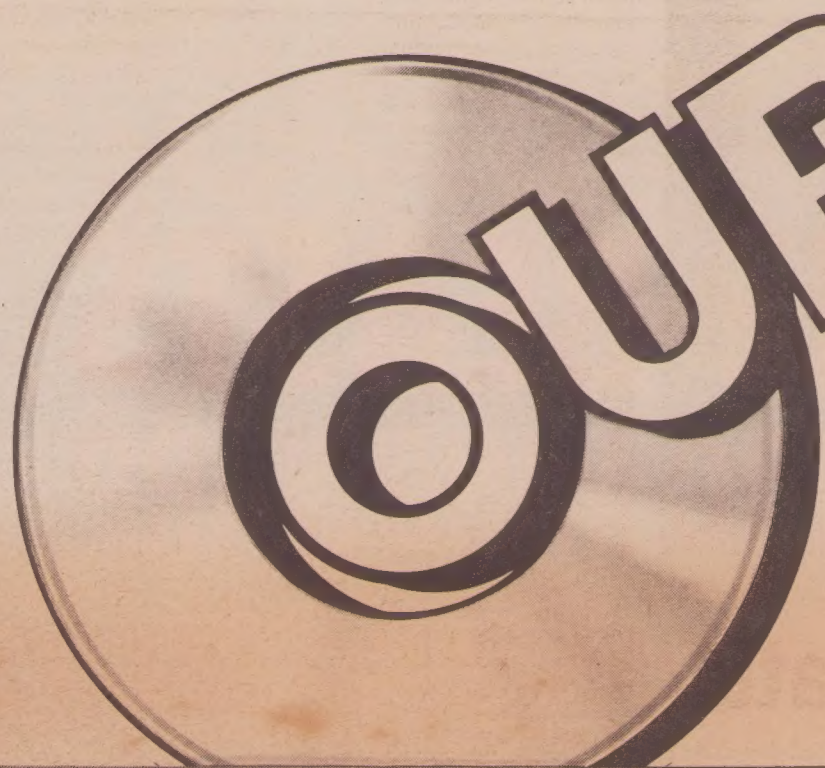
MARK OF THE BEASTS

IRON MAIDEN + ZODIAC MINDWARP



Iron Maiden vocalist Bruce Dickinson pictured by Ross Halfin

IF YOU GIVE A TOSS
ABOUT GOOD MUSIC
GET STUMP'S
FIERCE PANCAKE



OUR PRICE

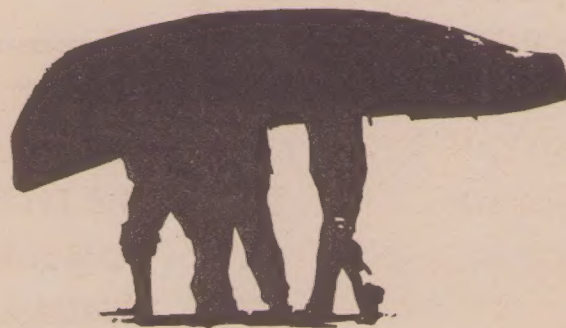
NOW OPEN AT
BURNLEY 63 THE MALL
SUNDERLAND 29 MARKET SQUARE
CARDIFF 7 ST DAVIDS WAY
WORKSOP 22 BRIDGE STREET
GLASGOW THE SAUCHIEHALL CENTRE
OVER 190 GREAT RECORD SHOPS



**STUMP
'A FIERCE PANCAKE'**

ADDED INGREDIENTS INCLUDE
ALCOHOL, CHOAS, BONE
AND CHARLTON HESTON!

A FIERCE PANCAKE TOUR IN MARCH
Saturday 5th CAMBRIDGE College of Art
Sunday 6th BRIGHTON Pavillion
Tuesday 8th STOKE Shelleys
Wednesday 9th HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic
Thursday 10th NEWCASTLE University
Friday 11th MANCHESTER International
Saturday 12th SHEFFIELD Leadmill
Monday 14th NOTTINGHAM Rock City
Tuesday 15th LEICESTER University
Wednesday 16th BIRMINGHAM Irish Centre
Thursday 17th BRISTOL Beer Keller
Friday 18th NORTHAMPTON Road Menders Club
Saturday 19th PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic
Sunday 20th LONDON Town & Country



**OUT NOW ON
ALBUM, CASSETTE AND CD**

Ice-breaker halts 'Cubes

THE SUGARCUBES tour of Britain in March has had to be rescheduled for May because guitarist Thor has broken his wrist in three places.

The accident occurred while the band were rehearsing in Iceland. Thor was carrying his guitar stack when he slipped over on ice and injured his fretting hand. At the moment he is receiving treatment from a local Chinese acupuncturist in Iceland.

Perversely enough, having had to set the tour back The Sugarcubes have decided to bring their record release schedule forward. Their new

single, 'Deus', comes out on April 11 in 7-inch, 12-inch, cassette and CD formats.

The band's long-awaited debut album, 'Life's Too Good', meanwhile, hits the racks on April 25. It will come in vinyl, cassette, CD, DAT cassette and CD video LP formats. This will be followed on May 23 by a hi-fi video version of the album.

The Sugarcubes' rescheduled tour kicks off at Leicester University (May 11), Newcastle University (12), Glasgow Arts School (13), Manchester University (14), Birmingham Diamond Suite (17) and London Astoria (19).

Boss UK dates?

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN is expected to announce details of a British tour next week, CBS have said.

The Boss is currently doing the rounds in America, but *NME* understands the UK visit will be in June.

Although nothing had been confirmed at the time of going to press, it is believed that Springsteen will announce details of three shows at London Wembley Arena, and possibly the same number at Birmingham NEC.

Strong rumours also suggest he will play an open air show at Cardiff Arms Park on June 22, and another two gigs at St James' Park in Newcastle.

Full details should appear in the next issue of the *NME*.

Press reports from America suggesting large-scale walkouts at his US concerts are unfounded. Some unscrupulous newspapers reported that fans were bored with the shows, saying they concentrated too heavily on material from 'Tunnel Of Love'.

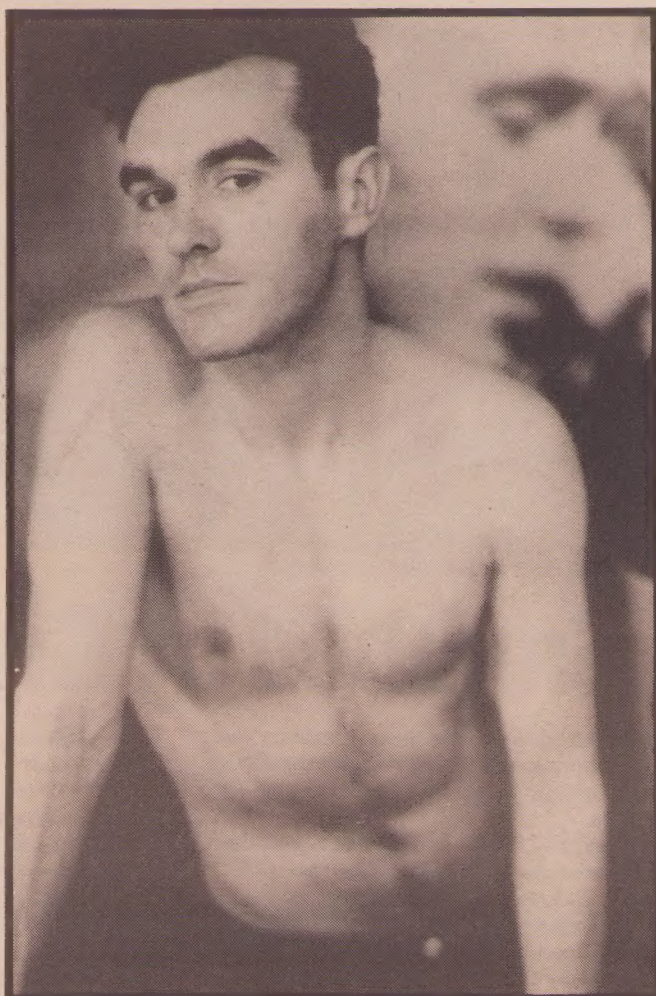
But *NME* sources say that although Bruce's latest album is well-represented in concert, his old favourites still make up the lion's share of the lengthy set.

He is again joined by the E Street Band for the concerts, augmented by a five-piece horn section.



Bruce Springsteen: tour rumours

NEWS



What next Mozzer?

Date with 'Hate'

MORRISSEY releases his debut solo album on Monday, called 'Viva Hate'.

It features 12 tracks, all written by Morrissey and Stephen Street, including the single 'Suedehead'. Street also produced and played bass guitar.

Other musicians include Vini Reilly (guitars and keyboards) and Andrew Paresi (drums). A string section can also be heard on some tracks.

The full track listing is, Side One: 'Alsatian Cousin', 'Little Man, What Now?', 'Every Day Is Like Sunday', 'Bengali In Platforms', 'Angel, Angel, Down We Go Together', 'Late Night, Maudlin Street'.

Side Two: 'Suedehead', 'Break Up The Family', 'The Ordinary Boys', 'I Don't Mind If You Forget Me', 'Dial-a-Cliche', 'Margaret On The Guillotine'.

Morrissey stars on the album sleeve himself, in a picture taken by Anton 'Joshua Tree' Corbijn.

Run to stay with Profile

RUN DMC have lost their six month legal battle with Profile Records and have now agreed to stay with the label—and deliver ten albums!

The new deal means that the band will be contracted to the American independent label until well into the 21st century.

Run DMC have also agreed to pay Profile's legal costs for the lengthy law suit, estimated to be in excess of \$500,000.

In the suit's final settlement, the group's management company Rush Productions have agreed to give up their claim that Profile did not "accurately or completely account to them".

Run DMC have already delivered their next album to Profile, entitled 'Tougher Than Leather', and it will be released in the UK through London Records' dance label

FFRR in mid May.

It will be preceded by a single, 'Run's House', backed with 'Beats To The Rhyme', in the shops on April 18.

Run DMC are lining up a US tour starting in May and could be seen on British stages by August.

Their last album 'Raisin' Hell' sold 3.3 million copies worldwide.

A fairly chuffed Profile president, Cory Robbins said: "We are very pleased that Run DMC have chosen to remain with us."

Whether Run DMC "chose" to stay or realised they were fighting a losing battle in court is unsure. The new deal, however, does mean they are tied to Profile for much longer than their original contract, which demanded only another seven albums from the group.

New 'Fab LP

PREFAB SPROUT release their third album, 'From Langley Park To Memphis', on Monday (March 14).

All ten songs were written by Paddy McAloon, and there are guest appearances from Stevie Wonder, playing harmonica on 'Nightingales', and Pete Townsend on 'Hey Manhattan!'

Production credits on the album are shared between McAloon, Thomas Dolby (who produced 'Steve McQueen'), Andy Richards and Jon Kelly.

The full track listing is, Side One: 'The King Of Rock 'n' Roll', 'Cars And Girls', 'I Remember That', 'Enchanted', 'Nightingales'. Side Two: 'Hey Manhattan!', 'Knock On Wood', 'The Golden Calf', 'Nancy (Let Your Hair Down For Me)' and 'The Venus Of The Soup Kitchen'.

● **THE POGUES** have finalised details of their seventh London show at the end of their sell-out British tour.

After a massive demand for tickets for their six dates at the Town & Country Club in Kentish Town, they have now slotted in a show at the Brixton Academy on Sunday, March

20, again with After Tonite as special guests.

Tickets are on sale now at the venue and usual agents, price £7.50. They are also available from the Town & Country.

The Pogues' new single, 'If I Should Fall From Grace With God' is slowly creeping up the charts.

NEWS

3

THRILLS: GENE AND JIM, PRIMITIVES, WORLD DOM 6
WORD UP 21

FILM: EDDIE MURPHY, ROBERT TOWNSEND 23

SINGLES: THE RED BARRON 28

LPS: HEADS, SPROUTS, NANCY GRIFFITHS 30

RECORD AND TOUR NEWS 34

GIG GUIDE 37

LIVE: SINEAD O'CONNOR, 41

OTHER VOICES: 43

FRED FACT 44

CHARTS 48

Contents

ANGST 50

PUBLIC NME 51

COLD CHILLIN 12

NORMAN HOUSEMARTIN 14

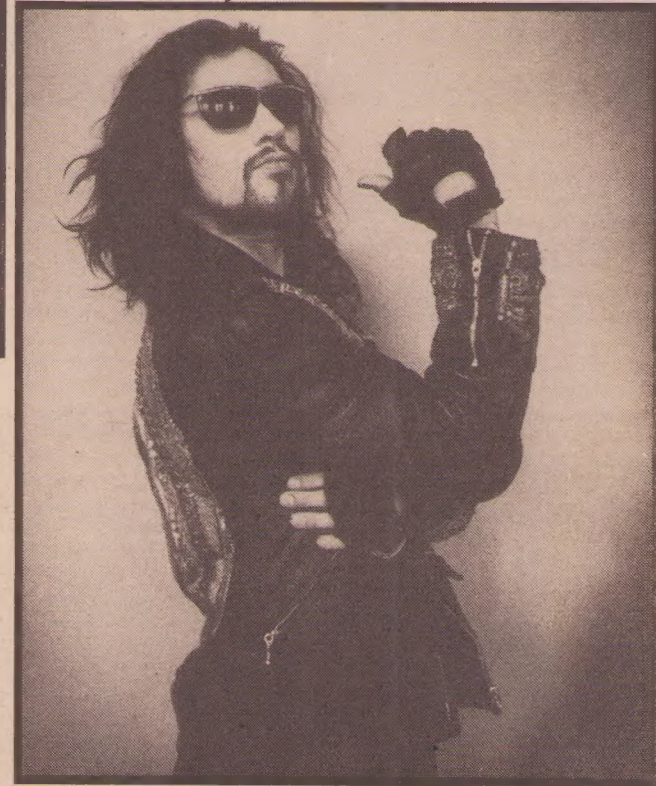
NORMAN HOUSEMARTIN 18

THE SHAMEN 20

IRON MAIDEN: THE

'EAVIEST COCKNEYS ON

THE BLOCK 26



ZODIAC MINDWARP 10

NEWS

NHS benefits

NORMAN COOK, Jerry Dammers, Gary Crowley, Capt Sensible and Wendy May lead the cast of guest DJs at a one-off 'Night For The NHS' club in London next week.

Along with *NME*'s own Paolo Hewitt and Denis Campbell, they're appearing on the wheels of steel at Hammersmith Town Hall, King Street, W6, on Tuesday (March 15).

The show, organised by the NUPE and COHSE health workers unions along with the Red Wedge Trade Union Agency, runs from 7pm to midnight. Tickets are £2.50 and £1.50 (concessions).

Ticket reservations can be made by phone through John

Kaufman (01 748 2040 ext 3030) and Dave Shields (01 748 3020 ext 5028) and there will be tickets available on the night.

● **HARRY ENFIELD** and Skint Video are among the stars of a cabaret 'The NHS You'll Never Budget' benefit on Monday (March 14).

It's at the Hackney Empire in London and tickets are £3 and £2 (concs) from the box office (01 985 2424 and 01 986 9666). The event runs from 7pm to midnight and also features Mark Steel, Hope Augustus, Felix, John Moloney, Sea Monster, Mark Miwurdz, Kit Hollerbach, Mr Adams and Mr Dandridge and Stephen Frost.

EASTENDERS stars Tom Watt (Lofty) and Nick Berry (Wicksy) and Norman Cook are the DJs at Red Wedge's monthly club night at the Mean Fiddler, Harlesden, London, on Sunday (March 13).

The Rhythm Sisters and Reel By Reel play live as well, and tickets are a mere snip at £4 from the box office (01 961 5490). The show runs from 8pm to 1am.

● Norman Cook feature, see page 14.

BILLY BRAGG is playing a benefit show at Sunderland Polytechnic on March 19 to raise money for the town's youth employment project.

The project is just one of the schemes set up by The Bunker community centre in Sunderland, which recently had its council grant slashed in half.

● **IKE TURNER** gave himself up for arrest last Monday in Pasadena, California, after he failed to appear in court to face cocaine charges.

Fifty-five year old Turner was charged with possession of cocaine, conspiracy to sell the drug and maintaining a house from which to deal.

He was released after paying \$15,000 bail.

He was last arrested in June 1985 after he allegedly tried to sell \$16,000 worth of coke to an undercover police officer in Hollywood. A trial is scheduled on a different charge for March 14 in Santa Monica Superior Court on separate drug-related serious crimes.

● **JAKE BURNS** is disbanding Stiff Little Fingers to take up a job as a Radio One producer, it was revealed last week.

The *NME* had earlier reported that SLF were calling it a day after their next tour, which starts on Friday, less than six months after reforming.

Burns is currently on a producer's training course at the BBC and has told his new masters that his ultimate ambition is "to destroy Bananarama".

Meanwhile, the band's London show at the Academy in Brixton on March 17 is likely to be filmed for a future video release.



Run DMC: last appearance at awards?

Snubbed by Grammys

AMERICA'S premier music awards, the Grammys, came under fire last week from rock critics, musicians and industry chiefs.

This year's awards, handed out in New York last week, were criticised for their "unprecedented display of arrogance".

Eyebrows were raised when Paul Simon walked off with the Record Of The Year Award for his 'Graceland' album for the second year running. "How can he win the same award for the same album in 1987 and 88? The album's about two and a half years old", commented one angry guest at the ceremony.

Simon and Steve Winwood were both nominated for the award despite their being recognised last year for the same music.

Rock critics are annoyed that rap music has been shunned altogether, despite its unprecedented commercial success through acts like Run DMC, The Beastie Boys and LL Cool J. Also frozen out were hard rock bands like Bon Jovi, Aerosmith and Def Leppard, despite their ability to fill big-capacity arenas across the States.

The Best Female Rock Singer award was eliminated altogether and folded into a single award for best male/female performer, even though every other major category from jazz to R'n'B retained a separate female division.

Angry TV viewers, unaware of the merger until the show began, called local

TV stations to complain about the hush hush change.

Al Schlesinger, President of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences who organise the awards, says members must nominate ten different people in a category for it to exist. "If we don't end up with ten nominations, rather than having insufficient competition, we fold the category into another one. It doesn't happen very often", he said.

In other words NARAS's 6,000 members couldn't come up with ten female candidates. A Boston music critic branded the situation "a shameful commentary on the state of the industry that still channels women towards pop, folk and jazz, not rock 'n' roll".

Bob Guccione Jr, publisher of *Spin* magazine, was furious about the rock category merger. "This is literally a disservice to both male and female performers. I think the last year or two has represented the emergence of the female rock superstar. It started with Madonna and really it's just blossoming", he said.

Highlights of the ceremony were performances from Terence Trent D'Arby, Suzanne Vega, Lou Reed and Run DMC. But as *New York Daily News* critic David Hinckley pointed out: "given the musical tastes of Grammy voters, it may also be the last time Lou Reed or Run DMC will be there at all".

Maiden at Castle Don

IRON MAIDEN have been confirmed as the top of the bill act for this year's Monsters Of Rock festival at Castle Donington.

This week's cover stars are also in final rehearsals for a world tour, due to start in Canada in May.

The Donington show takes place on Saturday, August 20, and tickets are £16.50, on sale now by postal application from Aimcarve Ltd, PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall WS9 8XY. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and a 50p booking fee per ticket. Make cheques or postal orders payable to Aimcarve Ltd and allow 28 days for delivery.

Iron Maiden release their new single 'Can I Play With Madness' on EMI on Monday, and a new album will be in the shops next month.

The video for the single, which does not feature the band, has been directed by Julian Doyle, who assisted Terry Gilliam in the making of *Time Bandits* and *Brazil*.

● Iron Maiden feature, see page 26.



O'Neal: removal dates

● **ALEXANDER O'NEAL** flies into Britain for a series of live shows in May.

Dates announced so far are Manchester Apollo (May 24 and 25) and London Wembley Arena (26, 27 and 28), though more will be added later.

The soulman and brass band fan will be previewing as yet unrecorded new material. He'll have a new single out in late April, a remixed version of 'What Can I Say To Make You Love Me' from the 'Hearsay' album.

Tickets for Wembley are £12.50 and £10, for Manchester they're £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50, all available from the respective box offices and usual agents.

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS arrive back in Britain later this month for a series of shows.

They play Liverpool Poly (March 15), Warrington Legends (16), Manchester International (17), London Astoria (18), Uxbridge Brunel University (19), Leicester University (20), Leeds Warehouse (21).

A new single, 'Feet On The Ground', has just been released by London Records, and an album, as yet untitled and produced by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley, follows in May.

...Dot dot dot...

Four men armed with Thompson and Uzi machine guns broke into a studio party celebrating **ALEXANDER O'NEAL**'s recent concert at the Minneapolis Orpheum Theatre. During the robbery which followed, Rocky Garrity, O'Neal's bassist, was pistol-whipped while other guests were forced to disrobe by the hoodlums, who terrorized them. Later, guitarist Joei Karriem claimed: "They came ready to rob Fort Knox. They were talking about wasting the police. I've never seen anything like it in St Paul or Minneapolis." . . . Next 'remember when' movie on the way up is *Blueberry Hill*, starring Margaret Avery and Carrie Snodgrass and featuring music by Bo Diddley, Little Richard and Fats Domino . . . Already on release in the States is *Baja Oklahoma*, a country music epic that provides a leading role for Billy Vera plus supporting spots for Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson

and Bob Wills Jr. . . .

After the Beach Movies come the Bimbo Movies — first in a hopefully short line are *Bimbo Barbeque* and *Assault Of The Killer Bimbos* (whaaatt? — Cine Ed), the latter from Beyond Infinity Pictures, a company that is also delivering *Sorority Babes In The Slimeball Bowl-O-Rama* and *Waldo Warren: Private Dick Without A Brain* . . . **SPRING RECORDS** are back in business again. The label which, during the '70s provided classic albums by Joe Simon, Millie Jackson and the Fatback Band is now headed by Roy Rifkind, one of the original three-man team that formed the company back in 1966. The label still holds the rights to all the Fatback-Simon-Jackson material and recently released a CD version of Millie Jackson's 'Caught Up' . . .

BON JOVI recently seen standing in a three foot deep pool, performing 'Living On A Prayer' —

all part of a commercial for Fuji Film . . . Meanwhile Pioneer Electronics have nipped in to sponsor **LYLE LOVETT**'s forthcoming US tour — which means that he'll now work in the company of an 11 piece band instead of just toting a mere cello around as he did on his recent UK gigs . . .

The video promoting **LOUIS ARMSTRONG**'s 'What A Wonderful World' depicts Pops performing the song at a military base concert in 1968 . . . Bluesman **MEMPHIS SLIM** died in Paris on February 24 at the age of 73. Born Peter Chatman, he became associated with the Chicago blues scene and at one time formed a duo with Willie Dixon. Known as Slim because he was six and a half feet tall, his best known composition was 'Everyday I Have The Blues', a song recorded by BB King, Count Basie and many others . . . The Fat Boys' **PRINCE**



Pioneering Lyle Lovett

MARKIE-D producing tracks for the **FUNKY BEAT INSPECTORS**, an act signed to Stupid Records . . . **JOHN DOPYERA** has gone. Never heard of him? Well, he was the inventor of the **DOBRO**, the metal coned guitar widely used in country music. He made it to 94 . . . In Oz's centennial year, **JOHN FARNHAM** has been named Australian Of The Year — but up to 1986 he was still travelling on a British passport! . . .

PATRICK SWAYZE's 'She's Like The Wind' is the third single from the *Dirty Dancing* soundtrack to go Top Five in the States — only *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease* yielded more. Four each, to be exact . . .

SARAH-JANE MORRIS recently recording with Ben Sidran, long ago a member of the Steve Miller Band but now a fully fledged jazz hero. Ex-Culture Club man Roy Hay also produced a track for Morris . . .



Seers: Hungerford single controversy

Seers under fire by mayor

THE SEERS are heading for a showdown with the Mayor of Hungerford over their debut single, 'Lightning Strikes' about the massacre in the town.

The Bristol group have angered Hungerford's civic head Ron Tarry, who labelled The Seers as "sub-human" in the tabloid press.

"We are very sorry it has been made and want it banned because it is opening fresh wounds for these people to make a quick profit."

Now the furore is expected to escalate into a nationwide radio ban. Already the single has been blacked by BBC and Independent stations in the West of England, and Radio One are currently considering a ban.

Record shops in the area are also being urged not to stock the single, which was released on Rough Trade earlier this month.

Lee Wildman, guitarist with the group, is unrepentant: "It is an anti-gun and anti-violence song and we never meant to upset anyone in Hungerford."

"We wanted to show how terrible things like Hungerford can happen in this country as well as the USA despite assurances by politicians about the gun laws."

"We are upset that the mayor regards us as sick and sub-human without having heard the record."

A spokesman for Rough Trade added: "We are standing 100 per cent behind the group on this and believe The Seers to be one of the most exciting rock groups to have emerged in the last ten years."

ZTT pay half million bill

ZANG TUMB TUUM

Records has to foot the estimated £500,000 bill for their unsuccessful legal action to stop Holly Johnson pursuing a solo career, the High Court ruled last week.

Andrew Bateson QC, counsel for ZTT and publishers Perfect Songs, asked Mr Justice Whitford not to make any order for costs. He claimed that they had soared after the introduction of thousands of unnecessary documents and unduly lengthy cross-examination of witnesses by counsel for the former singer with Frankie

Goes To Hollywood.

But the judge, who last month ruled that Johnson's contract with ZTT was "nonsensical" and "unreasonable", rejected the request.

He agreed the hearing last month was "unnecessarily protracted", but ruled that ZTT should pay the costs because Johnson had successfully defended himself against their attempt to force him to honour his contract.

Johnson is now pursuing a solo career with MCA Records.

● **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** nip down the shops this evening (Wednesday) to play a few songs at the HMV record store in Oxford Circus, London.

Ben and Tracey will be going it alone without their usual band, and will play material from their new album 'Idlewild' plus a few old favourites.

Their London shows proper are at the Royal Albert Hall on March 28 and 29.



EBTG: bowing to demand

PICTURE: RICHARD HAUGHTON

Cold Chillers breeze into UK

ROXANNE SHANTE and the rest of the Cold Chillin' rap acts — Biz Markie, Big Daddy Kane and MC Shan — have been added to the line-up for the Prestatyn Soul Weekender — and they've also got a couple of shows on their own.

They're at Nottingham Rock City (April 3, 3pm start) and London Brixton Academy (4, at 7.30pm). Tickets are £5.50 and £6 respectively.

The full line-up for Prestatyn now reads: Joyce Sim/Roxanne Shante/

Biz Markie/Big Daddy Kane/MC Shan/Bomb The Bass/Nitro Deluxe/The Wee Papa Girls/Terry Billy/Simon Harris/Nat Augustin/Screamin' Rachel/Marvin Springer/Chris Paul and the CCR Crew.

There will also be at least 18 DJs at the event, which takes place at Pontin's holiday centre, Prestatyn, over the Easter bank holiday weekend (April 2, 3 and 4).

A special Soul Train has been chartered to take fans from London to the event; it leaves Euston on the

Saturday returning on the Monday.

And a special feature of the weekend will be a cable TV station piped through every chalet in Pontin's. That means you get sold videos through the night after the live music has stopped at 2.30am.

All information about the weekend can be had by ringing a special phone number: 01-364 1212. Cold Chillin' feature page 12/13.

● Joyce Sims has added a further date to her British tour. It's at Birmingham Powerhouse (April 5).

Golden Tyne

HARVEY GOLDSMITH has joined forces with Tyne Tees Television to produce a series of major music programmes for ITV and Channel 4.

Goldsmith's company Allied Television will be working in tandem with Tyne Tees to form a new subsidiary company, Hadrian Productions. Britain's leading concert promoter is on the creative board of the company, along with Gavin Taylor, the director who worked with Tyne Tees on *The Tube* and *The Roxy*.

Geraint Davies, director of programming at Tyne Tees,

said: "This is potentially one of the most exciting partnerships in music entertainment that I can imagine."

"Our track record in music and the musical expertise and promotional abilities of our partners makes for a very happy marriage."

The new of the formation of Hadrian Productions comes just two weeks after the ITV Association decision to axe *The Roxy* after less than six months.

Tyne Tees' flagship pop programme *The Tube* also bit the dust last spring after five years on air.

● **THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** release a new single this month, their first new material since the 'Darklands' LP last year.

The single is called 'Sidewalking' and will be in the shops on March 21. It's backed with 'Taste Of Cindy' recorded live in Detroit last December.



KlubFoot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL
(MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE
BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE
STARGREEN ROUGH TRADE RECORDS
ROCK ON RECORDS OR AT THE DOOR
BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM

£4
IN ADVANCE

SATURDAY 12th MARCH AT 7.30 PM

THE HIGHLINERS

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

TORMENT

SGT BILKO'S KRAZY COMBO

Surfin' WOMBATZ

KlubFoot

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL
(MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE
BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE
STARGREEN ROUGH TRADE RECORDS
ROCK ON RECORDS OR AT THE DOOR
BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM

TICKETS
£4.50
IN ADVANCE

SATURDAY 19th MARCH, AT 7.30 PM

ROBERT CALVERT
and the starfighters

Flying Tractor Band
Victims Of
the Pestilence
lapwing

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENTS
STUMP

A FIERCE PANCAKE

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS

the jack rubies, Close Lobster

Edward Barton

SUNDAY 20th MARCH, AT 7.30 PM

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

9-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON N15
TICKETS £5.00 IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 267 3334. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS:
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771.
KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 500 3141.
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT.

**V.D.
You?**

Would you know
if you had a
sexually transmitted
disease?

Find out the facts on:
BODYLINES

0898 666 883

Calls are charged at 5p per 12 seconds off
peak and at 5p per 8 seconds peak and
standard time (inc VAT). MegaPhone
International Limited, London EC1R 5EJ.

Dear Sir,
I don't suppose
you've seen this dangerous
advertisement

We welcome complaints
from the public about
advertisements. It helps us
keep advertising standards
high. But we also monitor
advertising ourselves and take
the necessary action.

If you'd like to know more
about our work, and receive a
copy of the rules please write.

The Advertising

Standards Authority

ASA Ltd., Dept. X, Brook House,
Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

"Echo & The Bunnymen sing The Doors,
The Jesus and Mary Chain sing The Beach Boys,



Under the Covers."

**PRIMITIVES MANAGER
TRAIN JAMS
NICK REVELL**

STREET CREDITED BY
JAMES BROWN



**PSYCHIC CD
WORLD DOM MATERIAL WORLD
SHAKE**



Tracey sings Wayne's praises

A SMELL wafts down the corridors of the NME bunker. Into view strides a short man, three days of stubble on his chin, ripped jeans and a leather jacket that looks like it's been made out of old shoes. Meet one of Britain's fastest rising and shrewdest band managers, **WAYNE MORRIS**.

Part of the secret of his success lies hidden in the pocket of his scum-sucker leather—a cassette of the forthcoming album by The Primitives, the first post Mary Chain indie pop band to truly dent the national charts with their current single, 'Crash'.

On the success of 'Crash' every publisher in the woodwork is creeping out to try and sign up the band. Which is fine. But if they want to even listen to the tape of the upcoming as yet untitled album it's going to cost them £1,000.

"It's my normal method of dealing

with people in the music business and my way of looking after the interests of the band," explains Wayne. "I remember having a meeting with Nick Gattfield, head of A&R at EMI, and telling him it would cost him £1,000 to listen to the tape.

"He said to me, 'Are you going to give the band the money?' And I told him nope, the money is for me, it's my week's wages. So he said to me, 'Well, how do I know you'll still be managing The Primitives in a month's time?'

"To which I said 'how do I know that you're going to be head of A&R at EMI in a month's time, you're more likely to go than me'. One of the reasons we actually signed to RCA is that they did give me £1,000, and very nice it was too. It wasn't the money really, it was the principle, after all I do look like a slob, hardly rich."

Wayne wasn't actually born a sod

but grew into one. But anybody who can get up the noses of muso-biz types is to be encouraged. One publisher at present, the brother of a Radio One DJ, has promised to have Morris murdered. Wayne takes this with a pinch of salt, a dash of lime and makes it into a tequila margarita.

"A lot of people, and I'm not talking about the press now, thought The Prims were 10th rate Shop Assistants who couldn't play their instruments. So it's very satisfying now to prove people who hated us wrong. Anyway, you've got to have some fun in this business because it's incredibly dull otherwise."

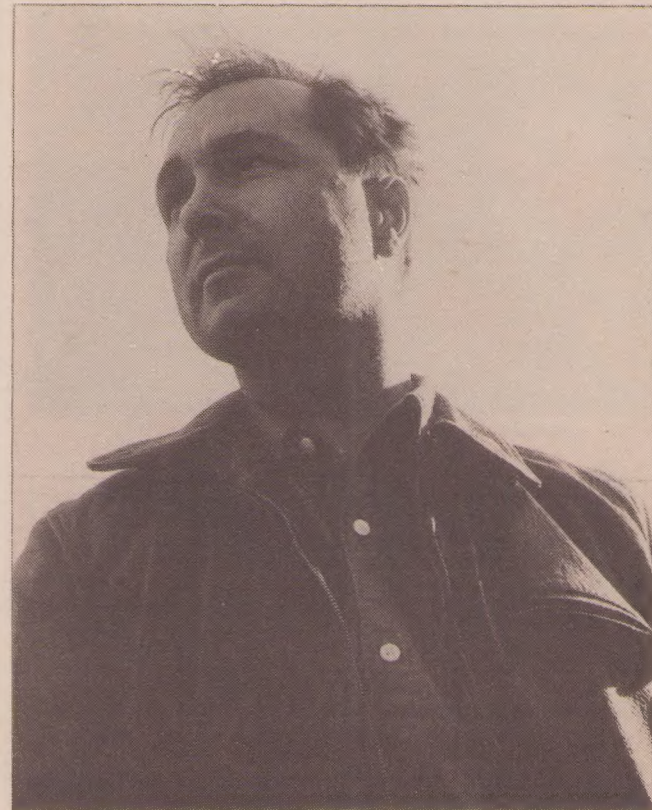
Wayne first decided to manage a band when as a drummer he couldn't get to play in one. "My timing was crap, I admit it." So instead he opened up a t-shirt shop and business in Coventry and London and called it European Son.

"Basically that business, which from its name has Velvet's connections, has underwritten the development of The Prims," he continues.

"The Hitler European Tour t-shirt that we did was probably a bit unsound, though no politics were meant to be implied, but it did make a lot of money for us which was then pumped into the band. Like the cocaine t-shirt it's a classic that'll be a collector's item in years to come."

Having pulled off a series of scams during The Primitives, two and a half year career—the sacking of original drummer Pete Tweedie for supposedly torturing cats—Wayne is unsure what he's going to be doing in the future.

He's got the band an unusual deal with RCA whereby the latter just act as a bank for the band's ideas and distribute The Prim's label, Lazy, but that's all. Everything else is



PICTURE: ANNE COFFEY

Wayne: wasn't born a sod but grew into one

handled by the group and him.

"No, it isn't the same set up as Alan McGee had with Elevation and WEA," he rankles. "The big difference between me and Alan McGee is that I'm successful and he isn't. A lot of people think he's done a lot of things but what has he actually achieved? He couldn't even go all the way with The Mary Chain, they sacked him. Actually, I call Alan Mr Magoo because he's blind and fumbling around."

"As to the future, well, I probably won't manage another band. I'll move on to something else. I quite fancy religion. I guess my heroes are Alastair Crowley, Lou Reed and Reverend Jim Jones. I've got a couple of novels I've written which I'd like to get published. Oh and

films. I really want to direct films, not any old films mind you, but high class hardcore porn flicks. On the other hand maybe I'll become a singer. I've got this idea for doing an album of Neil Diamond songs. All I'll do is get one of his LPs, a greatest hits one will do, erase his voice, keep the backing tracks and put my vocals over the top."

Do you think honesty or deceit is the best policy in the music business?

"Well, you've got to be honest with yourself. In the machine involved with The Prims honesty is paramount. On the other hand if the truth is boring, which it often is, you've got to lie to entertain the people."

Jack Barron

BIGMOUTH



"Back in the '70s there were supergroups, real bands. You didn't have any of this crappy sampling technology."

All About Eve's Tim Bricheno

"Michael Jackson's neighbours have been complaining about the smell from his zoo. It must be bad, he's worn out two noses already."

Jasper Carrott

"Boy George was flavour of the month and he isn't any more. We were only flavour of the month in 1979—flavour of the week, in fact—and we survived for a good few years on that."

Suggs of The Madness

"Me and the other guys went to see *Star Trek IV* and this guy in front was talking non-stop. So I tipped my popcorn over his head and told him to shut up. The guy turned

around and it was Richard Branson. But he didn't even realise who I was. Didn't realise I was the brightest hope on his label."

Clark Datchler, who doesn't remember how Hatfield And The North were once Virgin's true stars.

"Before the last election, I designed some posters and had them plastered up in New York and LA. One was a huge blow up of Reagan's press shot and over, in very

proper blue type, it just said 'ACTOR'. It cost some money but it was worth it."

David Byrne

"Johnny Rotten I will definitely work with again. I have a new Time Zone 12" out in France called Shake Frappe. It's a commercial I did out there for Nescafe."

Afrika Bambaataa, the Gareth Hunt of rap.

"The BBC's too big. They

broadcast to the governors instead of the people. There's nothing evil about entertaining people."

Saint Tony Blackburn, Voice of the Streets.

"We stole all the beer from The Mission. We stole like four cases of beer from The Mission and I pissed on their amp cases. Boy . . . The Mission . . . they really blow. You looking for a band that blows? The Mission!"

Steve Albini

CRAIG DAVIES

Jennifer Holliday

TRAINSTOPPERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

Train Jamming is the new wave of tube graffiti. Is this street art or stupid vandalism? Would you want this crew in your carriage?



PICTURES: RICHARD REYES

NOT CONTENT with sneaking around the shunting yards at night, London's writers are taking their art/vandalism to its logical conclusion and hi-jacking the trains themselves.

Descending upon the unsuspecting Underground, a posse of B-boys, beer and beatboxes board a train and give it a thorough re-decoration. Train jams have become mobile graffiti conventions and instant parties.

Firstly, a word of mouth meeting is arranged. Tonight, appropriately, as the title of the jam was the "Tunnel Of Love", it was under Eros in Piccadilly Circus. Sipping Tennents and waiting in the drizzle, most of the young, mixed crowd of writers, rappers and DJs, seemd to know each other—at least by tag name. So, when all the expected faces had arrived, the group filtered down to the westbound platform of the Piccadilly line.

Within a few seconds of the mass boarding, LT's worst nightmare was coming true, as the carriage darkened, the Neon tubes which lit it being turned around, or just simply tossed out of the doors. A minute later, the smell of marker pens mixed with the smoke as the train was tagged from floor to ceiling.

For the writers, it looked like they were having the best time possible, but the effect for unprepared passengers was traumatic. No doubt, on the tube to Rayner's Lane one horde of leary youth looks much the same as any other. Passers-by, however, are co-incident. The train jams having nothing to do with the steaming crews which robbed trains after the recent Public Enemy gigs.

"Just imagine if every carriage was like this, every day!" one voice enthused "Just like The Bronx, man!"

It's hard to imagine the railways of the Bronx being the sort of place you'd want to get pissed and have a session, but even though these occasions may be a homage to a mythical New York, they generate a camaraderie of sorts.

The boys taking part see it as a collective gob in the face of authority and commonsense. For them, train jams have the adrenalin buzz of being "tough like crime". It's railway joy riding.

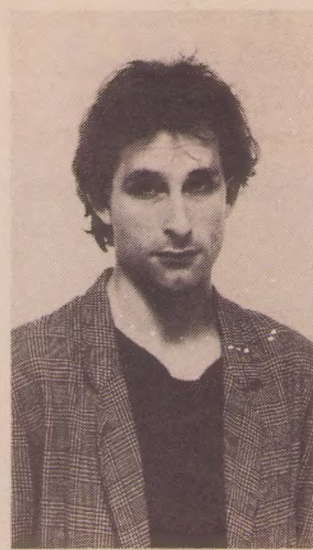
Much faster off the mark than previously, the party precariously teetered on the edge of chaotic explosion. The first carriage being well and truly "bombed" before the train had left the central zone. Once started, its end was in the hands of fate, the thrill of the whole thing being that no one really knows what will happen. It has the atmosphere of a strike at school; a laugh and a demonstration of collective power, but doomed. Nonetheless, without the train jams, tagging would have all the glamour of CB.

The organisers have survived half a dozen runs without being busted. Each time the police arrive to empty stations, the writers having disappeared as quickly as they arrived. This time, on the return leg, pulling into Harrow-On-The-Hill, two LT inspectors stopped the train and, taking one look, scuttled off, horrified, to call up the police. Surrounded by nothing but miles of blank suburbia, the jam was stranded. With nothing to do but wait for the police to arrive, people sat quietly amongst the devastation.

Whilst you can't expect the Harrow constabulary to be too pleased with what they found, their behaviour was deplorable. Dragging people out at random and as soon as they got them far enough away from the train, giving most of them a kicking for good measure (*What did you expect, flowers?—Transport Ed.*)

Just over an hour after it had begun, the final score was two trains put out of commission and around a dozen arrests. It was hardly the "Tunnel Of Love", but Harrow-On-The-Hill is hardly Times Square.

Mark Heley



Nick Revell

REVELLRY

ANTI-TORY JOKES are as safe and obvious as mother-in-law gags; they just play to a different gallery. There's nothing more nauseating than sitting among a bunch of insufferably right-on and well-heeled punters wearing invisible "I didn't vote Tory" badges, tittering at any mention of Edwina Currie. It's so bloody smug and cosy.

"That is one of the problems," NICK REVELL concedes. "I like to do a lot of lefty bashing, to try to get into areas that will be contentious to the audience. I do some stuff on feminism, which a lot of people won't touch. It's all down to commonsense. The big danger of any political set-up is that people lose sight of humanity."

Regarded as a rising star on the comedy circuit, he's come up through the traditional route of radio (*Weekending, The Million Dollar Radio Show*) and TV scripting (for Jasper Carrott among others). His stand-up act is peppered with political jokes but cheap gags about Tories aren't his stock in trade;

anyway, the rabid right isn't that funny anymore.

Revell's funniest routines incorporate fleshed out characters; a barrow boy turned City monster who's the supreme Tory yob; teenage pub scrappers from his native Pontefract battering each other on a Saturday because it's traditional.

"I use a lot of Pontefract in the act, and I really like Yorkshire. When I've got some money I'd like to move back, but I'm still addicted to London."

His style is insidious, he doesn't use Sadowitz shock tactics.

"When he has the balance right, Gerry is very funny. I like a lot of his stuff and he's not the fascist monster people make him out to be."

You can sense an unease with Sadowitz's style, but Revell won't go any further than saying that shock for its own sake is not good comedy.

"But I can't put my parameters on other people's acts. Gerry's actually quite sophisticated without appearing to be. I don't make a conscious effort to be clever, but people say you have to listen hard, that I make demands on an audience."

One quality that stands out in Revell's act is honesty. He doesn't pretend to be working class, he doesn't register on a streetwise seismograph.

"You can only talk through your own experience if you're going to come across as genuine. I'm not particularly hip, and if I tried to do hip stuff it would be so patently artificial."

Warmth is a commodity that many comics find hard to put over. Revell can be decent and incisive, which is unusual. And bloody funny too.

Campbell Stevenson

Nick Revell appears on BBC2's *Cabaret At The Jangleurs tomorrow (Thursday) night.*

The railway children



BASS CULTURE

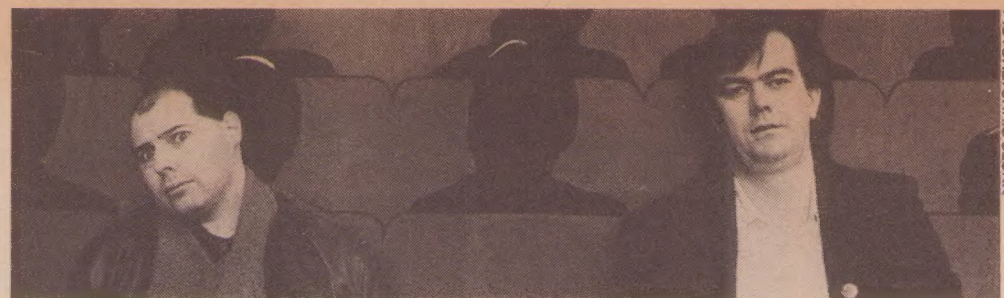
THE WORDS "Bass, (How Low Can You Go)" were originally uttered by Chuck D of Public Enemy on 'Rebel Without A Pause', immediately becoming the sound of the underground.

A DJ, Music Of Life supremo and leading light in the shadowy studio world of remixing, SIMON HARRIS knew this instinctively. Utilising his home 16-track studio and the ubiquitous sampler, he set about bashing out a whole new space for the

"I started with a totally new bassline," he explains, "and built the track around it. I used totally different samples to the ones that everyone else uses as I wanted to make the track original."

The drum pattern was loosely based around Hashim's electro classic 'Al-Naafiysh', while a variety of unusual samples were borrowed from old Bam-Bam, Asher D, Roxanne Shante and Spoonie Gee tracks.

"Griff from Public Enemy was over producing the She-Rockers at the



PICTURE: CHRIS CLUNN

Simon plus Music of Life partner Chris

time, as well as his own track on the next 'Hard As Hell' compilation," continues Mr Harris. "He helped with the mix of the track and took a tape back to Chuck D in the States. They loved it to much that they immediately gave us permission to use it and may even put the track on a B-side of a future single!"

Here the plot thickens. Having Public Enemy's permission to use the sample of 'Bass' has rightly given the Simon Harris track credibility—but it

has also given London Records (to whom Simon is signed as a solo artist) a certain power which record companies rarely possess in the current sampling war. They have immediately used it too, forcing The Project Club to re-record the 'Bass' on their new single, and Serious Records to withdraw the red-hot Double Trouble remix of Bam-Bam's 'Give It To Me', which included the phrase.

All of which is a little ironic as Simon Harris has probably used more

samples without permission over the last year than anyone else (with the honourable exception of Coldcut).

It certainly sounds like a case of one rule for us, a different rule for them, doesn't it?

"I am just trying to protect my interests," he explains. "I have official exclusive permission to use 'Bass' from Public Enemy, and it's crazy for people to use the sample too much as it kills it for us all."

Simon Goffe

THE SOUP DRAGONS THE MAJESTIC HEAD?

new single

in limited edition 12" picture disc

with previously unreleased track 'Corporation Headlock'

raw TV
PRODUCTS

RTV 125P

BIGLIFE

THE MADNESS



I PRONOUNCE YOU

AVAILABLE ON 7" AND 4-TRACK 12"
12" INCLUDES 3 TRACKS NOT ON FORTHCOMING LP
Ⓜ VS 1054/VST 1054

Ⓜ HATE IS A WORD THAT WE HATE



WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES

FAVOURITE COLOUR JELLY BABY?

Keith: Black
Digger: Black
Steve: Black

FAVOURITE BEER?

K: Pilsner Urquell
D: A full one
S: Draught Lowenbrau

FAVOURITE FOOD?

K: Carrot and 2 veg
D: Carrot and 2 veg
S: Carrot and 2 veg

FAVOURITE TV PROGRAMME?

K: Anything with sex in it—actually I'm a two per center—I ain't got a TV
D: I hate telly—it's nice when

you switch it off
S: *Car 54 Where Are You?*

FAVOURITE SOLO CARTOON CHARACTER?

K: Bugs Bunny, Red Sonja, Sid The Sexist
D: Donald Duck, Rude Kid, Asterix
S: Tom, Dr Strange, Billy The Fish, Strontium Dog, Halo Jones

FAVOURITE CARTOON CHARACTER GROUP?

K: The Three Bears, Top Cat, The Bash Street Kids, Bad Company, The Badd Lads
D: The Three Bears
S: Finbarr Saunders And His Double Entendres, The Bash Street Kids

FAVOURITE FOOTBALL TEAM?

K: Fulham
D: Liverpool
S: West Ham

FAVOURITE MOVIE?

K: *Blood Sisters* (Brian De Palma)
D: *Life Of Brian*
S: *Star Wars*

FAVOURITES?

K: Outsiders are more fun
D: I'm too little to have a favourite
S: Mine always come unstuck at the last hurdle

FAVOURITE CAFE?

K: Portobello Coffee House
D: Maria's Goldborne Road
S: Portobello Coffee House

FAVOURITE PUB?

K: The Warwick Castle, Westbourne Park Rd
D: The Warwick Castle, Westbourne Park Rd
S: The Warwick Castle, Westbourne Park Rd

FAVOURITE CLUB?

K: The Ex and Pop, Berlin; "Cab At The Tab" Friday night at the Tabernacle, Talbot Rd, W11
D: Wag Club
S: The Zazoo, Hamburg

FAVOURITE BOOKS?

K: *1984*—George Orwell
Illuminations—Robert Smith/
Robert Anton Wilson
Fit For Life—Harvey & Marilyn Diamond
D: *Hitch-hikers Guide To The Galaxy*
S: *Neuromancer*—William Gibson
The Wind In The Willows—Kenneth Graham
The Vampire Lestat—Anne Rice

FAVOURITE E NUMBERS?

K: Sunset Yellow
D: 45
S: 104

FAVOURITE PROPAGANDA?

K: *EastEnders*
D: *Brady Bunch*
S: *Happy Days*

FAVOURITE PEOPLE?

K: Me, my mum, the whole world
D: Keith and Steve
S: Bob Marley, Brigitte Bardot



Voices of the beehive: Colleen Fitzpatrick, Debbie Harry and, Cher-enough, Sonny Bono.

CURL UP AND DYE

LIGHTS! CAMERA! Action! Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the cinema comes John Waters' *Hairspray*, the camp commandant's first feature film since '81's fragrant celluloid classic *Polyester*.

Described as "an all-singing, all-dancing comedy about starstruck teenage celebrities and their quest for mental health", *Hairspray*'s twin plots revolve around a teen dance show and the fight for racial integration in Baltimore '62.

With a soundtrack chock full of obscure '60s nuggets and a little tune trilled by Rachel Sweet, *Hairspray* features Waters' usual hilarious ragbag of social misfits, troubled teens and, of course, Divine (seen in sexual crossover roles as Edna Turnblad, concerned parent, and the evil segregationist TV baron, Arvin Hodgepile.)

In the year's oddest coupling, Debbie Harry—hair as high as a

house—and Sonny Bono are paired as Velma and Franklin Von Tussle, the prejudiced nouveau trash owners of a local amusement park.

But best of all is Ricki Lake who, as Tracy Turnblad, the pleasantly plump protagonist, was obviously put on this earth to fulfil one function in life—playing Divine's daughter. A formerly innocent teen, Tracy begins ironing her hair as the ultimate political fashion statement after meeting a pair of groovy beatniks played by Pia Zadora and The Cars' Rik Ocasek.

With its fabulously retro sets and Technicolor-like photography, *Hairspray* sees John Waters continuing the "good, clean, fun" credo he began with *Polyester*, though fans will be thrilled to learn that the film does contain one of his trademark puke scenes. All you cats and chicks will have a chance to get with it when "Hairspray" opens in the UK in the spring.

PSYCHIC CD



Picture this

LOOK, ALL this new technology gizmodom is getting a bit out of hand and, with a typical bent for the perverse those telly stardom PSYCHIC TV have released one of the first ever CD Video discs.

A neat package it is too, courtesy of French label Sordide. Sentimental, with a cover painting

by Loulou Picasso and a booklet with... well several white pages. "In case you're wondering about the blank spaces in the booklet," explains a Sordide person, "well the censors didn't like the pictures of white faces with sperm on".

So is the visual aspect of this CD Video disc throbbing with lurid sexual organs? Well, we can't tell you since there isn't a machine on the market at the moment which can accommodate the audio visual output of the new disc.

If you close your eyes you might be able to imagine the images to *Scared To Live*, the title of the five minute film section. Nope it didn't work for us either. As to the audio section this consists of 'Descending Part 2' which is the conclusion of a concert in Rouen that took place in 1984. The other music segment is the very first mix of 'Roman P'.

So there you have it. What a silly idea, like trying to make a sandwich with no bread, or something.

Jack Barron



WDE: Digger, Steve 'n' Keith

Rise And Fall

IF YOU believe the sleeve notes to the NME's recent 'Mixed Peel' tape then you'd be right in thinking that friends aren't the only things **THE FALL** have been experimenting on, it looks as if they've been going in for time travel as well. How Peel managed to broadcast a song that wasn't actually recorded for another 11 months is beyond us.

And, on a similarly freaky

note, imagine our surprise when we came across the very man who refused to get the drinks in week after week in *Money* magazine's list of the Top 200 richest people in Britain. Yep, none other than our very own Editor, Alan Lewis. Begging letters, expenses forms and job applications have been flooding his way since the survey was printed.



Gene and Jim are into Dali'taches and looking at the ceiling

SHAKE APPEAL

GENE AND JIM ARE INTO SHAKES, are you? You soon will be. Their debut single 'Shake' on Rough Trade looks set to attack the top of the charts with all the ferocity of a wired but less predictable 'Beat Dis'.

Gene The Bruce and Jim Junior recorded the single on an eight-track last September, pressed up 500 copies at Xmas, and then got it coated in the most colourful sleeve since Krush's 'House Arrest'. Now they're being managed by Reichsführer Peter Waterman. So what went on in between? "Annie Nightingale was the first Radio One DJ to react to the initial 500, she played it and Peter Waterman heard it and thought 'I've got to have those boys'."

What, physically?
"Errmm, ha ha, no I don't think he

wanted our babies. We had every major record company on our backs within two days but we decided to go with Rough Trade and just have Waterman manage us. The main thing for us is that the single actually cost so little, just £1,200."

Rather than nicking clips from every cult TV show and sound effects LP they could lay their hands on, GENE AND JIM ARE INTO SHAKES have settled for their own narration style vocal that includes a brief Mel & Kim parody, a splash of Bat-speak, but little else filch-wise. Far funkier and uncluttered than most sampling sounds and with a flurry of brass that stamps its own identity all over it 'Shake' will have you wobbling.

James Brown

6 THE FALL - Put Away (3.32)

(Smith) Step Forward Music
Prod: Bob Sargeant
Recorded: 27 Nov 1979. First Transmission: 6 Dec 1978.

7 MIGHTY WAHI -

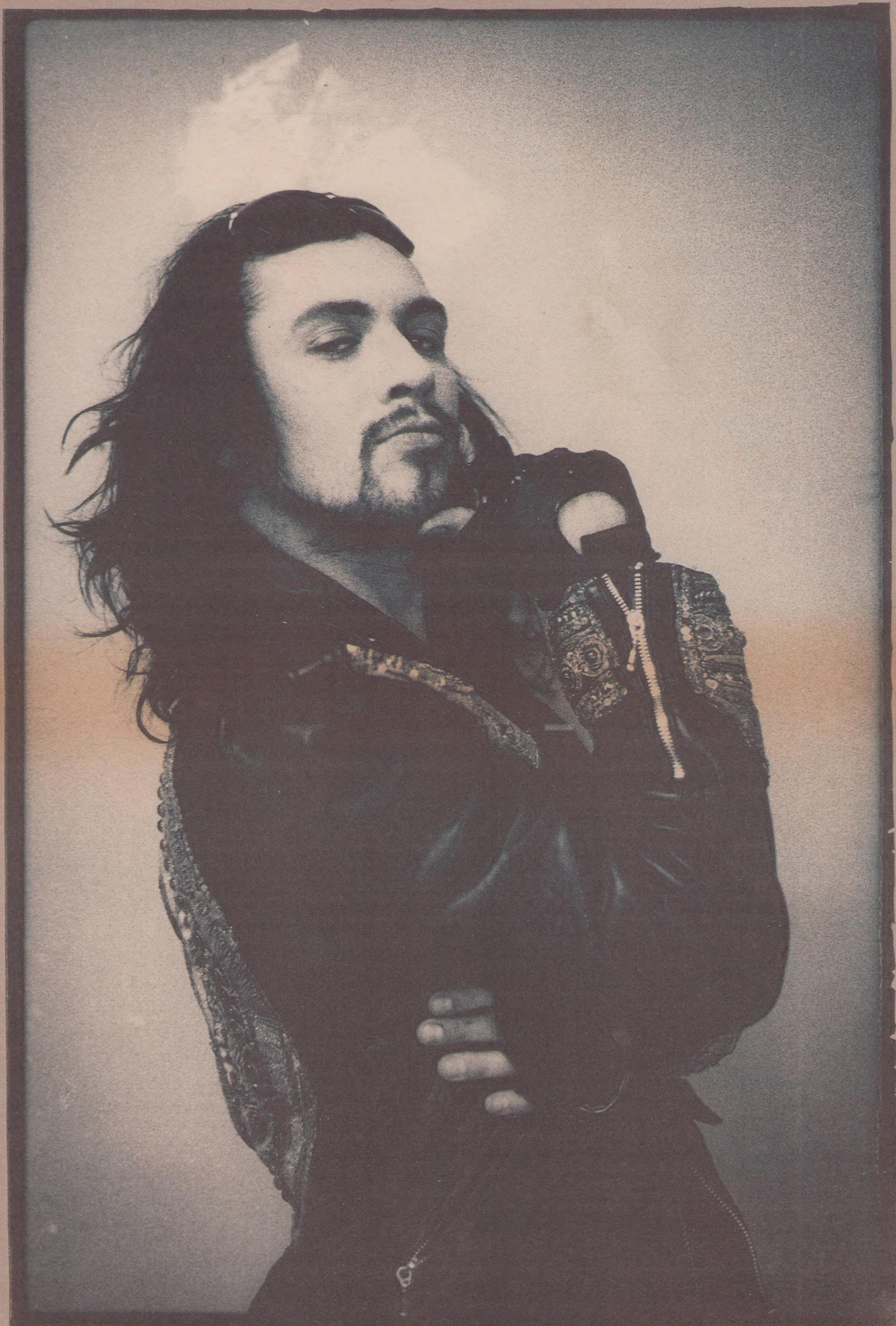
Reverend R. The Story Of The Blues (4.15)

MES in Time Tunnel?

£180m	Sir Philip Harris	£40m	Dave
£170m	Lord	£40m	John I
£160m	Sheff and Sacher families	£40m	Harve
£150m	Weir family	£40m	David
£147m	Lord Rayne	£39m	Bruce
£145m	Alan Lewis	£37m	Ricki
£143m	Laing family	£36m	Philo
£143m	David Murray	£36m	Fred
£130m	Godfrey Bradman	£35m	Patne
£130m	Peter Michael	£35m	John
£120m	Viscount Rothermere	£33m	Tim R
£120m	Mark Weinberger	£33m	Jon S
£120m	Sir Gordon White	£33m	Cyril S
£120m	Duke of Marlborough	£32m	Peter

"Lendusafiver, Ed?"

THE EGO HAS LANDED



ZODIAC MINDWARP IS DEAD! VIVA VANESSA PARADIS! (The Combined Amphetamine-Induced Ravings Of The Pharaoh Of Innuendo And The Vodka Kid).
(Penguin, £4.99.)
By JAMES BROWN.
Pictures: PENNIE SMITH.



We are introduced, shake hands, and then our eyes meet. Or rather they don't because Zodiac is wearing tiny John Lennon specs with tinted lenses. So, instead of locking into his crazy psychotic stare, I see two rings of murky purple blue.

Anyone who hides away such magnetic fireballs, with their hippy Mason magnetism, behind Carnaby Street tourist jobs has to be brain dead.

"If you find them disconcerting I'll take them off then."

"I can't see a thing without them, though."

"I know Zode, I'm over here."

"Oh, they're prescription but I lost my usual ones at the video shoot last night. It was absolute mayhem, it's bad enough controlling the band normally but this time there were 2,000 geeks and freaks roaming about like a mass of unwashed pirates. And someone had said there was going to be free beer so there were these packs of hardcore winos, real park tramps, knocking about."

I don't want to sound too Keith Moon but Zode and I drank so much that I can't even remember what he looks like. And to lose the memory of someone else's face is tantamount to losing your own. Five foot nine in his half cut biker boots - knackered Levis, blood-stained blue-and-yellow Smiley badge T-shirt, and torn-corn-coloured Prince of Wales cheque jacket - Zodiac cuts a vastly different figure to the leather clad cobra that looms on stage.

His moustache, which is heavier than the bristling line you see in character, has little clots of blood beneath the left nostril, and his forehead rises back majestically into his thinning tangle of oily black rope. But after that there's no memory to join the two halves. His glasses are too unremarkable to even add to the build. Zodiac Mindwarp faceless - the image is horrific.

The two of us have been locked deep in the bowels of Phonogram Records with nothing but a sofa the size of Robbie Coltraine to sit on and a portable off license to play with. There are fame hungry mooses outside waiting to be slaughtered but we have to ignore them, we have a character assassination to get on with, and we haven't even turned all the Curiosity Killed The Cat posters upside down yet.

Though he still inhabits a world perpetually crippled by beer-frenzy, over the last six weeks Zodiac has quit his role as Captain Cook, the Twentieth Century rock'n'roll Flashman that we mistakenly believed him to be, and

settled down to an almost normal life.

He's met and wed a beautiful girl, called Rachael, he's released his first real LP 'Tattered Meat Beater', and today he's spent one quarter of an hour pontificating on the talents of Morrissey. Some of you will be relieved to hear all this, for others it will induce nervous hysteria, but first, let's get back to base camp.

Tell us, Zode, how did a Love God who has invented more euphemisms for his willy than can be found in the whole of the *Carry On* series come to throw away his freedom and hand over his member in marriage to a girl he had met, for only the second time in his life, just 21 days before?

"I fell in love, that's me, I don't f— around. I fell in love and got married, full stop. Actually it's a real romantic story. Two years ago I was on my way over to one of the band's house to meet up before a gig, and as I was getting on the tube I stepped into the newsagents and I saw this copy of *19* magazine on the shelves, and I thought the girl on the front of it was the loveliest thing I'd ever seen. So I bought the magazine. I don't know why, just to look at this beautiful face."

"I got to the house and someone asked what the magazine in my pocket was and I said, 'Look at this girl she's beautiful', and then the girl who lived in the house said, 'Oh that's Rachael, I know her, she's a model', I said, 'You know this girl? Woah!' And then she rang her up and Rachael came over and we had a little chat and then I never saw her again for two years."

What happened when she came over, was it very dirty?

"No, we chatted and it turned out she was involved with a guy so there was no point flirting. I thought it to be the love that never was. Then two years later I met her in a night club and she told me she'd split up with her boyfriend for six months, and it snowballed from there. Three weeks later we were married."

"I wasn't a happy man doing all this hanging out, getting pissed, and falling into cubs with Bananarama, or whatever I was accused of which wasn't actually true. My songs have all been

mating calls. I've been the parakeet rustling his feathers, screeching 'I'm the baddest cock on the block!' Maybe now my call has been answered. I'll go under the surface and explore deeper areas of passion and will become completely pretentious."

"People who have said my lyrics are tongue-in-cheek have got it all wrong, the songs have been for real, that's the real me crying out on those records. I've very rarely opened up like this because these people can't handle it if you tell them it's not a joke, but deep down everyone can relate to me saying, 'I am the king of the world', because everyone feels like that. You have to, you can't go on if you don't think you're the best thing in the world."

On the meaning of life Zodiac is more versed than the pool hall prophets. His millstone thick West Yorkshire accent burrs and whirrs smoothly up and over his thoughts and opinions, breaking occasionally to issue a gruff chuckle, interrupted regularly by the metallic quack of another ring-pulled Bud can.

He's read Rimbaud and he's seen *Rambo* and his outlook on life has been built upon the two. The warmth he feels for life is hippy warmth, lit up in far off days, dampened a little through punk, re-kindled in the gaudy playground pop has given him.

But Zode is no drippy hippy, he's a prankster with confidence, like the paint firing Wagner-playing tank

commander Donald Sutherland portrays in *Kelly's Heroes*, Z is a freak with firepower.

"I blame punk for the cynicism that stops people from admitting they like someone like myself today. Punk had a horrible effect. It was all so cold, and cynical, and negative. I wanted to kick out against all of that, you know, life is great. F——— Siouxsie And The Banshees in their black with their paranoid ditties. It upset me seeing these 18 year old kids thinking it was cool to be miserable."

"There were explosive things going on in other areas at the time, like black music, and hip-hop has got wild again now. But I want to say to people: Don't be ashamed to be a slob. There's nothing to be ashamed of in calling a woman a chick. All these feminist men, it always struck me as being just an alternative way to get into someone's knickers. Another angle, and the women I've met hate those men. I left school in 1976 and it wasn't until 1977-78 that 'politics' became part of the teenage vocabulary, before then it was never there, it was all T Rex and Slade."

Ah, T-Rex and Slade, and Arnie Schwarzenegger, and Plato, and Bon Scott and AC DC, and Donna Summer, and comics and cool lager, and the Love Reaction, and his management production team who cosett him and tell him he's special, and Rachael. These are the patchwork powerpoints that keep Zodiac buzzing along in gear.

If three years ago Mark Manning hadn't slipped into the twilight zone and become Jesus and then transformed him into Zodiac Mindwarp, then maybe he'd have more scant disregard for such pleasures and he really would be the cock-crazed beast that prowls his LP.

Maybe he would rip open the jaws and bite off the tongues of his critics, but then he would be just another Stephen King cum Lager of Lamot meta head who spews up the same old clichéd trash year after year. And who needs another boorish bullshitter with body odour and not enough sweat bands to go round?

The Zodiac who sits before me

certainly has little of that slag attitude; he's a wit, and he's genuine, and that puts him points ahead in the superbowl of rock. Splurge it Zode:

"You know, the similarities between Morrissey and myself are probably greater than between me and Ozzy Osbourne. Morrissey is the master of irony. 'Viva Hate' is very clever, he's not promoting hate, he's saying look at all this shit. I think he's greatly misunderstood, underneath, I think he's a sweetheart but he's troubled, like Prince Charles. I'm the other side of the coin."

The shitty side that lands in the mud?

"Heh, heh, heh. He's for the tormented moments. I'm for the wild uplifting ones. Both sides are very relevant, people are complex and they can experience both those feelings at different times. He articulates brilliantly. I don't think anyone can better him. I feel like Morrissey but I want to keep that moroseness to myself, and likewise he probably might feel a bit embarrassed about showing his joy, about taking his trousers down in the pub."

"It's not quite the done thing to go round saying 'I'm King of The World' and that's why Morrissey is seen as a great songsmith, whereas I'm perceived as a cartoon imbecile, a one dimensional character. But people want that from me. When they're being sick in the gutter they can think, 'F——ing hell, Zode does this'. I'm like the icon for the worst behaviour."

"I always envisage my music as the sort you put on when you're getting ready to go out, a war cry, a rallying cry. What I'm singing is 'I'm the greatest' but what it means is 'You're the greatest' because you're there singing 'I'm the Prime Mover'. On the male side, I don't know how the girls feel. The girls I know see me as a naughty kid brother. Most women aren't offended, they like it, because that's the way they see men, as cocky arrogant little things."

What about the link between the gross phallic imagery you promote, the overt machismo, and the reality of rape?

"Well rapists aren't good examples of men, they're psychotics, nutcases, you can't say all men are like that. I have a lot of faith in people but what you're accusing me of is giving ammunition to creeps."

No, not giving ammunition, just glorifying what they get off on.

"I'm in a very dodgy area here because I don't know how you're going to write this up, but although a lot of the songs are sort of rape fantasies, a lot of women have rape fantasies as well."

Oh yeah, the woman who gets dragged down the alley on her way home has been hoping for it has she?

"No, the actuality of rape is abhorrent to both men and women, it's no go, but there's this male female domination thing. And it's subtle and that's what the songs sur' on, and it's a very dodgy area and I don't like discussing it, but that's what the songs are. Men like taking women and women like being taken, it's the way we are."

Zodiac picks his words carefully and then the conversation fizzles out. Whether you detest or sympathise with what he says is your own choice.

Down in the bunker at Phonogram Records the rattle and thwack of emptied vodka bottles and Budweiser cans disturb the temporary silence.

CONTINUED PAGE 29

"My songs have all been mating calls. I've been the parakeet rustling his feathers, screeching, 'I'm the baddest cock on the block!'"

LICENSED

MARLY MARL: HE CUTS SO FRESH!

Well, well, well, would you credit it? After all the prophecies of imminent doom and destruction, the hysterical attacks and displays of ignorant conservatism, one of the most influential and exciting areas of this decade's music is about to go big time.

Even as we speak, the ink has not yet dried on major contracts that now link Warners, Atlantic and MCA to three of raps' freshest labels—Cold Chillin', First Priority and Uptown (respectively).

Startled by the massive success worldwide, of LL Cool J, Run DMC and The Beastie Boys, the majors have finally woken up to the fact that this is the one ballgame they can't afford to miss out on.

As Tyrone Williams puts it, "there is no question that the success of Def Jam at Columbia has sparked the interest in hip-hop at the majors".

The question we have to ask is how will the major's involvement in hip-hop affect the music? And how long will this cosy relationship last?

Williams is the man who started Cold Chillin' Records, a label whose form has been matchless and who, with the involvement of a major record company distributing and promoting their records, could well become the new Def Jam.

Since WEA's involvement began, MC Shan's debut LP—'Down By Law', which had already sold 350,000 copies—has reached a further 150,000 people. So far, Cold Chillin' have given us the current and undisputed Queen Of Rap, Roxanne Shante; the quirky humour of off-beat Biz Markie; the rawness of Big Daddy Kane; and they, unintentionally, instigated the infamous Bridge wars, over MC Shan's single, 'The Bridge'.

They are far removed from the over-the-top quality that characterises Def Jam because they have quietly mapped out their own unique style, thanks largely to a 24-year-old New Yorker by the name of Marly Marl.

It's hard to pin this man down. Regarded by many as one of rap's finest producers, Marly is also a radio DJ on New York's WBLS station, playing House music through the week, then rap on Saturday nights on the influential *Mr Magic* show.

He also releases his own singles ('He Cuts So Fresh'), spends a large chunk of his time remixing other people's records and is looking for his own deal as an artiste.

Is this the Renaissance Man Of Rap—or what?

Two things. Rap could only have been invented in America because the art of boasting, and boasting very loudly, is central to America. Europe rarely boasts and when it does, it's in a shy whisper.

Secondly, and most logically, you have to have something to boast about. Success normally comes in handy right at this point and success is what Marly Marl has been training for from a very early age.

"I put together a crew, like 12 rappers, and we used to go and rock parties. We were just having fun. I wasn't into that Bambaataa movement, that was like a whole

other thing. I wasn't the type to be a follower, I wanted to be leader, so I didn't get involved."

We are talking in the modest offices of Cold Chillin' and Marly is explaining the difference between Queens and Bronx, two districts that have spawned two distinct types of rap, one urban and rough, the other clean and commercial.

"See, when Flash used to play and cut up beats, they had real shabby sound systems, right. Now, the people in Queens have more money, they have houses and everything, you know what I'm saying?"

"So it's a little better lifestyle and Queens always had a reputation for having the biggest sound systems. Uptown in the Bronx they had little cheap VSR turntables, little stack columns that sounded like static. That's how they liked it and that was part of how their style of rap came about, they liked that little static sound."

"But then Queens came in with the big sound systems, in trucks, massive disco sound systems, you know what I'm saying? That's what I really liked, a clean sound. I didn't like the uptown version of hip-hop too much because they always had little speakers."

The middle class area of Queens has basically spawned rap's second generation—LL Cool J, Run DMC, Salt 'N' Pepa, Sweet Tee, et al. Marly's entry into all this came via a school work experience course through which Marly ended up spending time at Unique studios.

"All my tricks, like backward tracks, riding the synth tone, all of that comes from Unique."

His first production was also through Unique. He had met a rapper by the name of Dimples D, and was working on a single for her, entitled 'Sucker DJs'.

At the time, Arthur Baker was rap's hottest producer with dreams of starting his own label up. When he chanced across Marly in Unique's editing room—working on the Dimples D. project—things fell into place.

"He walked by," Marly recalls, "and said, 'Hey, what's that?' I told him it was a little something I was working on. He said he really liked it and that was my first record and also Streetwave's. It's Streetwave 001!"

"He was the first one to give me a chance in the record industry. I mean, back then he used to be the streetman but he's into the House movement now. The record did alright but I never got paid, you know."

This is a man, who, by the time he quit school, was already a club DJ and a fledgling producer. Then he joined WBLS, the radio station, and began work as a promotions man, handing out stickers to passers by.

"One day, there was a WBLS party and I had to be the DJ. It was out in the street at one of the promotions, and I was cutting up beats and stuff. Now, Mr Magic (the popular New York DJ) was making a special appearance at this party and he heard me cutting up 'Buffalo Gals'. Now I didn't like Magic; a lot of people don't like him but they listen to him anyway, and I was one of those. So he came up to me and asked if I would like to do that on his show. I said no because I didn't like him."

CONTINUES PAGE 46



TO CHILL

BIG DADDY KANE

"What's up?"

He sounds like he'd sooner you didn't bother answering that. Big Daddy Kane ("Kane comes from The Bible. Big Daddy is... well, it's kind of personal...") has a reputation for being surly and even unhelpful.

"When people ask me bullshit questions what do they expect?"

Today there will be no bullshit questions. I get the hang of him. Kane is the rapper I've been waiting for. The political crops up and he stays put. Kane thinks about politics a lot. That much is obvious from the sense he talks.

"Prejudice is still strong. I hate to see that, but what I hate to see more is a black person who knows all this and doesn't want to do nothing at all. Not one single thing to help; to contribute. We should all be talking about these very real and very current problems. Most rappers don't know how much power they have. They make records that are heard around the world and they should use that space."

The other side of Big Daddy Kane's single 'Raw' is the excellent 'Word To The Mother(Land)', the most positive, most political and most aware rap record since 'The Message'. 'Word To The Mother(Land)' also stands alongside 'Bring The Noise' as a cue for the future. Listen to it. Kane hopes it will have an effect. Here's one rapper who'd like everyone to bite his style.

"I hope they all copy. If it's just me then it might look like nothing but if there are others then people might start to take notice. Maybe then, rap will start to influence those who listen to it. If rock and roll can make people wear their hair long then rap can encourage people to start making positive moves and start looking out for each other."

All this seems a mile away from 'Get Into It', the Prism/Cold Chillin' single of last year; Kane's first collaboration with the great Marly. Biz is a friend of mine (they first met at the Al Bee Square Mall eulogised on 'Goin' Off').

"He was recording with Marlon and he asked me to meet him at the studio one day. He didn't turn up so me and Marlon ended up working on a track."

Since then Antonio Hardy has become an important element in the Cold Chillin' operation. Marly is the king of the beats while Kane oversees almost all of the raps. 'Nobody Beats The Biz' and 'Have A Nice Day', two of the label's finest tracks were penned by him. He has recently written a rap for Rick James.

Now Big Daddy Kane is more concerned with 'Long Live The Kane' his own forthcoming LP and a video project based on his political commitment. This he hopes will include 'Word To The Mother(Land)', some new music from him and Marly, newsreel footage and interviews with Farrakhan and Jesse Jackson.

"These days most of the records are slipping by me. I've been reading a lot and I want to talk about the things I've been thinking through. I want to show that prejudice is still strong, it's just learned to disguise itself a little better."

But where do you stand? Is the counter-hatred of people like Malcolm X the best method of moving forward?

"The importance and the message of Malcolm X isn't that simple. But I think that hatred is a negative emotion. I don't hate. I use the energy to make myself better. But, of people like Malcolm X and Farrakhan, I would say that in this world you need peacemakers and you need warriors. The aim is the same; the method is different."



CONTINUES OVER

Cold Chillin' Records was started in 1986 by Tyrone Williams. As manager of Marly Marl – a 23 year old producer, writer, arranger, and renowned New York DJ – Williams had got increasingly frustrated about not being paid in full. To ensure against this, Williams set up his own operation. Cold Chillin' Records was born. His first move was to appoint Marly Marl as executive producer. Marly's production talents coupled with his ability to seek out original and talented rappers has seen Cold Chillin' release a stream of varied and unique records. From the sassy queen of rap, Roxanne Shante, to the funny bone of Biz Markie – taking in such noted rap luminaries as Big Daddy Kane, MC Shan, and Kool G Rap along the way – Cold Chillin' have established themselves as the label.

No wonder, then that WEA should come to Cold Chillin', the label many look upon as the new Def Jam.

Over the next three pages, we celebrate the rise and rise of this label. On the facing page PAOLO HEWITT grabs a long chat with whizzkid MARLY MARL, below, JOHN MCCREADY reverses the charges and talks to BIZ MARKIE, BIG DADDY KANE, ROXANNE SHANTE, KOOL G RAP AND MC SHAN.

Time to get Cold Chillin' kids!

BIZ MARKIE

That sound makes sense when you meet him. Biz Markie is big, tall and bear like. The records could never have been made by anyone else. Biz Markie is safe. Syd Little could never do an impression of him. But, on the other hand, Eddie Large could have a go.

Those cavernous, bass-heavy beatbox sounds and the gruff rap style that mark Biz as an eccentric and a true originator are there in a voice that hisses and pops like a big car ticking over at the traffic lights.

We sit either side of a desk in a room at Cold Chillin's Broadway offices. It's warm, the windows are open and big cars are making the kind of noises that big cars make in New York. After we've spoken Biz will drown them all out by playing me selections from the cassette tape collection he carries around with him at maximum volume. He plays me tracks from the newly released 'Goin' Off' LP together with a lot of things that won't be out for some time. He tells me he has 37 tracks ready to put out. "They just didn't have the space," he says with a childlike sense of disappointment.

The interview is something of a performance. The only thing that's missing is an exhibition of the infamous Biz Dance. As well as the music (the last tape he plays is an incredible cassette recording of Grandmaster Flash cutting up Walk This Way in 1975) Biz shows me how it all started by beatboxing in a way which defies the limitations of the human voice. Biz is happy to beatbox.

"There really isn't that much of it on my new record but I can still do it." He splutters into action popping and spitting out a tune and two rhythms all at the same time. I played it back to myself and still couldn't believe it. Biz Markie should secure himself a place in history by ringing The Guinness Book Of Records.

Biz agrees that The Human Beatbox has gone out of rap fashion: "You don't hear it much on anybody's records anymore. Doug Fresh is as good as me and he don't use it now either. But on the streets you still hear it everywhere. Kids don't have enough money for turntables and all that shit." It turns out that Chaka Kahn and Rufus' 'Tell Me Something Good' is earmarked as the first great beatbox record. The last great one was Markie's own 'Make The Music With Your Mouth Biz', part of a Prism/Cold Chillin' 12" that made up his first release for the label in 1986.

It was clear that here was someone mad enough to grab the attention of a whole rap nation bored with the brag and baffle tactics that had become the norm. Biz Markie has no time for dissing. He's too busy working with Marly, Big Daddy Kane who writes rhymes with him, and T. J. Swan who sings the old style street corner

harmonies that make all this a little stranger. Is this the Inhuman Orchestra credited on the first record? No. The Inhuman Orchestra is Biz. And his big mouth.

"When I was young, I was like a class clown. I would get on with everybody by making them laugh. I started making the sounds at junior high school up in Long Island. I used to practise a lot but, after a while you don't have to. It's like riding a bicycle. After a while it just stays with you. They called me Biz at school, my real name is Mark Hall – Markie for Mark and Biz for really busy getting into trouble. I would go to the store and buy pieces of candy for 12c and sell them to the kids for 25c. Plus I'd do all the usual stuff like pulling people's pants down. I suppose I haven't changed much."

'Picking Boogers', Biz's last single for Cold Chillin' and the first track from the LP confirms this. 'Picking Boogers' is a rap about the exquisite fun to be had from picking your nose

and putting it in people's food or flicking it at your friends. Biz giggles. "It's kind of disgusting but it's funny."

He tells me that he never expected to be able to say these things. "I used to try and rap but really, that was just for fun. I wanted to be a footballer but my leg got messed up." So these days, strenuous exercise is out.

"I like to lay on the floor at home. I'm a big telephone fan. I get a bill, like, 700 a month. I like the TV very early in the morning and very late at night when they put the old stuff on – The Odd Couple and The Honeymooners. Plus I like to listen to a lot of music. But not what you'd expect. Mostly mellow stuff. 'Nobody Beats The Biz' where you can hear pieces of Steve Miller's 'Fly Like An Eagle' comes from me listening to that track. I love The Mommas & The Poppas too. And Michael Jackson. . . I tell you, maybe he might read this. If he did 'Ben' with me. . . I could beatbox and he could sing; that would be really great. But I don't like loud

music. I don't like noise. . ."

Biz who's 23 going on 12, picks up his portable telephone and puts another ten dollars on his bill. While he talks he picks out a cassette and pumps up the volume on another of his 37 tracks. 'Goin' Off', it seems is just a brilliant start. And the music is just the first step. This innocent artist of rap has other big plans. "I know my music appeals to younger kids. I like that. This year I hope to have a Bismark doll for sale and I'd like to make a cartoon called The Adventures Of Biz Markie where I play a superhero who can beatbox his way out of trouble. . ."

Biz is on the phone again. I'm sitting opposite him wondering if I've got enough dollars in my pocket to buy his Grandmaster Flash tape. Biz makes another call. Later I walk out thinking he was probably talking big numbers with the head of Walt Disney or negotiating the exact colour of the rap Action Man's Bizmark hat. Biz Markie may be childlike, like William Blake with fat gold chain, but he's not stupid.

PICTURE: STEVE PYKE



LICENSED TO CHILL

MC SHAN

A right scally. Shan first came to the attention of Cold Chillin's Tyrone Williams as he tried to remove the windows from his car. He gave him a smack and a start. Now he's here at Cold Chillin' central. Outside is a car of his own. The arse has just fallen out of it at the traffic lights. Shan is polite and punctual. This major motoring headache makes him about 15 seconds late for which he apologises.

The 'Down By Law' LP is the record which will give you the hardest and most typical Marly scratch sound. Shan is perhaps Marly's closest collaborator having rapped on the master's solo records like 'He Cuts So Fresh'. These days it's hard to pin him down.

"I go to his house and catch him when he's doing nothing and persuade him to work with me."

Shan talks like James Stewart. When he raps he sounds like he looks. Tall and wiry. We discuss the infamous Bridge Wars, a recorded rap battle over the roots of hip-hop detailed on 'Down By Law' and Boogie Down Productions' 'Criminal Minded'. Those from Queens say it began in Queens. Those from the Boogie Down Bronx, understandably, claim it all stems from there.

"It really ended before Scott La Rock died. We did some shows together and it didn't seem to make any sense... Emotionally, I felt it when he died. Scott was really a nice person and we were good friends. All that stuff about hating each other; it was just showbiz. And things like that really put it all in perspective..."

There's a new LP soon from the man who can claim to have put out the first Cold Chillin' record, the stupid fresh '86 sound of 'Jane, Stop This Crazy Thing!'. It will be rough and ready. Biz walks in. Shan asks him for 100 dollars. Like I said, a right scally.

DJ POLO AND KOOL G RAP

You look at Kool G Rap and somehow, you can't imagine him doing 'Tramp' or 'My Mike Sounds Nice'. He hasn't got the earrings for it. 'Riker's Island', a cautionary tale about the prison where they sharpen spoons and pull out your gold teeth without an anaesthetic sounds more appropriate.

"Before Hurby Lux Bug met Salt 'N' Pepa, I was working with him. I was going to rap 'The Showstopper'. But Salt was his girl so he started to concentrate on them. I don't think it would have worked out in the long term. Hurby likes to control and so do I..."

For the past year and a half Kool G has been working with DJ Polo and Marly on some of the hardest music to come out of New York. Polo recorded a track, 'Polo's Beat' with Marly but it's on their first single 'It's A Demo' (the second Cold Chillin' release) and 'Riker's Island' that things really begin to work.

"For a rap like that the music has to be strong. If you're working with Marlon you know you don't need to worry. 'Riker's Island' is a message for the kids selling drugs on the block. You might be living now but that kind of income always comes to an end..."

Like most of the rest of the Juice Crew, Kool G comes from Queens. He was born in the Jamaica district and now lives in Jackson Heights. "I'd like to be involved in making a film. I know I could act. They should make a movie about the things I see—real shoot 'em up. Hollywood don't know what's going on. They make films about gangs killing each other but today, you're talking about kids who are barely teenagers being involved in that."

"Before the screen, however, there will be an LP, 'Poison' and a single 'Butcher's Shop'. 'Poison' because we're deadly and Butcher's Shop because Polo really cuts them up..."



ROXANNE SHANTE

For the show, Roxanne Shante makes Millie Jackson sound like Mavis Riley. Anglo Saxon is her first language. But like most rappers, she leaves all that in the dressing room when it's time to go home. Face to Face Lolita Gooden is sweet and funny. She makes Roxanne Shante seem like somebody else. Still, she's the kind of person who'd make Mavis spill her sweet sherry.

"My stage show is pretty foul. It's not that I get up and go motherf—ker this, motherf—ker that... but, occasionally, you will hear my mouth get sort of dirty. People are used to me acting like that. Now if I get up on stage and act nice, they won't go for it at all."

Roxanne has the solution. 'Nicety' is a track from her forthcoming LP 'Go On Girl'. "I can be real sweet if I want to but, as you hear on the records, I'm not that sweet at all. You can say that I'm very nicety; half nasty and half nice."

Shante's diss happy rap style and the high pitched tone that launched a thousand answer records; reputedly made by people like Roxanne's Dog, Roxanne's Doctor and Little Roxanne—have created a character larger than life and twice as loud.

The story of a war of words which began in December 1984 with UTFO's 'Roxanne Roxanne', starts in Queensbridge where Marly Marl heard 14-year-old Lolita Gooden rapping about the laundry while she

was doing it.

"He told you that?"
I get the feeling Roxanne is about to have a flying fit but she begins to laugh instead.

"Yeah, write it down, it's true. At least everybody will know I keep clean clothes."

Marly roped her in to record an answer to UTFO's typically uncharitable track and Lolita took on the mantle of the now feared and famous Fly Shante. Philadelphia's Pop Art label put the record out and the war began.

"Through those records I got the reputation of being tough but I only recently learned to fight. At school I was a big chicken. But I never fought over those records. Sometimes me and Kangol from UTFO would argue about it all. I'd make arrangements to meet them to fight it out and they'd go. 'No way, you're crazy, why do you want to fight?'"

"I think some people have a big problem with rap. They take what they hear too seriously. I'm really glad to see the back of the whole thing. Now, I'd sooner talk about me. I think that really, it all got out of hand. I mean, running around dissin' everybody in sight, you expect to get a little nasty feedback but some of it was too hard. Scott La Rock and KRS One went too far. I don't want to repeat what they said about me but that really hurt."

It was that record ('The Bridge Is Over' from the Criminal Minded LP) that helped to push Shante back to the recording studio after giving it all up to finish school and look after her son Tashan.

"Remember, I skipped school at 14 to make records and tour. I knew I was missing something. I had to catch up. Rap won't last forever. Education is an important thing."

'Have A Nice Day' was and is a magnificent record, a testament to the beat twisting talents of the man Marly Marl, the quick step delivery of Roxanne and the rhymes of Big Daddy Kane.

The obvious question results in some elaboration. "Kane doesn't write all my rhymes. It isn't as clear cut as that. Mostly, we collaborate. But on the new LP of the eight tracks, you can say that Kane wrote four and I wrote the others."

'Have A Nice Day' was Roxanne's first record for Cold Chillin'. The records she made for Pop Art were like sounds from another planet. 'Have A Nice Day' is about as

sophisticated as the intentionally rough-arsed Marly sound will ever get. Records like 'Queen Of Rox' and Runaway are gravel-coated examples of street rap at its most uncompromising.

"I'm proud of what me and Marly achieved then. I remember the music but I want to forget Pop Art. Those records were selling and I was getting tipped, not paid. They treated me really shitty, if you'll excuse the language."

Lawrence Goodman, who owns the label also manages Philly's Cool C who last year extended the Roxanne season with 'Juice Crew Dis'. The Juice Crew—a name for Roxanne, Biz, Kane, Marly, Shan and the rest that's taken from the influential New York DJ Mr Magic's other name, Sir Juice—got it in the neck. Cool C had better watch his back. Roxanne's revenge is never, ever sweet.

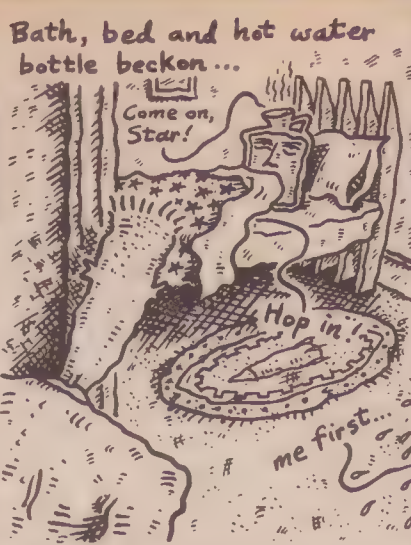
"I hate that record. I wanted to slap him in the face and beat up his mother. He had best be careful what he says. I think it's Lawrence behind all that. All the information comes from him, about Shan living on the fourth floor and me on the sixth in the Queensbridge projects. That little jerk from West Bubblef—k couldn't know that..."

Shante is angry but she knows it's just part of the game. Rap showbusiness. "People seem to find it really difficult to deal with. Maybe I shouldn't be so surprised. I make mistakes. I shout 'f— your mother' and she'll be there waiting for me outside..."

Do you get many parents at your shows?

"No. I don't like to see that. Rap is a kid's game. And when I'm older I won't be there either. People like Kurtis Blow and Grandmaster Flash should give it a rest. They're too old! Imagine seeing your grandmother in the crowd going 'Ho!'. Imagine your mother wearing jeans and a big gold chain saying 'Yeah, boyee!' When it's time to go, I'll be gone..."

But for now she's still here. Go On Girl!, yet another Marly Marl production, is promised for late March (in Britain it will be on A&M's Breakout label). And after that? "I'd like to make a movie. I can just see myself as the rapping Whoopie Goldberg. Or I could be a lawyer, I'd be a dope lawyer. The way I talk that fast stuff..." Roxanne gives a demonstration of her prosecution technique. "Send him to jail, don't give him no bail..."

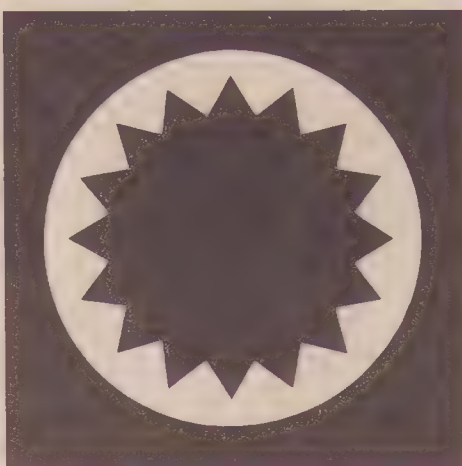


New Badges: STAR (blue) SCARLETTE (red) JONES (green) BLACK (y). Send SAE plus 1 loose 18p stamp per badge to: CAPTAIN STAR, %124 Curtain Road, London EC2. ★ ★ ★ ★

ART: STEVEN APPLEBY

Coming soon:
the first
Rockets book
(and a chance to
win it).
Watch this space!

WIRE



3" CD SINGLE

KIDNEY BINGOS • PIETA • DRILL
TOTAL RUNNING TIME 19'47
LIMITED EDITION • OUT NOW

ROBERT PALMER

Sweet Lies

THE NEW SINGLE

EXTENDED 12" — REMIXED BY FREDDIE BASTONE
INCLUDES EXTRA TRACK "RIPTIDE"

"SWEET LIES" THE MOVIE — COMING SOON

IS 352/12 IS 352



Virgin Presents: Tales of the Barely Credible No.2

Did You Know . . . ? The Largest Record Collection in the World Weighs just Three Pounds

HOW COME?

That's because New Megamail 2 from Virgin is a fantastic Mail Order Catalogue – the most comprehensive Catalogue of music available today.

SO WHAT?

New Megamail 2 gives you the opportunity to buy all the LP's, Cassettes, Compact Discs and Videos you've ever wanted – by post.

ALL OF THEM?

Well almost all. The Megamail 2 Catalogue has over 680 pages containing over 47,000 titles. It includes almost every category of 20th century music, from Rock to Folk, Soul to Jazz or Blues to Country & Western (but not unfortunately Classical Music . . . yet!)

SOUNDS LIKE A LOT.

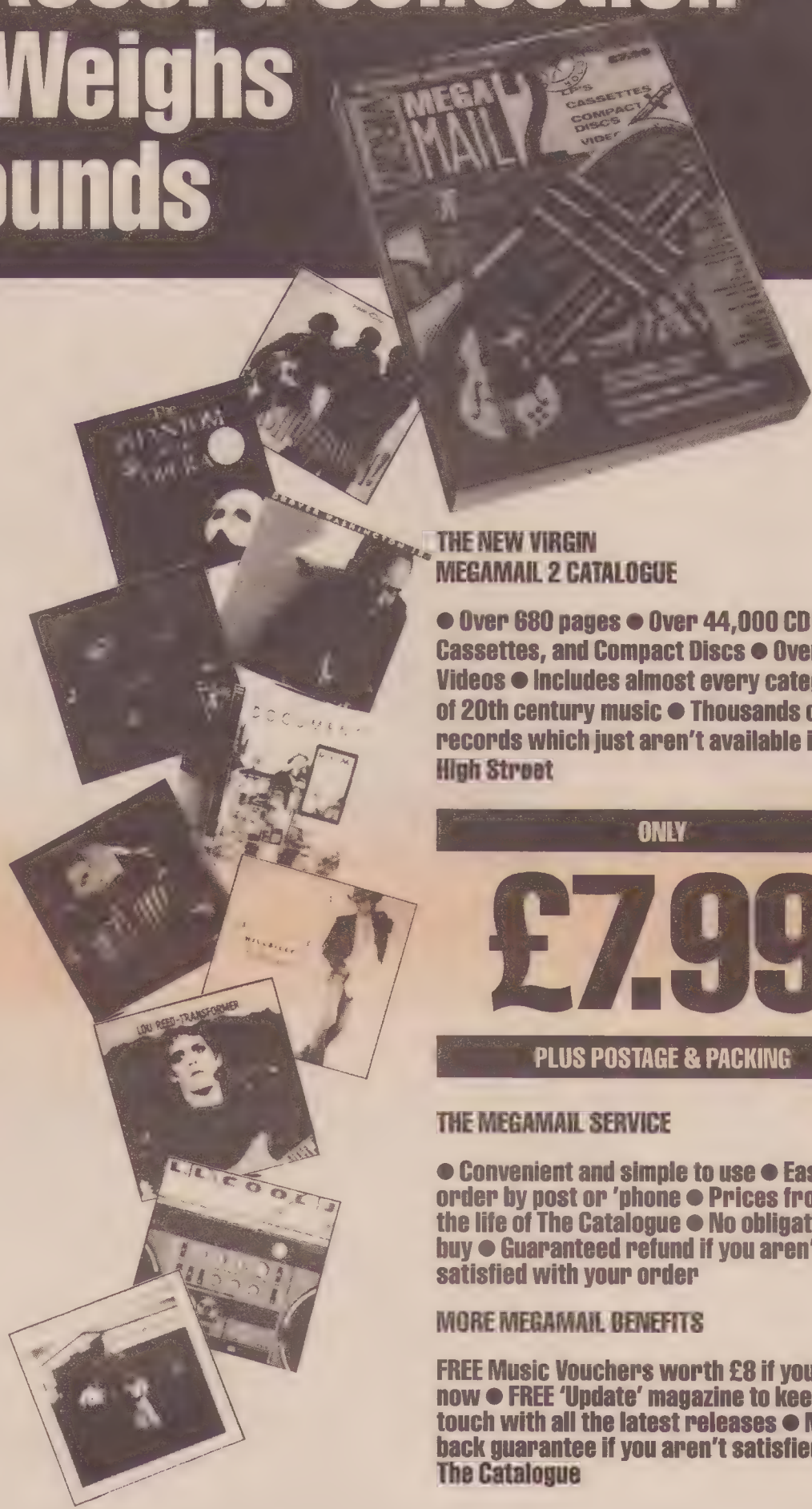
It is. And yet Megamail 2 remains simple and convenient to use. You can place your orders by post using the special order forms, or by telephone.

CATCH?

There isn't one. Megamail 2 is not a record and video club, so you have no obligation to buy. In fact, Virgin guarantee a refund if you aren't entirely satisfied with your Catalogue or your order. Megamail 2 costs just £7.99 (plus postage and packing) and Virgin give you £8 worth of Music Vouchers, free to use against future orders – so in no time at all your Catalogue could actually pay for itself.

O.K. SO HOW DO I ORDER?

Order your copy of Megamail 2 by post (using the coupon below) or by telephone (using your Access/Visa card) on the Virgin Megamail Order Line – 051 708 7777 (24 hours). Or you can buy Megamail 2 from any Virgin store.



**THE NEW VIRGIN
MEGAMAIL 2 CATALOGUE**

● Over 680 pages ● Over 44,000 CD's, Cassettes, and Compact Discs ● Over 3000 Videos ● Includes almost every category of 20th century music ● Thousands of records which just aren't available in the High Street

ONLY

£7.99

PLUS POSTAGE & PACKING

THE MEGAMAIL SERVICE

● Convenient and simple to use ● Easy to order by post or 'phone ● Prices frozen for the life of The Catalogue ● No obligation to buy ● Guaranteed refund if you aren't satisfied with your order

MORE MEGAMAIL BENEFITS

FREE Music Vouchers worth £8 if you order now • FREE 'Update' magazine to keep you in touch with all the latest releases • Money-back guarantee if you aren't satisfied with The Catalogue



☐ **YES!**
Send me my copy
of MEGAMAIL 2
NOW!

Rush me copies of THE VIRGIN MEGAMAIL 2 CATALOGUE at

£9.98 each (including **£1.99** P & P – it is heavy!)

I enclose my Cheque/Postal Order for £
made payable to **Virgin Megamail.**

Name (Block Capitals)

Address

Signature _____

(Please allow 28 days for delivery)

OR debit my Access/Visa card – Account No:

Delivery address must be same as Card Holders Address.

Expiry date

Post Code _____

Date _____

NME 2

Send to: Catalogue Order Department, Virgin Megamail, Freepost, Liverpool L1A 8AB.

NEVER MIND THE BALKANS

The Bulgarians have invaded our soundscape. Everyone, from Peel to Kershaw to Richard Baker and Radio Four has been playing this music. The Wedding Present, flush with the success of 'Gheorghes Bestov', are pedalling the Black Sea shanties of their beloved Ukraine, and 3 Mustaphas 3 are still Albania's finest 'export'.

Meanwhile George 'While My Gadulka Gently Weeps' Harrison admits to Bulgar addiction during his Trans-Atlantic chat with Comrade Wogan and no doubt, as we sit sipping our Bulgarian Reisling, some creatively bankrupt American megastar is concocting a Balkan 'Graceland'.

As always, 4AD is mainly to blame for all this. Not content with inflicting Clan Of Xymox on Thatcher's kids, back in '86 they put us all on the path to Plovdiv by launching 'Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares' on the increasingly World Music-wise public.

"The response was, and continues to be, fantastic," says 4AD bigwig Ivo Watts-Russell (who admits to slipping Dead Can Dance albums in with 'Bulgares' in response to mail-order requests). So far, 'Le Mystere Des Voix



Bulgares' compilation — "of songs reflecting the lives of Bulgarian women working the land" — has sold 30,000 copies and the newly-released follow-up should do even better.

4AD's involvement with Bulgarian music dates back to '85 when Watts-Russell was played a tape of Bulgar chants by Bela Lugosi-obsessed artiste Pete Murphy. Astonished by the beauty of the women's voices, Watts-Russell tracked down the recordings to the Swiss-based Marcel Cellier, who'd first visited Bulgaria back in 1950 working for a metals and ores company.

"I've travelled through that country many times, visiting manganese and copper mines," recalls Cellier, "but instead I found a gold mine — the still-living traditional music of Bulgaria."

Eastern European music has been a lifelong passion of 62-year-old Cellier — his 'Flute De Pan Et Orgue' improvisations with Roumanian Gheorghes Zamfir in the early '70s provided the million-selling soundtrack for *Picnic At Hanging Rock* — and more of his classic Bulgarian folk recordings (1953-85) appear on 'Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares Volume Two'.

It's the uniqueness of these Bulgarian voices that has attracted all the attention; the extraordinarily warm and emotional open-throated singing of peasant women — wavering between yodelling goatherds, Billie Holiday and Maria Callas — that seems to encapsulate centuries of celebration and suffering. Compared to the ancient and human qualities of this music, the vast bulk of modern pop sounds pathetically empty and synthetic.

"It's just beautiful but also really spooky," opines DJ Kershaw, who's been airing Bulgarian music regularly over the last few years. "It's powerful but fragile at the same time."

"The unique power of the music comes from a rural culture that's lasted longer than anywhere else in Europe," explains Hannibal boss Joe Boyd,



Not exactly Bananarama, perhaps, but 4AD's 'LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES' and TRIO BULGARKA (above) and other Bulgarian artists are shifting a surprising number of units in the UK right now. LEN BROWN checks it out . . .

renowned REM/Fairport/Drake producer, and the man who brought us the excellent 'Balkana' LP and tour last summer. "The Bulgarian composers and musicians seem to have a different sense of priorities, there's a different texture to life, you can't invent that music sitting in your high rise."

"Bulgaria's a special case because it was occupied by the Turks and cut off from the rest of Europe for 500 years; it's thought that Bulgarians sing the way all of Europe used to sing in medieval times, before the Italians

Orpheus, who were recognised for thousands of years as the best singers of antiquity. So they developed this unique vocal technique, this unique timbre, this 100 per cent perfection of the voice. It's beauty of perfection and perfection of beauty."

Given these credentials and this inescapable 'uniqueness' it might seem strange that no one tuned into Bulgarian music prior to 4AD's '86 release. But, of course, many people had: 4AD's 'discovery' is in fact more of a marketing and promotional success story for the label, music and the public, rather than a true mystery unravelled. Similar, though admittedly less well-produced and packaged Bulgarian recordings, have been available in Britain since the early '60s.

Topic Records' Folk Music Of Bulgaria: Collected And Edited By A L Lloyd has been around since '64 and, Joe Boyd recalls it as one of the hip things to be found mid-'60s "on the average music fan's shelf alongside the joss-sticks, Ravi Shankar albums and *The Tibetan Book Of The Dead*".

Similarly, the fine late-'60s 'Rodopska Devoika: Chants De Femmes De Bulgarie' by The State Ensemble For Traditional Songs and Dances — led by the late great Filip Koutev, universally recognised as the post-war genius of Bulgarian music and also featured on the 4AD and Topic recordings — has been repackaged with a peasant girl sleeve and is again selling well for the classical label Harmonia Mundi.

And in the early '80s, a track by Bulgarian vocalist Nadka Karadjova, found on a sampler LP in an Edinburgh market by electric zitherer Andrew

"Yes, it's popularity is because it came out on 4AD," agrees Andy Kershaw. "It was packaged to meet that European music fetish, for people who like to think they live in Berlin but don't. I personally think it's pretentiously packaged. I don't like the way they didn't tell us who the artists were on Volume One of 'Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares'. The only mystery was that you didn't know who the f— was singing!"

One result of all this Balkan fever is that the Bulgarian Embassy has been inundated with requests for other hot Bulgar mixes.

"We cannot satisfy the demand," admits Cultural Attache Shopov. "Hippies in the States and the punks in this country are very much interested



in Bulgarian folk lore. It's partly the music but also the growing popularity of my country, the opening of the world. Now we are trying to arrange for many more Bulgarian records to be released."

So '88 looks as if it's going to be another cracking year for Bulgar music. Apart from 'Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares Volume Two' and 'official' Bulgarian releases, there's Joe Boyd and Hannibal's follow-up to '87's 'Balkana' LP and tour which (re)introduced Britain to the nation's instrumental virtuosos of gadulka (banjo), gaida (bagpipe) and teppan (drum) as well as '4AD-style' chants.

In late April, Boyd plans to release an album by the goddesses of Bulgarian folk Trio Bulgarka (Eva Georgieva, Stoyanka Boneva and Yanka Rupkina, featured on NME's *The World At One* tape), followed by a British tour in May. Boyd also plans to bring in The Bulgarian Wedding Band All-Stars featuring a wild young clarinet player, "a real Jack the Lad, winking at the girls, and looking like a criminal. . . He's the Charlie Parker of the kaval".

With all this to look forward to, and with the inevitable stealing and sampling that anything original tends to attract, it looks as if these voices of Bulgaria are here to stay, increasingly recognised as one of the most important strains of World Music. After all, George Harrison, Pete Murphy, millions of Balkans and all those hippies in the USA can't be wrong. These days it's no longer stylish to besmirch a Bulgarian.

"Until recently if you asked someone to word associate 'Bulgaria' they would probably have replied 'poison umbrella'," says Joe Boyd. "Today, hopefully, the words associated with 'Bulgaria' would be 'beautiful women's voices'."

Cronshaw, went via Folk Roots editor Ian A Anderson to Folk On Two, Radio Four's *Pick Of The Week*, and then Wogan's *Breakfast Show*. "When Wogan started playing it," recalls Anderson, "all hell broke loose, the demand was incredible". Thus he found himself licensing the artist from the Bulgaroton label and having a minor hit with Karadjova's single 'A Lambkin Has Commenced Bleating'. (Karadjova also appears on the Topic LP, WOMAD's *Talking Book* and 'Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares Volume Two').

But, regardless of who got there first, 4AD's '86 release and promotion methods made the initial breakthrough in popularity.

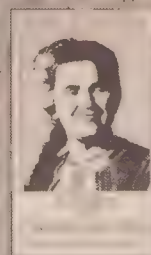
"If Topic had put out the same album in the same cover the press and radio wouldn't have paid the same attention to it and journalists wouldn't have reviewed it," claims Anderson. "It's popular because it's wonderful music but it only received that degree of popularity because of the 4AD/Cocteau connection; they serviced DJs like Andy Kershaw who they're used to sending promo records to."



taught a different way of singing after the Renaissance."

"Our music has much in common with the folk lore of other Balkan countries," says Dr Peter Shopov, the Bulgarian Cultural Attache in London, "but it's also unique for historical reasons and because of the mountainous character of my country. It's feudal, with small closed regions which have developed in very different ways."

Also, according to Cellier, "the Bulgarians are the successors to the ancient Thracian people, the people of



From fourth best band in Hull to mega-mixer in demand, that's **NORMAN COOK**. **DENIS CAMPBELL** caught up with the busy ex-Housemartin.

COOKie CREW

Remixing seminal House, hip hop and James Brown tracks is not the kind of activity you'd immediately expect from the ex bass player with the now deceased fourth best band in Hull.

But invest in a copy of Eric B & Rakim's 'I Know You Got Soul', Kid 'N' Play's 'Do This My Way', the new version of Nitro Deluxe's current hit 'Let's Get Brutal' (all Cooltempo), or The Godfather's recently discovered oldie 'She's The One' (Urban), and chances are you'll find it embossed: 'Remix by Norman Cook'.

The handsome Housemartin—he was the one who got all the fan mail—confides a Go! Discs informant—is

having a great time. With dance music now unashamedly overground and enjoying unprecedented commercial success, Norman is swamped by requests from record companies to remould club hits into chart hits.

He has been DJing off and on since the tender age of 15 when sporting the full punk uniform of bondage trousers, vest and mohican he livened up mates' parties with the sounds of The Clash, Buzzcocks and X-Ray Spex. But now, with the demise of The Housemartins, he seems to be everywhere, riding the wheels of steel at every club, benefit night and warehouse party going.

His growing reputation is based on his judicious choice of tunes—he fills the floor every time—and, especially, his wicked, imaginative live mixing. Just as The Housemartins developed from a hobby into a job, so too this current labour of love is threatening

to take over his life. The boy is in demand.

We're talking backstage at London's Mean Fiddler. Norman's DJing skills have helped make the opening night of Red Wedge's monthly club a bulging, sweaty affair. He admits to relief that the band have called it a day and he's enjoying being out of the public eye after three years of constant exposure.

But we're here to talk about music, DJing and mixing, not about past glories or 'Why We Split' stories (two Housemartins biographies currently in production should take care of that).

I moved to Brighton when I was 18 to go to college and I started DJing in clubs. By then I was listening almost exclusively to black music. Apart from Elvis Costello and Aztec Camera there was no white music I liked listening to. It had started to go in directions I didn't like, like the doomy, hippyish Goth thing.

Paul Heaton first turned me onto soul with the Atlantic and Stax stuff and the blues. He was a scooterist—not a mod, though—so he got to hear all the new soul stuff through the scooter clubs he belonged to.

Records he played every night then included The Valentines Brothers' 'Money's Too Tight To Mention', Brass Construction's 'Shake It', Manu Dibango's 'Big Blow', Afrika Bambaata's 'Planet Rock' (the record which introduced him to rap), The Blues Brothers soundtrack, the Jackson 5, JB's material and Solomon Burke's 'Everybody Needs Somebody To Love'.

Hearing Grandmaster Flash's historic 'Adventures On The Wheels Of Steel'—the first big record to use cut-ups—prompted Norman to start experimenting by mixing different records together. 'That set me off on the creative side of DJing. I got twin decks at home and began to explore scratching and mixing. I didn't do it in the clubs though, I was a bedroom mixer for a long time. I started studying how DJs did it live. I went to see Grandmaster Flash and thought, 'I can do that'.

A few lessons from top electro DJ Greg Wilson from Manchester gave Norman the rest of the confidence he needed and eventually he began to perform live. He admires DJs like rare groove guru Norman Jay simply for the quality of the music they play, but his real respect is for DJs who actually create new sounds through their mixing skills, like CJ Mackintosh.

Hull mega-mixer Norman doesn't care where the sounds or records have come from so long as they move the crowd. When Norman's on the decks Public Enemy meet old ska, the vocal to Billy Bragg's 'Between The Wars' fits perfectly over a Roxanne Shante backing track, the EastEnders theme finds a new home spliced together with JB's 'Funky Drummer' and The Flintstones music fits snugly over a rolling reggae beat. In the world of mixing according to DJ Norman Cook, anything goes.

I'm consciously trying to always do something a bit different. I'm fed up with this whole syndrome of just using old James Brown records as backing tracks for everything.

So why have you done such a predictable remix of 'I Know You Got Soul'? Using large chunks of 'I Want You Back', Public Enemy and Dennis Edwards' 'Don't Look Any Further' is hardly pushing forward the boundaries of sampling. The remix doesn't exactly spring too many surprises, does it?

COOK MIXERS

10

- 1 **BRING THE NOISE (A CAPPELLA)**—Public Enemy (Def Jam)/**ELEPHANT TROT**—Ansell Collins (Trojan)
- 2 **BETWEEN THE WARS**—Billy Bragg (Go! Discs)/**HAVE A NICE DAY** (inst.)—Roxanne Shante (Breakout)
- 3 **WALK THE DINOSAUR** (inst.)—Was (Not Was) (Phonogram)/**PUMP ME UP** (inst.)—Melle Mel (Sugarhill)
- 4 **THREE LITTLE FISHES**—Spike Jones (RCA)/**TEARING DOWN THE AVENUE** (Bonus Beats)—Wild Bunch (US, 4th and Broadway)
- 5 **FLINTSTONES Theme** (TV Toons)/**DON'T STOP THE MUSIC** (Break 1-5)—Bits and Pieces (Island)
- 6 **GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA**—The Smiths (Rough Trade)/**BEATS AND PIECES** (More Beats)—Coldcut (Ahead Of Our Time)
- 7 **WHITE MAN IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS**—The Clash (CBS)/**FUNKY DRUMMER** (Bonus Beats)—James Brown (Polydor)
- 8 **BAD (A CAPPELLA)**—Michael Jackson (Epic)/**PLANET ROCK**—Afrika Bambaataa and the Soul Sonic Force (Tommy Boy)
- 9 **CARAVAN OF LOVE**—Housemartins (Go! Discs)/**I'M CHILLIN'** (inst.)—Kurtis Blow (Mercury)
- 10 **EASTENDERS THEME**—Simon May Orchestra (BBC)/**HOT PANTS** (Bonus Beats)—Bobby Byrd (Polydor)

"There's a good reason for that. I was told to make Eric B commercial, to make the track suitable for the pop market. The remix is for secretaries to dance to rather than just your average B-boy."

Norman's first post-Housemartins venture onto vinyl could well be in the guise of DJ Ox, his alter-ego for his work with rapper MC Wildski. The duo have made a few tentative live appearances and expect to clinch a recording deal soon. And being an ex-Housemartin has opened quite a few doors, Norman admits.

Wildski is a thoughtful, talkative 23-year-old son of Northampton. The pair first met in a club in Brighton; Wildski didn't know who the hell Norman was. "Someone told me he was in The Housemartins but I didn't believe it. It was too much trying to take in all his wicked mixing."

Both rapper and DJ Ox believe rap has disappeared down a creative cul-de-sac. Norman dislikes the gross sexism, violent imagery and glorification of drugs—the sad fact that the form itself has progressed so little in the last few years.

But he loves Public Enemy's music but, more importantly, respects them for raising political issues.

"I don't actually agree with what they're saying but I admire the fact that they use their raps, their music and their shows to talk about political subjects."

Norman also takes heart from the fact that rap is now bursting out all over the country, destroying the capital's stranglehold on the scene.

"Rap doesn't have to be all about drugs, guns and bragging. The Cookie Crew proved that. Then there's The Wild Bunch from Bristol and The Ruthless Rap Assassins in Manchester. They're all breaking down stereotypes and showing directions rap can go in."

The image of Mecca discos full of secretaries in white high heels dancing round their handbags to the Cookie Crew or DJ Ox and Wildski fills my head. Then somebody comes through the door. "Norman, it's your turn on the decks." Quite.



MC wildski



Cooking mix

VIDEOS

CASSETTES

BLANK TAPES

ALBUMS

SINGLES

COMPACT DISCS

SINGLES

CASSETTES

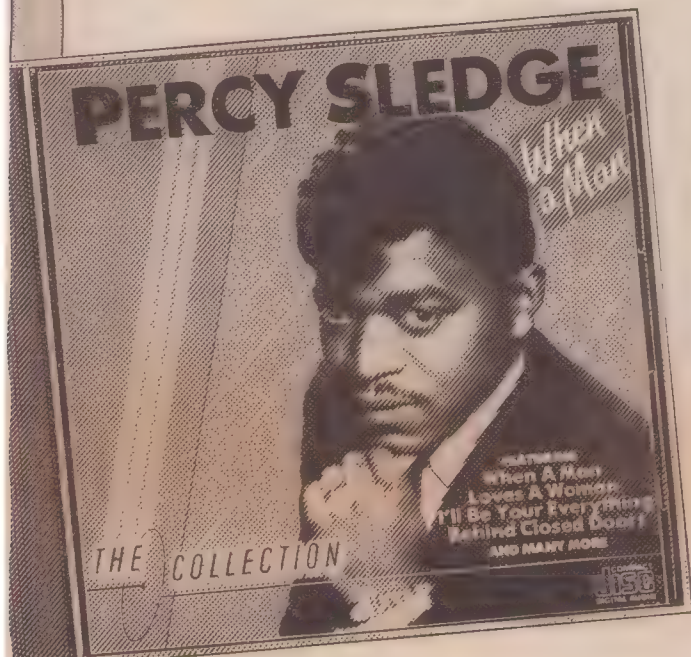
COMPACT DISCS

GET DOWN!

Soul Classics on C.D.

£3.99

each



Here's a chance to build up your CD collection with 21 solid-gold, all-time greats. They're all top-quality recordings (only the price is unbelievable). Better hurry, though – this offer lasts for 6 weeks only.

Sam & Dave – The Original Soulman

The Drifters – The Collection

This is Soul – Various

This is Soul II – Various

Martha Reeves – The Collection

Sam Cooke – You Send Me

Percy Sledge – When a Man

King Curtis – Greatest Hits

Ray Charles – Super Hits

Ray Charles – Greatest Hits

Percy Sledge – Greatest Hits

Ramsey Lewis – Greatest Hits

Sam & Dave – Greatest Hits

Desmond Dekker – Greatest Hits

Jackie Wilson – Greatest Hits

The Drifters – Greatest Hits

The Coasters – Greatest Hits

Gladys Knight & The Pips – So Sad the Song

Isley Brothers – Twist & Shout

The Platters – Greatest Hits

The Chi-Lites – Greatest Hits

BLANK TAPES

BLANK TAPES

ALBUMS

ALBUMS

CASSETTES

VIDEOS



All items
subject to
availability

VIDEOS

WOOLWORTHS

is Music

Formerly Polydor acid popsters Alone Again Or, THE SHAMEN have come back with beatboxes and barbed visuals to scratch and mix their psychedelic soup. Story: JACK BARRON. Picture: A. J. BARRATT.

This is potentially the most exciting moment in music since the salacious swivel of Elvis' pelvis, Chuck Berry's motorvating riff, The Doors opening the sounds of perception, and the unsafetypinhead storm of The Sex Pistols.

From different genres bands and artists are converging on the mind-expanding properties of new technology which have yet to be fully unleashed.

As black music moves (back) towards psychedelia—Prince and George Clinton, the exceptions, have always had one dilated pupil glued to the kaleidoscope—as exemplified by the new wave of Acid House (which in reality is only a shred of an idea presently), white musicians heavily influenced by the brain-boiling experiences of the '60s have finally sussed that if they want to make music for the meantime they're going to have to deal with the new technology. Otherwise they'll be revivalists as laughable and redundant as the Teds a decade ago.

In the near future we are about to be annihilated by several intent on 'Jacking The Tab', and we're not talking aspirins here. Psychic TV, Big Stick, Mesh and a variant of The Butthole Surfers will soon put the real LSD into House Music.

Meanwhile, in their own quiet way, the Shamen have of late also realised that to make Nowtime psychedelia you have to use the hardware of the day, a technology most closely associated with black dance music: sampling, scratching and beatboxes.

Their last single, 'Christopher Mayhew Says', for example, blowtorched speeches made in the early '60s by the then MP into a bent beat-box trance. The samples used were lifted from a film made by the BBC at the time of the MP undergoing on acid experience so enjoyable it was suppressed by the corporation.

The Shamen's current effort, 'Knature Of A Girl', still uses the beatbox but in a more restrained manner to examine the (t)horny problem of sexuality and power. I don't honestly think it's anywhere near the calibre of the Thatcher indicting 'She's Shitting On Britain' but it does stand out from the new lone rangers of the mind by sounding contemporary.

We meet in the inevitable hotel,

one that's far above the finances of the band. Their stay is being paid for by McEwan's lager for whom the Shamen are doing a soundtrack for a TV ad. There are several ironies here. The song in question 'Happy Days', is anything but. It's a damning broadside against The Falklands War, a case of drink yourself stupid to the sound of a barbed protest song. "The agency just like the melody, I don't think they care or understand what the song is about."

"Also it's pretty weird doing a lager advert when at least three of the band don't drink and are interested in other forms of recreation. Unfortunately there are not many people who make TV adverts for mushrooms and acid, hahahah!"

The teller of this tale is bassist Willie Sinnott, the band's latest recruit. Like the Shamen's main songwriting force, Colin Angus, he's short-haired and dressed in severe black, a sartorial world away from the retro-style whores of neo-psychedelia such as All About Eve.

"Sure, the way we dress is

really hit people," adds Willie. "It's like providing a whole background that wasn't available before. That's why I can't understand rock musicians who despise hip-hop and House, they don't understand the potential sounds those genres open up to them. It's like a painter ignoring a whole new palette of colours."

If The Shamen were born-again-electrocutioners around the time of 'Christopher Mayhew Says' they also started to take on a more bitter political perspective in their work. The flip of that single, 'She's Shitting On Britain', is self-explanatory, directly to the point and flushed with toilet samples.

"We feel the need to write politically slanted songs because it is heartfelt and also goes against the grain of revivalist bands in general," explains Colin. "I don't see how any band that calls themselves psychedelic can be concerned with perpetuating the ideals and values of the '60s. Psychedelia has to be of the moment, a now thing, or it's

ACID REIGN



Robopop: part '60s, part '80s, all Shamen

deliberate," says Colin. "Psychedelia is an attitude of mind, not a clothes peg for people with bad taste. The whole psychedelic movement—and up my way in Aberdeen there's a huge amount of young kids dropping acid and having their perceptions altered rather than going into the igloo of skag—is too hung up with the peripherals such as paisley shirts and buckskin jackets. To us that's just laughable, beside the point. The point is finding a new music, a bang up to date one, that can lacerate people's perceptions and help change their consciousness."

Willie and Colin sip on their orange juices. Both used to be psychiatric nurses where they developed a taste for the visions of the unhinged before getting involved in music.

"Basically we just liked the idea of an MP taking a psychedelic drug and having a very positive experience," explains Colin of the idea behind 'Christopher Mayhew Says', "and the fact that he had such a fantastic time the BBC banned the film of it for nearly 30 years."

"The song included samples of him recorded at the time of his experience where he imagined he moved outside of time and space. It also includes samples of him as he is today, in his 70s in The House Of Lords and still maintaining it's the most interesting thing he's ever done. He was a good advert for the psychedelic experience, cool and very articulate."

You also incorporated electronic beatbox rhythms into that track for the first time. Why the switch?

"Well there's been a few personnel changes in the band since the first LP, 'Drop', was released," continues Colin. "Derek, our original guitarist and co-songwriter left. So I moved over to guitar and singing, we got Willie in on bass, and at the same time Pete the keyboard player bought a sampler. All those things moved us in a fresh direction. It was also a conscious thing, we wanted to move away from the slightly '60s area we'd been working in and update ourselves."

Did you think you were merely revivalists at all?

"No," denies Colin. "Other so-called psychedelic bands that I would definitely term revivalists, people like Primal Scream and those other '60s influenced pop bands, would never have anything to do with us in terms of doing gigs. Even at the time of 'Drop' they thought we were too modern and not purist enough. And once we started getting into hip-hop and drum machines their attitude was, 'Oh no, you can't do that, it's just not on,' which is pathetic. The whole thing about revivalism is it's a reactionary thing anyway."

"We're into the new beatbox rhythms and samplers precisely because they're linked solidly with the social movements of now and so a whole wider aspect can be taken in."

"Modern technology gives you the opportunity to put in things which

dead thinking.

"In the '60s, before things fell apart, people were led directly from their use of substances to a fuller realisation of what was happening around them. That transformation led people into activity. There is a similar sort of situation now among people that I know. And we're all in favour of encouraging people to become politically active in their communities."

Are you?

"None of us are particularly active in the sense of working for a particular party," he admits, "though I've done that in the past with the Workers Revolutionary Party until they split a couple of years ago. But there again I'd argue that being involved in a band like this is a form of political praxis in itself."

A thousand others from Chris Dean, through Jerry Dammers, to Billy Bragg would disagree. There again there is a visual side to the Shamen which is particularly virulent in its propagandist value, the slide shows that the band use live. Colin has devised political-porno collages featuring things such as the Pope getting a blowjob and, to quote a *Sun* headline, "God's Own Castrator", James Anderton, sporting a crazed look and a mammoth erection befitting a knobhead.

Sex as a parody is the obverse however of the Shamen's current single, 'Knature Of A Girl', which skids synapsed harmonies over a deadman's curve of cracked voltage landing them halfway between Adrian Sherwood's dark dreamscape and The Monkees. Attempting to cauterize an open wound the band explore the relationship between submissive and domineering sexual urges, a power equation beloved of Swans.

"It's not quite so overwhelming as our last single," admits Colin.

"'Knature Of A Girl' has got another swing to it. It's more like Go-Go I'd say, more hypnotic and organic. Nonetheless it's political in the sense that it deals with sexual politics."

"Most females", adds Willie, "still approach developing relationships from a submissive position and most males would feel a bit uncomfortable being confronted by a woman who demands to take on a dominant role. And that's what we're suggesting is wrong in the song."

Though the Shamen are capable of more serrated-edged music, it's this inquisitive rather than passive approach that sets them apart from their neo-psychedelic contemporaries.

"Our label is called Moksha after the collected writings of Aldous Huxley," concludes Colin. "To me Huxley was a visionary. In books such as *Island* he was writing a fictionalised blueprint for his ideal society. He was never taken seriously by the critics of the time yet his ideas still have a resonance now. If people don't take us seriously I won't lose any sleep, time will be our judge."

WORD UP

EDITED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

THE MAN FROM OUTER TASTE

In case you haven't noticed, we've a renaissance of hard 'alternative comedy' on our hands. Wild men like Sam Kinneson and Gerry Sadowitz are its leading lights.

However, their "outrageous" nature harkens all the way back to the original Sick Comic himself—Lenny Bruce. The recent reissue of *The Essential Lenny Bruce* gives us a chance to reappraise his life and talents.

The Sickest Of The Sick, The Crown Prince Of Dope And Shmutz, The Man From Outer Taste—such high accolades for the slight, curly haired Jewish kid who hung around Hanson's Luncheonette, a Broadway diner that was home for showbiz losers in the early '50s. Lenny fitted the scene perfectly. He'd been given dishonourable discharge from the navy (for having homosexual tendencies) and was trying to make it in comedy. As a nice kid doing bad impressions he was failing miserably. At Hanson's Bruce met Joe Ancis or The Funniest Man In The World. A guy who'd walk into the place and just rap 'till everybody would be on the floor paralyzed with laughter. A guy who changed young Lenny's life.

Bruce would sit for hours listening to him, getting his style down pat. Ancis' trips into bizarre fantasyland, his interior monologues and free association became Lenny's stock in trade.

Ancis taught him that being a hipster (something that Bruce aspired to) meant being smart, knowledgeable, even erudite. Lenny became a street intellectual, rapping about serious subjects—religion, politics, the theory of comedy—and taking them off into wild travesties and extravaganzas.

Then came the drugs. To Bruce part of being a great jazz hipster was being on junk. So he hung out with the musicians scoring scag. His routines took the line of inside dope jokes, the one about the jazz player who spoke nothing but the purest jive talk, to the point of utter incomprehensibility. Another was a pastiche of *The Man With The Golden Arm*.

In the Autumn of 1957 Lenny Bruce was finally discovered at Ann's 440 Club in San Francisco. At this time he put all his monologist's tricks into a series of classic movie parodies that weren't much more than large scale impressions, but with bite. In *Father Flotsky's Triumph* Lenny interprets *Riot In Cell Block 9* as an eruption of gross animals seeking gratification. "We'll meet any reasonable demands," shouts the warden, "except the vibrators!" Great as it is *Father Flotsky* falls short of his finest achievements. Comedy, like everything else, divides into serious and throwaway. It was only a matter of time till he made a move towards comedy informed by moral passion.

Bruce's ultimate triumph was in finding a single comprehensive metaphor for human experience. One that stripped away all the lies and held up the gory reality. You find it in all his best work, which invariably poses the question "what if?" *What if* all the great people in the world are simply the crude sort of rip-off artists you find on the street? *What if*, behind the scenes at the White House or The Vatican, you were to find the same sort of exploitation as anywhere else?

When Lenny started to make it his personal life was in chaos. He was a runaway junky on a 600 dollar a week habit; what's more, he'd split from

his wife Honey. His fame spread. Fantasy Records signed him up. *Time*, summing up '50s and '60s values, called him "the most successful of the new sicknicks." "Sick" was a term Bruce despised yet used himself as an equivalent to "bizarre", "imaginative" and "honest." The values that characterized his comedy.

His impact on an ordinary audience could be staggering. It wasn't so much what he said, but how he said it. Aggressiveness, cruelty and destructiveness were in his nature. He was truly shocking because his banter appeared more and more the product of a nasty mind. A nasty mind caused by nasty things. Some done to him, some by him. Planting a couple of joints on Honey when she was screwing around wasn't very nice. He got custody of their child and she got a prison sentence.

Lenny had a dual character. On the surface, a tough talking libertarian; underneath, a complex bundle of neuroses and hypocrisy. Which, as it happens, produced some strong "unstructured vitriolic humour." Bruce thought of it as simple honesty. He wanted to personalise his act. He wanted to get up on stage and talk about the horrid truths that he'd learnt through so much crazy living. Instead people talked about him. The wrong people. He was annoying the powers that be, not least by sleeping with the wives of some powerful men. The culmination of which was an amazing series of arrests and bannings.

Between September 29 1961 and January 1963 he was busted seven times for obscenity and narcotics. He was banned in Australia, Canada and barred from England. Basically it was persecution. There were good reasons for Bruce's obscenities (which amounted to saying words like "cocksucker"). They established a tone of honesty. They served to spark his imagination and stimulate his listeners. They were a deflationary pin stuck into hollow values. In other words, they had an artistic and semantic value. Predictably, the judges chose to take his phrases out of context reducing them to the level of graffiti on a toilet wall. It was the end for Lenny.

The tribulation of facing so many trials sent him over the edge. He became utterly obsessed with legal terminology and the recitation of past cases and legal precedents. Finally, he became a broken, bloated shadow of his former self.

Albert Goldman makes the point in his definitive biography, *Ladies And Gentlemen Lenny Bruce*, that Lenny's act was pure Shamanism—the drugs, the lights, his spooky appearances and strange surrealistic visions. The only trick to Shamanism being the ability to control the demons invoked. In the end he was creating more than he was destroying.

Lenny sat out his last days in LA surrounded by sycophants. He took drugs and talked low. On August 3 1966 he was found face down on the floor of his toilet. Naked except for the jeans around his boots. A syringe was sticking out of his right arm. A blue bathroom sash hung around his elbow.

Richard North

The Essential Lenny Bruce is published by Papermac at \$4.95. Further reading and listening:—*Ladies And Gentlemen Lenny Bruce* (Picador) by Albert Goldman; *How To Talk Dirty And Influence People* (Panther) by Lenny Bruce; *Unexpurgated—The Very Best Of Lenny Bruce* (Fantasy).

Lenny Bruce:
the Jesus of
comedy



DAVID
NEW SINGLE

NOW ON UK
RELEASE

OHH GIRL

b/w

CLAP YOUR
HANDS

(12" includes extra track)

651452 7

Def
Jam
recordings

651452 6

GIRL
PRODUCED BY DAVID REEVES
AND RUSSELL SIMMONS
CBS

"A BAND BASED ON A PLAN,
A PLAN BASED ON A BAND"



NEW ALBUM
**THE
UPLIFT
MOFO
PARTY
PLAN**
OUT NOW



INCLUDING THE SINGLE
**FIGHT LIKE
A BRAVE**

ON ALBUM CASSETTE & COMPACT DISC

WORD UP

BAD MOON RISING

CRAZY HEART

Thomas Cobb (Viking, £10.95)

THE SLAPDASH cover design, witlessly symbolic as publishing demands, suggests that this novel is no more than a compendium of country music's overworked myths. Thankfully, more care is displayed inside. The familiar themes are present and correct but Cobb sounds each so subtly that he not only animates stereotype, he captures the ethos of the music.

The story revolves around one Bad Blake, a fading star. Bad is old and tired but not yet exhausted. Years of touring have left him an alcoholic with four ex-wives to his name. His politics are redneck (natch), his morals dubious and his personal habits unsavoury.

For all his faults, Bad cannot betray his maverick guiding spirit. Like Bellow's Henderson, he is a large ungainly man, filled with equally cumbersome yearnings. He longs for another bite at the apple, another shot at connubial bliss and just one chance at reconciliation with his son. Fate offers him all three. Bad finds it difficult to adjust.

The only means through which he can transcend these woes is music. In performance, he can rely on the rogue impulses which wreak havoc on the domestic scene. Cobb's understanding of this paradox is skilfully etched. His sure-footed exploration of Bad's contradictory instincts gives the character a dramatic impetus far beyond the reach of cliché.

The vitality of this creation helps dispell the popular perception of country music as a rest home for sanctimonious homily. Cobb displays an impressive grasp of the nature of country's (cathartic) power. Though Bad may be steeped in compo, the book itself resists the temptation of a syrupy resolution. For once, the blurb's boast, "as poignant as the best C & W songs" is fully justified.

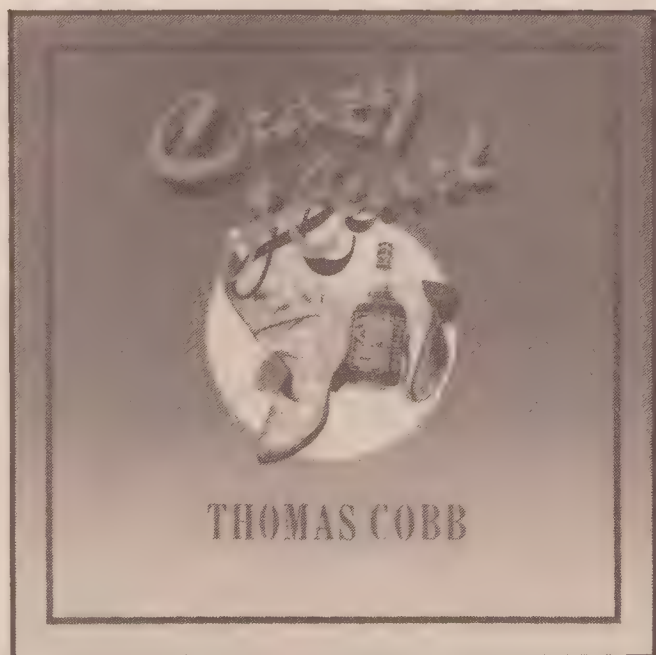
Bleddyn Butcher

MURDER WITHOUT CONVICTION: INSIDE THE WORLD OF THE KRAYS

John Dickson (Sphere £2.99)

BETWEEN 1964—when he turned professional criminal—and 1969—when he turned Queens evidence, John "Scotch Jack" Dickson played a major role in the rise and fall of the Kray brothers.

If you've read John Pearson's excellent *The Profession Of Violence*, or the somewhat less objective Charlie Kray tome,



Crazy cover symbolism

Me And My Brothers, you can enjoy a quick game of 'Spot the difference'. On most levels, *Murder Without Conviction* is a well dodgy addition to the enduring myth of the East End's most infamous sons.

Without the help of a ghost writer, Dickson constructs his story with the woodenness of an MFI catalogue. Written in the first person singular, liberally sprinkled with verbatim recalled intact from over two decades ago, *Murder Without Conviction* is one man's attempt to set the record straight. About himself.

It's a fairly good record of the twins' nefarious activities, describing 'The Firm' and his part in it. Dickson does however include some new pieces of information, such as his attempts to save the lives of most of the Krays intended victims. He doesn't tell us, surprisingly enough, about his part in the courtroom drama that sent Ronnie, Reggie and Charlie to stay at Her Majesty's Pleasure. Both the aforementioned books cite his testimony as the crucial factor in their prosecution.

By the end of the book, the author comes up smelling sweeter than Mary Archer. Ultimately, *Murder Without Conviction* leaves the reader unconvinced. Verdict: A likely story.

Calvin Hobbes

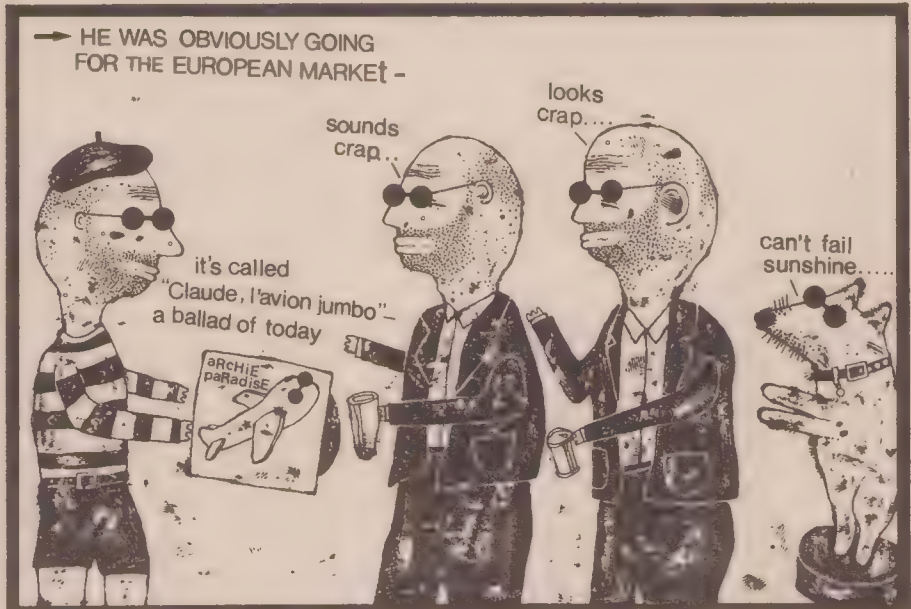
THE TOMMYKNOCKERS Stephen King (Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95)

BETWEEN THE feature films, videos and short vignettes for American television programmes, Stephen King has 15 stories on film. Having finished *Maximum Overdrive*, his directorial debut, it's not surprising that his latest 563 page epic reads like a B-movie extravaganza.

When an ancient spaceship is unearthed, the isolated community of Haven, Maine undergoes a mass transformation. The inhabitants begin to experience physical changes and become consumed by an epidemic of inventive genius, building anything from an anti-gravity machine to a working ray-gun out of common household objects. The hero of King's tale is a beer swilling, temperamental artist who regrets his past, screws up his future, and wakes up in more than one puddle of puke. When he stumbles across the peculiar behavior in Haven, it's a bit like *The Lost Weekend* meets *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*.

King is a reflection of his age, regurgitating the intellectual diet of a generation raised on mass communication with little forethought as to the consequences. In *The Tommyknockers*, he ransacks the fruits of technology, linking the simplest functions with the most complex; a toy becomes a deathray, a computer is powered by human brains. King exposes the dark side of technology, fuelled by man's collective ID; progress at the expense of what makes us human, the power of the stars placed in the hands of incompetents who are only too willing to use that power. The only thread of hope King offers is this—that in any situation, one man can change the outcome. I would imagine such philosophical gems come easily to a man who changed the film and publishing industries, simply by lifting a pen.

A L Horsting



Tired of typecasting, Eddie Murphy's director ROBERT TOWNSEND decided to fight back against Hollywood's implicit racism. NIGEL FLOYD finds out how. And Murphy's latest film, *Raw*, is reviewed.



THE REAL RAW STUFF

EDDIE MURPHY — RAW
DIRECTOR: Robert Townsend

48 HOURS, *The Golden Child*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Beverly Hills Cop II*... the list spirals forth, laden with increasingly monotonous blige. Eddie Murphy might have sold his soul a few times over for the Yankee Dollar but cinematic Comedy Prodigy he ain't. Just look at the state of his track record. With the exceptions of *Trading Places* and *Delirious* it's a mess, a maze of box-office short cuts and cretinous mistakes.

Like *Delirious* ('83), *Raw* is live footage of Murphy's excellent stand-up routine, this time shot at New York's Felt Forum. Unless you're a myopic cupcake who becomes stimulated only when presented with brum-brum chases and old *Ironside* scripts then you might well have given up on Murphy by now. But I am here to tell you that *Raw* must NOT be missed, that it is shatteringly good comedy, with Murphy back on form and back in town—sounding mean, hungry and dangerous. As fine as he ever was.

Having said that, *Raw* opens spectacularly badly with a rosiely sentimental re-construction of Little Eddie shocking assorted relatives with a gag short on laughs and heavy on farts. "That there bah's got talent," intones an indulgent uncle, seconds before we are catapulted into the Modern World—BACKSTAGE

—where Eddie has grown up to be a strapping millionaire with buttocks so photogenic the camera can't bear to go higher than waist level. Success it seems has gone straight to Murphy's arse. Which is fine so long as his gold plated limousines allow him to get out and put his feet on the ground occasionally.

This they do, and as always Murphy's sense of timing is faultless, as is his delivery. We get The Jacksons, Bill Cosby, New York Gays and Johnny Carson's divorce case ("NO pussy is worth 150 ml...") and the ultimate frailty of our own relationships all brutalized in one heady blast. ("And... if he gets caught with another woman. He'll just say: 'SURE... I—ed her... but I make LOVE to you!'") It is heartening to note that since *Delirious*, Murphy has not deteriorated into some flaccid jawed sucker for The American Dream. He is, on the contrary, as relevant and lucid as ever, retaining that killer instinct for our weak spots, ignoring our sticky silences, squeezing when necessary.

Some might find his act offensive, peppered as it is with profanity and outright sexism. The main core of his act however is the analysis of contemporary culture and the urban nightmare. But I refuse to degenerate into a defensive rhapsody on Murphy's behalf. This live act can speak for itself.

Barbara Ellen



Eddie Murphy

THAT OLE SOFT SHOE

The many creative things about Robert Townsend's *Hollywood Shuffle*—a micro-budget movie about the difficulties faced by black actors in Hollywood—was the accounting.

Unable to raise funds from any of the major studios, Townsend cobbled together \$100,000 in unsecured credit card loans, paying for equipment hire, film stock and costumes on the never-never and hoping to pay it back after the film had got made.

Townsend's relaxed but energised style of talking reflects both the quickness of his mind and the sureness of his convictions, and it's easy to see why the all-black cast, despite the lack of any money up-front, were willing to put their faith in him. The result is an engaging comedy about a young black actor, Bobby Taylor (played by writer, producer, director Townsend), who abandons the Hollywood crap game to look for a better deal.

The central theme in *Hollywood Shuffle* is the fact that black actors are only offered roles as muggers, slaves, pimps or jive-talking street hoods. "It's funny because reviewers now say things like, 'This dialogue is straight out of *Hollywood Shuffle*'. A couple of movies came out last year and I just died, because I had deliberately created bad dialogue and there were people actually saying those things. My friends and I were watching an old Colombo movie that was on TV and the guy goes, 'Jive turkey baby'. And we go, 'He's selling out, have a look at this, he's selling out'."

It's not selling out that's important to Bobby, who—having got the part of Jive Time Jimmy—freezes up during filming and, pronouncing it to be bullshit, walks off the set. This is precisely what Townsend himself did, preferring to supplement the money he earned from doing stand-up comedy at the Improvisation and Comedy Store by doing TV commercials to pay the rent.

"I wouldn't mind playing a pimp this week if I could play a doctor next week, and a lawyer the week after that. So then people would say (affects a pompous, actorly voice), 'He's an actor'. But if they see a guy playing twenty pimps, they're gonna say, 'He must be a pimp'."

In the movie, Bobby has a series of fantasies

about making the big-time, but none of them match the real-life fairy-tale which the great screenwriter in the sky has written for Townsend. One of the best scenes in the film shows an audition in which the various black actors have been told that the director is looking for an Eddie Murphy-type. But nobody—least of all Townsend—could have imagined the walk-on role that the real Eddie Murphy would play in the movie of Townsend's own life.

"I was shopping around for a distribution deal, and I had shown the film to Paramount, who said, 'Eddie's gotta see this'. Now I had known Eddie back in New York but I'm not one to kiss anybody's butt, or push myself on anybody. But he came to the

"I wouldn't mind playing a pimp this week if I could play a doctor next week, and a lawyer the week after that."

screening and sure enough he laughed and enjoyed the movie. The room got real quiet when the Eddie Murphy-types came on, but when he laughed real loud everybody thought it was cool. But it was a scary moment, you know, like 'How is he gonna take this?'

But Murphy was impressed by the movie, so much so that he asked Townsend to direct the concert film *Eddie Murphy Raw*. At the screening I attended for *Raw* however, there was open hostility to Murphy's anti-gay, anti-women and palimony rants. Townsend is not surprised.

"But you see that's what Eddie is known for. He's famous for being outrageous, the bad boy of comedy. So if they expect him to do Bill Cosby's material, they're barking up the wrong tree. I mean, Eddie's gonna say whatever he feels: if it's right, or if it's wrong, he's gonna say it. And one thing I have to

applaud him on is that he's got the balls big enough to say what he feels. I mean, what he feels and where he stands is what you see right there. That doesn't make him right, but I think that's the most important thing. That he is who he is."

At the beginning of *Raw*, fans outside the auditorium are asked to name their favourite Eddie Murphy movie. There's a fair spread of opinion, ranging from *48 Hours* to *Trading Places*, but it's as smart-talking cop Axel Foley in *Beverly Hills Cop* that Murphy has really made his mark. Given his interest in the question of black role models, how admirable a character does Townsend feel Axel Foley is, I wonder?

"I don't think Axel Foley is the greatest character, but I do think that in a society where you have no positive black images, and you have somebody who outsmarts and wins and is cool and carries a gun, that's exciting. We don't have any black detectives, Eddie's the only one. So you've got to look at it from the point of view of young black kids who are looking for an alternative, and who have no alternative."

"That's what I'm trying to create in my films, but apart from *Beverly Hills Cop* last year, who else played a detective that was funny, who fought and who won? So it's a Catch 22 situation. People say, 'I don't wanna go see Axel Foley'; so you say, 'So who do you go see?' If you're a black kid there's nobody else."

Townsend is now working on a script for Warner Brothers about a singing group, an echo of his cameo role as a member of The Sorels singing group in Walter Hill's *Streets of Fire*. He also hopes to make an action comedy about an English detective called Nigel; he says he may use my surname for the character, though I'm not sure if this is meant as a threat or a compliment. In the meantime, will he continue to write roles for, and employ black actors?

"Yes, I'm going to consciously cast black actors, because so few of them are working. It's a shame that of the 500 movies that were made in Hollywood last year, only one—*Hollywood Shuffle*—had more than three black actors in it. So I've got to continue to employ actors, so that they can work and live and take chances and grow. All the actors who were in the film are now working. I turn on the TV and I see half my cast working. It's a good feeling."

S
O
F
O
#

PIECE OF YOU LIMITED EDITION 12" SINGLE FEATURING NEW & EXTENDED ARCADE MIX (REVIEW)

tht

©



"He may be a working class thickie, but he's my working class thickie."

WATCH YER FANCY

SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

DIRECTOR: Ridley Scott
STARRING: Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, Andreas Katsulas

WITH A track record of *The Duellists*, *Alien* and *Blade Runner*, British boy wonder Ridley Scott came to grief with his last film *Legend*, and has suffered from a particularly hostile critical back-lash ever since.

STWOM will not change that, but it will please all those burns-on-seats who think *Fatal Attraction* is great entertainment.

Happily married, working class, slightly thick, gorgeous-looking policeman Mike Keegan (Berenger) is assigned to protect unhappily engaged, stinking rich, gorgeous-looking Claire Gregory (Rogers), the only witness to a gangland homicide. Spending so much time in Claire's \$3 million apartment and sophisticated company, leads to the inevitable, and Mike is forced to make the

decision whether to leave his wife and child for Claire (plus a few million dollars...).

This being the era of Hollywood's 'new morality', the film ends with Mike literally clasp the family unit, regretting the error of adultery. Claire, like Alex in *Fatal Attraction*, is punished with unhappiness for her independence and sexual demands on a married man... Yes, *that* story is becoming nastier with familiarity.

However, lest we forget *STWOM* is a thriller, the film occasionally returns to its homicide plot with the antics of the murderer. Although strangely, this causes Mimi Rogers to look even more decorative whilst being hysterical.

Unlike *Fatal Attraction*, *STWOM* is visually very pleasing. Scott's great talent as a visual stylist has not diminished, and the New York locations are stunning. But he's used the same disco interior created on board the *Queen Mary*, which says a lot about this light-weight and reactionary film.

Jane Solanas



Albert Finney demonstrates the world's first musical corset in *Orphans*.

STAGE STRUCK

ORPHANS
DIRECTOR: Alan J Pakula
STARRING: Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, Kevin Anderson

THE ORPHANS of Lyle Kessler's filmed play live in a derelict Old Dark House that makes the Bates Motel look like the Hilt Hotel. Phillip (Anderson), allergic to the outside world, stays in hiding all day, while the domineering Treat (Modine) goes mugging to support his brother's tuna-and-mayo habit.

One night Treat lures back the drunken Harold (Finney), mistaking him for a kidnappable businessman, but Harold turns out to be a crook on the run, and turns tables on the boys, recruiting them as henchmen, tidying up their home and hairstyles, and weaning Phillip onto corned beef and cabbage.

What *Orphans* is really about, though, is the clash of acting styles. It sets Finney's bloated Sacred-Monster-at-the-Old-Vic against the feisty young sparks: Modine's brilliantly edgy Method Brat playing, and Anderson's extremely strange part, psychotically vulnerable, and bounding from sofa to sofa with his lumberjack shirt and scrappy hair like a rabbit who roades for Husker Du. As for Finney's performance, it's too much the star turn—slipping from stage drunk to top-o'-the-morning brogue to Cagney impersonation, it's the sort of performance that may leave you gasping live, but doesn't really say much more than "Wait till you see my *Death Of A Salesman*".

The three work best together in a brilliantly tasteless scene in which they re-enact a confrontation on a bus with an immovable black goliath and a Viet vet with his balls shot off. Unfortunately, the sharper points of the script get lost in Pakula's rather maudlin attempts at stage intimacy. Like most stage plays turned movies, *Orphans* betrays its origins frustratingly, but it occasionally packs enough of a sense of claustrophobia to make you wish you'd seen the original. At least on stage you wouldn't have the saccharine violins.

Jonathan Romney

NO END
DIRECTOR: Krzysztof Kieslowski
STARRING: Grazyna Szapolowska, Maria Pakulnis, Jerzy Radziwilowicz

This is as profoundly depressing a film as I've seen in years. Which is not necessarily any kind of bad thing. It is a film, after all, made in a particular country, Poland, and set in a particular time, 1982 during Martial Law. A time and place scarcely likely to provoke frivolity.

No End starts with a ghost. The ghost of Antek, a radical lawyer, freshly dead of a heart attack. The film is effectively seen through his ghost eyes. It follows the fortunes of his wife and child and of Darek the imprisoned strikeleader he was engaged in defending when he died. The course of the action suggests that Antek was lucky to die when he did; it saved him from compromise, from impossible decisions and made him a martyr.

Another lawyer, Labrador, Antek's mentor, agrees to take Darek's case as his final bow, but he is entirely a creature of compromise, never fully recovered from the terrors of Stalinism. Antek's wife, Ula, moves from initial despair to a degree of involvement with Darek's cause, but is pursued by her husband's memory. She in turn is pursued by Tomek, her husband's best friend. He professes love in a cafe while his car is towed away from outside. This provokes Ula's one smile of the movie.

Up to its resolution, *No End* is remarkably powerful, it stands as a furious accusation against those of us who choose the easy life. What is awful in it, though, is its Catholic despair. What one is left with is a Catholicism that, rather than embrace revolution, would prefer to condone suicide.

John Williams

CRUZADOS

NEW ALBUM

after dark

includes the single

bed of lies

Also available on cassette & compact disc

BMG
RECORDS UK LTD.

ARISTA
A BERTELSMANN MUSIC GROUP COMPANY



UNIVERSITY CHALLENGE



GOOD NEWS for telly-addicts who have grown used to being driven to an early night by the post-M.A.S.H. vacuum every Wednesday: in a nifty programming gambit, BBC2 have lined up the new series of *A Very Peculiar Practice* in the 9.25pm slot, where it should capture a good few follow-through M.A.S.H.-ers, and have little problem in tempting viewers away from Hale & Pace's disastrous 'alternative' sitcom *The Management* (C4, 10pm).

"Who receives the Queen's pardon?" the marginally more stupid Ron asked last week.

"Anyone standing downwind of her when she blows off," came other Ron's reply, much to the delight of canfuls of Benny Hill cast-off laughter. The show is crammed with dangerous political content of this calibre—and there are also plenty of cheap puns about tits, bums and masturbation.

It is from a very different comic tradition to that of the London cabaret/Comedy Store school that Andrew Davies swoops to make Hale & Pace look such a piss-poor TV option. The writer responsible for all the snappy lines, memorable characters and acerbic sniping in *A Very Peculiar Practice* is one of the rare breed of jobbing English Professors who also dabble part-time in showbiz.



Joanna Kanska, explosive Art Hist. lecturer

That said, it would be doing Prof Davies a grave disservice to compare his work with the sluggish chronicle of academic in-jokes cranked out by Prof David Lodge in that least stylish of comedies, *Small World* (ITV Sun. 9.30pm). Kingsley Amis was hopelessly anachronistic in bloody blimey 1955. Modern rewrites we can do without.

A Very Peculiar Practice has more in common with

Malcolm Bradbury's classic *History Man* series in that it manages to sustain the attractive lie that life at University can be at least potentially comical, absurd and sexy, whilst insisting upon a setting in keeping with the contemporary political backdrop. Davis' 'Lowlands University' is peopled exclusively with greedy yobboes intent on ignoring the cuts, closures and catastrophes heaped

upon them from above.

It just goes to show the state of the Midlands Health Service when they make a vet head of a college medical centre... In the last series, the sadistic Davies was content to send his overstressed fairly-superhero Steven Daker (Peter 'Tristram' Davidson) bumbling about the litter-strewn campus on a succession of bum-clenchingly embarrassing adventures. Now the new-boy has graduated to a position of authority and his problems have multiplied a hundredfold...

In a deal that would have brought a smile to Kenneth Baker's face, the University has been sold off to an American company interested only in carrying out dodgy experiments for a fast buck.

"Nice thinking, Steve," the new VC, Jack Daniels, booms at Daker on their first meeting. "With thinking like that, who needs a Philosophy department?"

Meanwhile Bob Buzzard the Total Bastard and 'loony' feminist Nurse Rose-Marie (Barbara Flynn from *The Belterbecke Tapes*) are back at the surgery, being as obstructive as possible and plotting Daker's downfall with renewed vigour.

Will the good guy lose out to the go-getters and see his practice swallowed up by the Cybertronics department? Will Bob, Jock and Rose-Marie kill more patients than Daker can save? Or will he join forces with Grete Gradowska (Joanna Kanska), the explosive new Art History lecturer, and save the day? Turn on, tune in, find out.

DJ Fontana



SURF REICH

SEIG HEIL the re-emergence of the thrash movie that chased the incredible shrinking zombie to hell... Following on from the heyday of the genre in the late '50s and early '60s when Roger Corman, the King Kong of splatterdom, was at the helm, a new wave of giggle-while-you're-gutted flicks are currently crashing over the walls of bad taste.

In the forefront of exhuming the maggot-ridden bodies of trashmen and trashwomen is Troma Inc. This New York based production company's slimeball epics include *Fat Guy Goes Nutzoid*, *I Was A Teenage Terrorist*, *Ferocious Female*, *Freedom Fighters* and their masterpiece so far, *Surf Nazis Must Die*.

Surf Nazis Must Die, which *The Hollywood Reporter* in a fit of lunacy called "A brainy, wonderfully disturbed movie experience", takes place in LA sometime after an earthquake has rendered the armed forces of the authorities redundant. The beaches have become battlefields, the waves are war zones and anarchy is the disorder of the day as rival surfing gangs slit the stomachs out of each other in a fight for dominance.

Among the surfing scumbags are The Samurai who specialise in martial arts, and the exterminating angels of hanging 10 (preferably by the neck), those fascists of fun and sun the Surf Nazis.

The Surf Nazis are out for total control. Of what? "Sand", says Adolf with a leer as he stabs a bag of it with his swastika bayonet, "and getting as much of it as we can". Anything that moves, on two legs or four, is prey to the Nazis' pleasure through maximum pain attacks.

Enter the good guys—appropriately surnamed Washington—Leroy and his 300 pound retired mother Eleanor. As you might have guessed they're black, it's one of the film's typical inverted twists. The Nazis rub out Leroy. A bad mistake! Granny Washington (Gail Neely) chomps her cheroot, jumps on her 1000cc Harley and heads off like a shiftrain from Hades seeking revenge for her boy. Will Adolf urge *Anschluss* with LA? Will The Designer Waves have their blow dry curls shorn? Well, you'll just have to goosetstep down to your local video rental shop to find out.

Jack Barron

CBS

I Fought The Law THE CLASH

The first ever CLASH C.D. Single

A four track C.D.

A classic from 'The Story Of The Clash'

CD CLASH 1



so buy it!

on Album, Cassette and CD

INCLUDES

FREE FULL COLOUR POSTER

PLUS

A CHANCE TO WIN A Jackson GUITAR



WELCOME TO THE MACHINE

Much as we may laugh at the blustering antics of its ambassadors, HM is no joke. As a kind of musical Rollerball, exorcising taboos and neutralising unexpressed desires, its powerful but gruesome expression must surely tell us something about the minds of the millions who follow it.

Spinal Tap and *Bad News* let us laugh at the gap between the image and the laughably tame reality, but is it really just good clean fun? A large section of society escapes from normality not to a fantasy world of sublime glory, freedom and beauty, but to a grim, twisted landscape of mayhem, rape and power madness.

I remember, during a WASP show at the Lyceum years ago, finding the legend 'WASP fans piss on the floor' graffitied on the toilet wall—not written in blood, not hewn into the very rock, but considerably Pentel'd on a peel-off label.

It was a perfect reminder of the harmlessness of going on in the auditorium, where—to the joy of what looked like a convention of suburban accountants in fancy dress—Blackie Lawless was symbolically nailing the molesting and chainsaw mutilation of a tied-up, topless woman. The utter lack of real drama or threat involved was hilarious, but the fact that this is a popular, sought-out language of entertainment, paints a very worrying picture of the (mainly) male psyche.

With these and other issues playing on my mind, I upped and headed for Castle Schmellenberg, my Bavarian rendezvous with Iron Maiden.

VALHALLA I AM COMING! (ONCE I'VE PACKED MY TOOTHBRUSH AND DEODORANT).

Iron Maiden aren't fundamentally different to many other HM bands, but they fit the bill perfectly. From their inception as an East End pub band in the '70s they've worked, played and sold their way—with almost no media help—to multimillionaire status, whilst staying true enough to their heavy brief to earn namechecks from the likes of Slayer and Megadeth. They don't get the radioplay or pin-up attention of Bon Jovi, but they're a finely tuned rock'n'roll selling machine—survivors of six world tours, each 9–12 months long—with a stock in trade of violent, mythological imagery.

My mission was simple, to infiltrate the Metal machine and take a close look at its controlling gods. So I crept in under the wings of the beast, huddled close to the heart of the machine fired by a million youthful suburban fantasies, and as I stood, listening to the roar of unarticulated frustrations thundering through its arteries, the masters of the beast appeared and spoke unto me: "Hello mate! Wanna drink?"

My discussion partner was Bruce Dickinson, Maiden's small, convivial frontman, and the best spandex trouser-wearer in the business. Born in Yorkshire almost 30 years ago, and educated at public school and University, he does a lot of the band's

talking, though you get the impression the others probably disagree with much of what he has to say.

Bruce, who joined Maiden (on their third album) after a stint with the premier NWOBHM (New Wave of British Heavy Metal) outfit Saxon, was first converted to the heavy-rocking cause when a band called Wild Turkey played at his boarding school.

"This was around the end of the 60s/early '70s, and they had an album called 'Battle Hymn'. I tried to join inside the bass bins, took most of my clothes off and went into a mad, inspired frenzy. It was great, but I was ringing for the next day. I thought it was an amazing experience."

In his youth he was musically inspired by the likes of Arthur Brown, Van Der Graaf Generator and Black Sabbath (album band). There were a lot of very good bands about, playing Wagner might've got hold of a copy of *Die Walküre* in Rock and Roll, but there didn't seem to be any real crass at the time. City Rollers and the City of Dreadful Night were very popular.

and Bowie, and then I found I couldn't stand them. The Thriller was a real shock, it exploded and mutated into a new form.

and Jethro Tull, expanding on an already over-fabbed blueprint, substituting complexity for space and dynamism.

"I was into the pipes, but I wasn't into the way Led Zep were. I always thought Led Zep were terribly overrated, like Jimi Hendrix, who made a few revolutionary tracks and a lot of shit. Deep Purple was what really moved me. I'd never heard a band like that with so much power, so loose and yet so tight."

"I wanted to be a drummer, not a singer. If it was a case of choosing between John Bonham, who went huff, bang wallon, or Ian Paice, who did thirty million drum rolls to the second, I wanted to be like Ian Paice. I ended up being a singer by accident. Basically I couldn't afford a drum kit."

"Anyway, I decided I wanted a group with the lyrics of Van Der Graaf, the playing and proficiency of Purple and the energy of punk. It was a pretty tall order for a bunch of University students, jumping around like punks, playing like Richie Blackmore and writing songs like Jethro Tull, but we had a shot at it."

So Maiden exist on an all-white musical diet?

"Black music isn't a no-no, but I tend to think that when white people play black music, like reggae, it's so bad as to be unreal."

What about HM rap?

"That was all absolute crap! Stuff like the Beastie Boys is shit. The only good one was Aerosmith, 'Walk This Way' with Run DMC, but the Beastie Boys are utter rubbish. If you wanna hear a good rap band, go and see The Red Hot Chili Peppers."

In a snowbound Bavarian castle, BRUCE DICKINSON of metal giants IRON MAIDEN attempts to soothe seething SIMON WITTER's fears about the meaning of HM's slash and gore obsessions.



Whether the Beastie Boys are any good isn't the point. It's about harnessing the power of different musical styles.

"But you do that all the time. It's horses for courses though, you don't go into the studio thinking I'll do a bit of this and a bit of that, you treat each melody with the feel you consider right. I've recorded stuff that sounded a bit more 'black', but it was with different musicians, other heads than Iron Maiden."

W/DC and ZZ Top have made some great funk-based riffs with the dirt and power of HM.

"We don't do any of that. We could, but for us that would be throwaway. It's too easy, too obvious."

Does music have to be hard to play to be good?

"Not at all. In fact, if you listen to the album, there are some grooves there that just don't last for whole songs. They're sections."

So do Maiden combine the lyrics of Van Der Graaf with the technical ability of Purple and the energy of punk?

"I'd like to think we're getting there. I want Iron Maiden to be THE complete rock band around, a vehicle in which you can say anything, even if it is only for 30 seconds on one track. We did a 12 bar groove, 'Black Bart Blues', on the B-side of our new single."

Everyone says it has an amazing feeling, but we couldn't do that on an album. It's good time music, and we want to terrify people a bit, put their backs up, wind them up."

THE CORPORATE MERCHANDISING TOUR

The gap between reality and projected image is at its most glaring in

you're bashing your head against a brick wall most nights of the week."

I thought American crowds were much more enthusiastic.

"Sure. You say the same thing every night and they go wild. They're like sheep. You really have to try hard not to become like them, or before long you'll end up writing songs about

If your life is rock'n'roll, wouldn't that be natural?

"That would be terrible, 'cos there's nothing of substance to write about. It's all crap, hot air and bullshit. It's usually a bunch of irresponsible, boozed-up people who're far too old to be doing rock'n'roll, going around taking their money. Rock'n'roll is a licence to be irresponsible and get paid for it."

And you're in a rock'n'roll band.

"Well everyone has a right to be that way occasionally—you have your greatest fun when you're 'carefree', but if you do it all the time, you end up like a walking cliché that can't drive a car or do the laundry, that thinks eggs get boiled by room service, and can't go to a bank because they think cash comes from tour managers."

"I know people who honestly don't know where to buy stamps, they've been on the road so long. Writing about the rock'n'roll lifestyle? Nah! It's stupid, and Joe Walsh has a way of saying it."

"In many ways *Spinal Tap* is exactly right, the only sad thing is people are laughing at HM without realising that it's the whole business that's like that. Whether it's pop bands who go to the Montreux festival, name for 30 minutes and then collapse of nervous exhaustion, it's all bullshit."

Speaking of which, I read that Maiden founder Steve Harris got builders to recreate the Queen Vic pub on the end of his mansion, to stay close to his East End roots. (Bruce screams with laughter). Only the rock'n'roll lifestyle could let someone graft a pub onto a mansion in Essex, and think that's staying close to their roots.

"Point taken, but you can always find a quote from someone and, by juxtaposing it with a piece of information out of context, make them look like a fool. Tabloids make their living like that. I think most Eastenders would find the idea of Steve Harris having a mansion and grafting a pub onto it hilarious, and could they come round?"

"But you won't catch Steve doing Gold Amex card ads, it's not him. Basically we haven't changed, under all the money we're the same people. Steve is a million miles from the clichéd rockstar as country squire. If you'd given him the money at 16, he'd still have done the same thing, it's not a result of his brain being adversely affected by seven years with Iron Maiden, he's just a nutcase."

"It's for the same reason that he's got a massive Eddie head hidden behind a tree in his garden (laughs), it's what he wants."

Somebody told me that when it comes to corporate rock bands, Iron Maiden

are the best in the world. Any comment?

"Urrrr. Well, if you're talking about our management, it's probably true, but I don't know. I've never been to America, and I don't know what the music scene is like there. I've only been to the maximum of two American cities."

Apparently once, during EMU's rearrangement, all record company support disappeared halfway through an American tour, and you had your roadies going round every town, opposing schools, etc.

"What? It must've been a one-off. It's a load of

one—only the Genesis is remotely as together—once they're there when something's wrong."

"You phone up and say 'I've broken down or I've got a crowd in jail, and all of a sudden the amount of money at the right time, and the guy gets out of jail. That's a good manager. People say it's cynical, but they're usually jealous that you've got your act so together.'"

Anyone in the media who deals with different kinds of musicians will tell you that HM bands are brilliantly organized. Whilst other bands may be totally occupied with their music, with chaotic results, HM bands market themselves with military efficiency.

"You're absolutely correct. You've got to remember that we've done 9–12 months touring with all six albums. When you work that hard, and you get virtually no support from the media, you learn to capitalise on what you've got, to give everything you do maximum impact."

"That's why we had those attention grabbing album covers, so that people would go 'Euen! It must be Iron Maiden.' It's only recently that the media has become interested in us, that we can make people aware of our albums without putting someone with an axe through their head on the sleeve."

"The new single is like that as a pastiche of the old days, but our LP sleeve is much more ambitious, and our stage show will be much sparser, no medieval castles or any of that rubbish. We're trying to be a bit different, stretch out within the structure, but the structure is important, it's our identity."

You've said when you get on stage you give a performance. Don't you ever feel that performance invokes the Hammer of The Gods myth, advertising a lifestyle you don't live? I mean on your last tour you wrote a book and practiced your fencing, Mughem and de bouchery I don't think!

"I felt that way a few years ago, on the Number Of The Beast Tour. The experience of that first American tour, with women throwing themselves at you and everything, was like taking a very powerful drug every night."

CONTINUED PAGE 27

BRUCE DICKINSON (left) and ADRIAN SMITH: "Spinal Tap got it right, except it's not just HM bands that are like that, it's the whole music business."

45

REVIEWED BY JACK BARRON

INSULTING BEHAVIOUR AND GBH SINGLES OF THE WEEK!

RHYTHM RADICALS: Dig The Move (April US import)

"You all better get it right this time... because there may be no next time," admonishes the zealous intro to this debut by reputedly the most slam-fisted hip-hop crew to emerge from America in '88 so far. Rhythm Radicals come from Philadelphia with enough fire-eating skill to melt a Public Enemy Uzi in liquorice. "Who cares about these toys? This is the time they've got to face up," runs the challenge of the Rhythm Radicals with their raps and cuts fuelled with power acrobatical.

As the bass drum stomps through one's ear with the finesse of a badly manicured elephant's foot one's first impression is that the RR's vocal hand grenaders have copped their lippy chops off Chuck D and Flavour Flav. 'Bring The Noise' springs to mind but this groove runs deeper than that with scratches that draw blood and a delivery that goes off like a Magnum in the mouth. A massive menace in development Rhythm Radicals are the next generation of future rapology.

JUNGLE BROTHERS: Because I Got It Like That (Idlers US import)

A word of warning. Most of this column consists of hard to obtain import hip-hop records. This isn't the result of elitist reasons but simply the

genre which only a few months ago looked like it was on its last legs, and they were wooden, has suddenly reinvented itself with an urgency and drive that makes most rock/pop acts seem irrelevant. Anyway... while the b-boy world waits in frustration for the next DJ Red Alert spin which is already a masterpiece in New York the man himself gets in on the mixing of this Baby Bam Bam beatmaster that facelifts the once sagging jowls of hip-hop with some go-go style stitching together with an African inspired rap that has roots firmer than a thorn tree. Featuring sudden wipe-outs and a wino mouse playing a surreal fairground keyboard riff this is like a Zulu drum tribe trying to perform loony tunes cartoons. The

Jungle Brothers themselves reckon to have the ability to walk through snow and not get cold and run through deserts and fail to get hot. It oozes more sex per centimetre than Marilyn Monroe. Should it brush up against you it will leave permanent scars in your chest.

JVC FORCE: Strong Island (B-Boy US import)

Guaranteed to get your batteries banging, JVC consider themselves to be "As serious as cancer", and we're not dealing with star signs here. All the elements are in disarray. A guitar line which nags worse than a politician crashes into a beat meter as fleshily glued as a French kiss while occasionally a horn motif swoops in

more unexpectedly than a golden eagle over Manhattan. Pegging themselves as permanent chillers and Son Of Sam killers JVC will be here later in the year with Rhythm Radicals to show us how to spell relief. Another great criminal record.

ROB BASS AND DJ E-Z ROCK: It Takes Two (Profile US import)

Currently the biggest selling hip-hop cut in the import charts in Britain and understandably. There is more incongruity going on in this record than the entire stock of Rough Trade distribution put together. A scrotum-splitting shout acts as counterpoint to a funky guitar riff so hot it would have all of the London Fire Brigade chasing its smoke if it were let out of the clubs into the fresh air. Clashing against this is a chorus of wantonly female harmonies while Rob Bass lays down the law of the mightiest mouth on the block but in a straight edge way. He ain't into smoking boogah or sex. Aesthetic and far from pathetic. In fact fantastic.

MANTRONIX: Simple Simon (You Gotta Regard) (10)

Three weeks old and for some strange reason totally overlooked by this publication so far, 'Simple Simon' once more illustrates the mercurial idiosyncracies of Mantronix. The turnover of hip-hop artists is so swift nowadays that the duo are no doubt viewed as passé in the more dense sectors of the universe, there again MC Tee and Mantronik at their best have never adhered to the jailhouse rules of the genre. Corkscrewed with sunburst guitar lines this tune is taken from the pair's forthcoming album 'In Full Effect'. The twinning of Mantronik's electric dream machine music and Tee's rap has rarely approached such rhapsody. The MC himself is the nearest thing to a poet in the idiom, a metaphysical one at that. He is the hip-hop Coleridge and proving that is the whole point of this cut. All you gotta do to understand is listen and regard. Superb.

BIG DADDY KANE: Raw (Cold Chillin') Ushered in with a bass drum drop that thinks it's a whale that can fly skids Big Daddy Kane, a man who proclaims he's "So full of action my name should be a verb." Certainly Stateside the posses seem to agree since Kane was the main prize winner



Mantronix - "Superb"!

walking back to me
s a m b r o w n



a new 7" & 4 track 12" single

at the Black Urban Teen Awards hosted at Harlem's Apollo Theatre a couple of weeks back. Given his name you'd expect him to be a bulbous wrestler of lyrics. He definitely has a forearm smash of a voice but it's allied to the swift-lipping of a mental bantam which is why he is so much in demand writing words for other artists. Smeared with what sounds like a corroded trumpet blast and produced by Marley Marl with sights set firmly on creating maximum commotion, 'Raw' spent a life and death at the top of the import charts recently. Now you can buy it for a nice price if you're RAW—ready and willing—that is.

MANSLAUGHTER SINGLE OF THE WEEK!

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE: I Walk The Earth (FFRR/London)

Woody did the right thing in throwing his drumsticks behind VOTB rather than getting involved with the return of Madness. Not only are the Beehive's Tracey and Melissa far more attractive than Carl and Suggs, the band are destined to be stinging their way up the zeniths of every chart in the hemisphere before too long. One listen to 'I Walk The Earth' will tell you why. Voices like the Valentine card you always wished for but never got skirt over thrumming guitars that manage to incorporate the 'Pretty Vacant' riff without a hint of a blush. Moreover the attitude of VOTB is wonderful. On APB the other week instead of brazenly spending telly time promoting themselves Tracey and Melissa gave a boost to others by interviewing their favourite bands, among them Crazyhead and Gaye Bykers. We simply need women like this in the caravan site of our national charts at the moment, people with music in their veins instead of Immac. The most open-hearted love song to come out of rock in '88.

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE SINGLE OF THE WEEK!

THE SEERS: Lightning Strikes (Rough Trade)

Any band whose debut single brings down the shithammer of

authority on their heads has to be doing something right. So far The Seers have incurred the wrath of *The Star*, *The Telegraph*, the BBC, the Mayor Of Hungerford and Conservative MP and rent-a-quote yob Mr McNair Wilson. The latter said of the song which deals with a smalltown massacre by a crazed gunman, "anybody who tried to turn this into a pop song has a terribly distorted sense of values". Of course he pontificated this way without even hearing the damn tune in question.



Tracey and Melissa – "people with music in their veins instead of Immac."

The narrative of the song is *fictional* so far as I can tell and is set in *America*. It's not about the Hungerford tragedy as such. Its moral is the brutish side of life is always ignored until people's it-can't-happen-here attitude is blown away by some sick creep with a machine pistol. The trouble with MPs, mayors, doilies on the dailies is they don't appreciate a distorted guitar riff and can't dance: the true sign of hypocrites everywhere. This is a dazzling debut.

PREDICTABILITY CORNER

THE MADNESS: I Pronounce You (Virgin)

Hardly had we wiped the tears out of our eyes at the demise of Madness and they're back not with a band but a The. They must need to pay the

mortgage is one's immediate reaction. Like the Beatles reforming it sounds like a good idea on paper but the reality is as much fun as embalming a corpse with crazy foam. I detested 'I Pronounce You' at first for its sitar pings and almost formulaic approach. At this stage in the game making songs for The Madness must be as lazy as constructing a jigsaw. The picture this tune paints is one of horse carriages, blustery bridesmaids, gormless grooms, apoplectic parents all bent on a marriage made in Hell conducted by a deaf priest. If that sounds like a swell party this record doesn't.

THE POGUES: If I Should Fall From Grace With God (Pogue Mahone)

Shane and his cohorts have two sides running through their collective brain. One is the ghost of Brendan Behan, let's drink and not give a damn if we go over the edge and fall into the Liffey or Thames and drown for at least we will have numbed the demon inside. This usually involves a complimentary leg-cracking tune where the pipes sound pissed and the whistles whacked. The other part of The Pogues is reflective, melancholy and acutely observant. It emerges in classic ballads such as 'A Rainy Night In Soho'. This outing is definitely in the former camp where everyone sounds like they're upchucking after chucking out time at some sleazy pub. An aural hangover it's The Pogues having imbibed three clichés over the limit. Boorish.

FORGERY CORNER

WET WET WET: Temptation (Precious)

Having ripped off Van Morrison and Squeeze with their last couple of outings the Wets decide to come clean, produce themselves, and not hide their talent under somebody else's bushel of songs. Vigorous, looped with zanging guitar solos they now find themselves in the queer position of sounding like a bad imitation of Wet Wet Wet. Bring back the plagiarism chaps, at least you were good at that.

ZODIAC

FROM PAGE 11

Zodiac is taking stock of his afternoon and wonders why his nose bleeds when he drinks.

He enjoys the *NME* review of his new LP. He giggles insanely when he tells how the adverts for the next single 'Bad Girl City'—three riffs, 17 lines, and five minutes of inspired crap and molten metal, will feature the most cutting and offensive lines from the review.

Across the settee the journalist takes stock. Zodiac is a man who compares AC/DC to Plato, who sees the same thing in Bruce Springsteen as he does in *The Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam*. He is a showman with a gleam in his eye, he can't ride motorbikes but he can use their imagery, he no longer nails himself to crosses but he still goes for the messianic.

He is a cheapskate and a loser, a bruiser and a king; a spicy but harmless character with enough self to over-ride his musical conservatism. "I love TV and I love T-Rex" is one of the best opening lines in rock; 'Prime Mover' is a complete spanker of a song.

In a mellower climate he would have been an evil bastard, a mess. But in today's screwed up society he's backed out into an adult playground—the world of rock'n'roll. He is a magnetic MC, he confides in you and something stirs inside. OK, it's only excess alcohol but at least it is something.

Before we part the great Zodiac Mindwarp leans over to me and says:

"I am one of the Morrisseys, the Bill Drummonds, the Mark E Smiths, I'm one of the crazy gang. But the real beauty is, nobody really knows what the f— I am."

The reality of this comment is irrelevant. So long as it exists as fact in Zodiac's mental temple then all will be

well on the Planet Freakout. Having said that, if Mark Manning hadn't battered his way through an acid crash then Z wouldn't be able to view life with the confidence he does.

It must have been a frightening time?

"Yeah, I was completely insane for three months, it was a terrifying time. I felt intense alienation and bitterness, and I was suffering from complete ego-mania. I thought everyone was a stupid wanker, but you can't go on like that. I did have a very bad attitude."

So how do you feel when it's always cranked out in your press releases?

"Well that's part of the recovery."

What, to boast about it?

"No, it's just a part of what's happened, it's past, gone, it's no more relevant than me going to the shops yesterday to buy a bottle of milk."

It's an anchor for where you are today, but what happens if it returns, won't you regret gloating about it?

"I wasn't gloating about it, it's funny, amusing, if it returns I'll have to ride through it. All the ligging and drinking was getting serious last year, I was nearly at nervous breakdown city then but marriage has been a stabiliser."

"I think it happens to everybody in different degrees but they don't have to analyse it so often and parade it. It takes on more importance because everyone is fascinated by madness—like death—because they're the most unpleasant things that can happen to you."

"For me it was part of that period when I stopped being a boy and became a man."

And how old were you Zode?

"Twenty seven."

Zodiac Mindwarp lives.

BREAKOUT

WALLY JUMP JNR. & THE CRIMINALELEMENT



PRIVATE PARTY

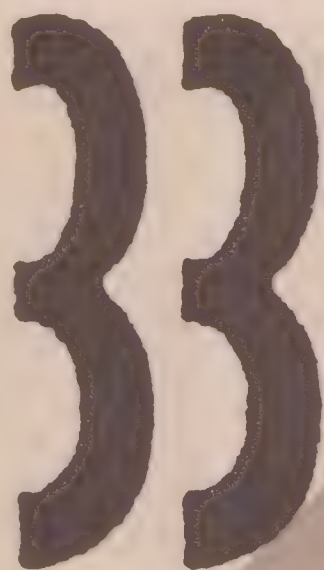
NEW 7" + 12" SINGLE

12" INCLUDES LES ADAMS DUB MIXES



Paddy McAloon's Prefabricated guide to the NME marking system

10. Hallelujah!
9. Cue Fanfare
8. Boxing Clever
7. Bonny
6. When Love Breaks Down
5. Goodbye Lucille
4. Couldn't Bear To Be Special
3. Cruel
2. Don't Sing
1. A bag of old Sprouts



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

STUMP

A Fierce Pancake (Chrysalis LP/Cassette/CD)

WHENEVER STUMP come out to play, dissenting voices are never far behind. Two jaded schools of thought predominate. In the puritan camp, they're derided for their surreal imbalance, for sounding off with scant regard for logic, order or convention. And, for certain Ubu fans, fiercely precious to the point of blindness, they are nothing but flawed copyists, late arrivals flogging an anorexic David Thomas. On the reactionary cosh count, both attitudes rate highly.

Like the aptly-named 'Quirk Out' which preceded it, 'A Fierce Pancake' sees Stump at their meticulous best, experimenting in shapes and sound with inspired, almost schizophrenic zeal. That they are able to marry such restless instrumentation to a shrewd ear for melody is the very essence of their brilliance.

For these Stump songs never fall victim to excess—they come close, but the sublime joy is in hearing them claw back from the edge, the notes regrouping until they collapse again (shattered, bored) somewhere else.

And if the ghost of Ubu is out and about it's certainly not making a fuss, being content with back-seat status and the odd (disobeyed) directions. (Although on 'Bone' Mick Lynch's word-wrestling does boast the kind of manic, fog-horn tenor the big man's made his own.)

That piffing observation aside, this is still Stump's show. 'In The Green' (with its delicious, dragged-out vocal) is the first song to make me smile and, ironically, it's the most linear item on the album. "Pennies might be all you need if you don't succeed/An ex-director in a bar-room fighting/Norman Tabbitt on his bike reciting/Feed the world." A hit.

Stumpian mayhem soon strikes back. 'Roll The Bodies Over' is a certifiable peach—highly-strung guitar, galloping drums, harmonic regions loved and lost, slices of songs, five-in-one, Stump on a plate.

'A Fierce Pancake' is a quantum leap into the logical absurd, into sanity and hysteria and, as such, it's the very best pop for the slightly discerning. Flann O'Brien (he shares the album's dedication with Wilhelm Reich) would have loved it. Hell, he'd have joined the band. (9)

Patrick Weir

THE LILAC TIME

The Lilac Time (Swordfish LP only)

WELL, HERE's a heart-warming story: ex-teenybop idiot makes successful transition to accomplished artist. Yes, Stephen 'Tin Tin' Duffy is suddenly 'All Right'.

Fans of the 'soft' end of the Indie charts would do well to check this album out; it's a lesson in true song-writing, avoiding the drippy meandering and hopeless harmonies which characterise the majority of neo-hippy efforts.

Stripped of his randy 12-year-olds market (remember 'Kiss Me'?), Duffy returns to his acoustic roots. His somewhat fey voice no longer sounds chronically embarrassing, but perfect for the songs he is now writing.

TLT are reviving and re-vitalising the sound of late '60s/early '70s 'singer-songwriters'. Influences such as Leonard Cohen, Al Stewart and Simon & Garfunkel are blatant, but repeated playings do reveal TLT's own identity, which is punchy, ironic and—unlike a lot of that genre—ultimately joyous.

But be warned, we are talking about 'sensitive' songs here, and the lyrics and melodies do occasionally stray into candy-floss land. The recent single, 'Return To Yesterday' is such an example, and not at all representative of TLT's real talent. On tracks such as 'Rockland' and 'Love Becomes A Savage', Duffy's Romanticism is injected with depth and a wry perception of just what being a Romantic in the late '80s entails (ie. isolation and scorn).

Musically, TLT use the acoustic framework brilliantly, seeming to thrive on the discipline of simplicity and subtlety.

'Rockland' ends with vaguely sinister chanting and what I swear is the coda from the soundtrack of the film *Liquid Sky* (if so, it's a damned inspired piece of plagiarism).

If Duffy and TLT can keep producing work of the standard of this debut album, they could enjoy enormous success. For there is a growing awareness that for all the innovation and excitement caused by sampling and studio-mastery, there is still a need for songs which concentrate on the head and the heart rather than the feet and the groin, and which acknowledge the rich legacy of acoustic pop. (8)

Jane Solanas

BRAVE NUDE WORLD

TALKING HEADS

Naked (EMI)

IT HAS been a long time since Talking Heads could be considered an entity unto themselves. Since they hitched their wagon to funkextravaganza on 'Remain In Light', their musical direction and progress has been increasingly guided by the sidemen they choose to use. There have been many well justified cries about cultural carpetbagging as David Byrne—The Curator who desperately wants to be a Modern Day Shaman—straitjacketed himself with illfitting garments along the way.

But he has not strayed from his course and a good thing too; the odyssey, which took a cinematic turn with last year's reactivation of native American forms on 'True Stories', now reaches a heady international climax. 'Naked' is the pot of gold at the end of David Byrne's cross-cultural rainbow, as fine an LP as Talking Heads have produced in their 11 year recording career.

A triumph of post-'Graceland' receptivity and discovery, 'Naked' utilises a bewildering array of musicians from Algerian Rai exiles to Zairean Soukous firepower, from Latin American sass and savvy through to Caribbean spice and country picking. It even has a Pogue—accordion player Fearnley—and a former Smith—Johnny Marr, displaying a spangled joyful dexterity he hasn't had call to use before. The beauty and wonder of it all is how these musicians blend and empathise creating styles and inflections that do not sit easily in any generic holdall.

But if the stars here are musicians too numerous to credit, then part of the reason they've been allowed to shine is an easing up on the part of Bug-Eyed, Twitching Over, obsessive Head Byrne. He glides in rather than forces himself on the soundscapes and, such is their width and colour, his amoebic philosophies (on

anything from global tension, anomie, conspiracy theories, the steady march of evolution through to mating rituals) don't seem forced or tiresome but searching, violently alive. It's as if all the signs and symbols sprung from 'Once In A Lifetime' had been taken and eased into this mesmerising cauldron.

A world in calamitous disharmony is captured in the rumbustious 'Blind', a killer, devilishly-horned opener; delirious dance music from the edge of beyond. The tribal instinct of city dwellers pinpointed in 'Wild Life' is further expounded in the episodic, wryly humorous 'Mister Jones'. A love letter of worldly wisdom from a mountain dweller or shanty town resident, 'Ruby Dear' is where Marr stars, flitting over the boiling steel drum percussion.

From the rage of 'Blind' to the communal post-holocaust celebration of a 'Nothing But Flowers', Side One is all vigorous, upfront punch and openness. Whereas Side Two is a definite move to atmospheric, an ambient contrast with veiled threats and admonitions coming through its dreamlike gauze.

There's a Hawaiian entrancing feel to 'The Democratic Circus'. By wedding an air of mystery to this, his first explicitly political song, and allowing a jagged chill to dictate the tenor of 'Mommy Daddy You And I', Byrne goes a long way to ditching his mantle as The Skittish Systems Manager Of Pop. This is the first record he's been involved with since 'Fear Of Music' where there is sustained drama, a real feeling that he has a stake in the music.

After all, the power to communicate with sounds and rhythms may be one of the few things we still have going for us. Ain't that right, Dave? "Someday we'll live on Venus/And men will walk on Mars/But we will still be monkeys/Deep deep inside." Roll over Charles Darwin, tell all the chipmunks the news. (9.68)

Gavin Martin



Prefab Sprout by Steven Appleby

HORSIN' AROUND

PREFAB SPROUT

From Langley Park To Memphis (Kitchenware/CBS LP/cassette/CD)

FROM THE raw-wrestling flesh of 'Swoon' to the blank-faced greasy bikedom of 'Steve McQueen', the sleeves of Sprout albums have refused to reveal or hint at the nature of their unusual vinyl inhabitants. But 'From Langley Park To Memphis'—

polished, clean-cut, pastelled—is a different affair.

There's the Prefab four à la Talking Heads; there are the echoes of Elvis and 'Asbury Park' in the title, plus the burning Boss puppet; and, within, the very grooves themselves bear witness to Paddy McAloon's obsession with America—with its musical myths, with its vast Sprout-hungry market.

Now he's aiming his pop-gun at

the icon of US rock: "Bruce dreams/Life's a highway/Too many roads/Bypass my way". He sees himself as the antithesis of Springsteen, a New Man poet to Bruce's bombastic soap-boxer; he sees himself as an Englishman in New York with Sinatra in his head and *Guys And Dolls* made-in-Hollywood American images before his eyes. As always it's cleverly and satirically done—he's rarely serious—but mainly it

sees him trying to turn from small town visionary into international sage.

But it's a strange set of songs; 'From Langley Park To Memphis', despite its US preoccupation, neither gels or satisfies. McAloon seems to want to be all things to everybody as if to prove his versatility.

As a result he undermines and crowds out his unique writing skills. It's partly Thomas Dolby's production—he just can't leave a simple song alone: if it's not weeping strings and crisp backbeats it's Wendy's desirous sylphlike oohs and aahs, her sighs, gasps and woaahs—but Paddy Mac should never have allowed him to totally "interior decorate" /sickly CDify the LP.

Still 'Cars & Girls' ranks among his finest songs; strong on melody and with an unforgettable chorus, it's also got something to say, attacking the vacuous hot-rod, 'Route 66' high-speed rock'n'roll dream life. "Little boy got a hot rod/Thinks it makes him some kind of new god" and "Life's no cruise with a cool chick/Too many folks feelin' car sick".

But elsewhere, although McAloon again tackles love breakdown memorably on 'Knock On Wood', the bodywork of 'From Langley...' seems fussy, lyrically over-smart and generally unsurprising. For example, the down-and-out subject of 'The Venus Of The Soup Kitchen' is rendered without warmth or emotion, and so what if there's a "legendary Stevie Wonder harmonica solo" on 'Nightingales'?

It's a largely bland affair. It's for late night driving in the rain; it's for those lazy Sunday afternoons not spent reading that newspaper written by chimpanzees; it's a candy-coated pot-pourri/piss-take of Hollywood's and Springsteen's American dream/nightmare. When it works it's light, clever, fantastic—'Cars & Girls' and 'Nancy (Let Your Hair Down For Me)' would've glowed among the gems on 'McQueen'—but when it fails it's dull, cluttered, tedious (Enchanted'), sickly sweet... total bobbins (as Sidebottom would say).

It makes me wonder whether the joke's back-fired leaving Paddy up the creek (in Bruce's canoe) without a paddle. It leaves me screaming at CBS to release his 'Nebraska', the (rumoured) more direct 'Protest Songs' LP which McAloon recorded in '85 and which has been a gathering cobwebs ever since.

The long-haired Sprout leader sings, as he heads for Mellowville, California on 'The Golden Cal', "I sound so different these days/I can barely believe I'm here". Nor can I, mate, nor can I. (5)

Len Brown

BIZ MARKIE**Goin' Off (Warner Bros. LP/cassette)**

BIZ MARKIE is a humble homeboy, he stands up for his mates and he don't diss his dates. But, boy, has he got some *nasty* habits. 'Pickin' Boogers' is one of them, a good food guide to the inside of Biz's nostrils. Snot-rap. Once, it's funny; twice, it's peculiar and the third time, you lift the needle or fast forward to 'Albee Square Mall' where things ain't so nasal. With Marley Marl on the mix and Cool V on the decks, Biz is unstoppable, taking the listener on a shopping spree from East Manhattan to Coney Island. The biz.

Elsewhere, it's the techno-meltdown of Marley Marl's wizardry that sets the pace. 'Biz Is Goin' Off' slaps down a serious beat over a slice of Dave and Ansell Collins' 'Double Barrel'. Tougher still is the mean machine rap, 'Vapours', a run down of the Biz Markie crew which includes "a mellow kinda fellow, Big Daddy Kane". As well as stepping out with some hard raps of his own, Big Daddy writes all the lyrics for Side One of this album. It's clear by now that Biz surrounds himself with nothing but the best and if 'Vapours' don't come out on 45, Warner Bros need their heads tested.

Side Two is a little patchier but 'Make The Music With Your Mouth Biz' and last year's excellent 'Nobody Beats The Biz' are up there with anything else coming across from New York. Again, Marley Marl is the prime mover, a mixmaster who, on present form for the Cold Chillin' crew, is second to none. He splices and slices and layers the beat, covering his tracks and inserting all kinds of aural mischief from jazz piano to the homeboy chants that fracture most Biz Markie raps.

Biz Markie, like his partner Big Daddy Kane, is at the forefront of Cold Chillin' 's rap attack, taking the rhymes to places beyond mere bragging and bad-mouthing. 'Goin' Off' isn't the total pay off it might have been but it'll do for starters. Investigate. (8)

Sean O'Hagan

THE JAZZ DEFEKTORS**The Jazz Defektors (Factory LP/Cassette/CD)**

THE RUMOUR that The Jazz Defektors, Manchester's stylishly angular dance troupe, have swapped some of their spare dancing shoes for a couple of singing lessons is proved to be totally unfounded by this woefully uninspired record. Apart from the unpleasant curiosity that they've included the definitively "worst-ever" version of 'Another Star'—the track which emphasizes that the Defektors are merely pretty mouths lost in a futile search for the holy grail of a half-decent singing voice—this mini-LP is bereft of all musical stimulus.

It's difficult to imagine that anyone's aching for yet another lame soul-funk-Latin-pop fusion which will provide an adequately *moderne* backdrop to a snappy video of life insurance TV ad in which the Defektors get on down to some heavy "pressure, pressure, pressure" chanting. The presence of Paul Weller and

Mick Talbot behind the mixing desk on one of the six tracks underlines the hopelessness of the ensemble's desperately weak-kneed doodlings—only The Style Council groovers can relish the fact that, in comparison with The Jazz Defektors, they sound like heavy-duty Trouble Funk. (2)

Kate Meadows

THE MOSS POLES**Shorn (Idea LP only)**

THE CLOSE-up mug shots on the sleeve don't go nearly deep enough. Beneath the murky images there's some frightening, tear-stroked scars conjuring up the nerve to heal.

And thereby hangs the plot, though all you need to know at this stage is that 'Little Prince' is the best guitar-gripping pop song of the year so far. Curving in on the strains of some left-over feedback, it storms through the door—a stomping chorus poking its tongue out at power pop—while shaking hands with a group of becoming harmonies.

'Prince', and the single 'Underground', are about as chirpy as they get here. Elsewhere the charming, frosty melodies work their intricate way and the passions ramble and dream—vocals just emotive enough to escape whimsy; just hurt enough to wrap you up.

First time round the LP's an inch short of expectations, (bearing in mind their live explosions and blatant promise) but it does whittle away furtively at your ears. I'm on the third play now and its carving through the crap, breathy guitars bolstering their convictions.

The vocal play makes them sound like pretty forlorn blighters who've had one too many rejection letters, but there's a stoic fervency that steers them away from sheer piffle.

It is compulsive stewing. Veering from the slightly tepid 'Don't Worry' to the pertinent, pent-up 'You Came Up And Smiled', they effuse a staunch, gut-feeling. 'More And More' burns inwardly, while smouldering on the outside, and the cracker of Side One, 'Take It Or Leave It', slams its knuckles on the table, demanding reason. 'Shorn' has a picture of bass player Sean on the cover. It's got its humour and shredded feeling, it's open, but never empty. It's excellent debut in the end.

But it was a close-shave early on. (8½)

Steve Lamacq

DENNIS BROWN**Inseparable (J and WLP/Cassette/CD)**

WHAT A disappointment this is. Den's still in fine voice, but the Crown Prince has strayed so near the middle of the road that he's practically skanking down the double white lines. No, that's putting it too strongly—more like smooching.

The three sickly opening tracks, on the gelatinous side of sweet lover rock, hit with all the force of a sodden Mills & Boon paperback. The lyrics are slushy, with far too many "Repeat first and second verse", and the tunes are pappy and forgettable. With his locks neatly plaited, our Den



Firehose: death to trad rock

WATER CRACKER

FIREHOSE**"if'n" (SST LP/Cassette/CD)**

TURN THE water faucet full up and let a firehose go and it will thrash unpredictably like a python that has been snorting cobra venom for several years. Much the same can be said of this offshoot of the ace in the American post-hardcore deck, The Minutemen, who answer the question when is rock not a rock? When it's a cake that rolls elsewhere.

The second Firehose album dB, post the death of d. Boon, is quite extraordinary. They have the same trad line-up as a million others—drums, bass and guitar—but transcend the limitations that implies by having wide-angle lenses instead of eyes. They are living proof that rock as an artform isn't dead so much as the vision of most of its practitioners.

In a way Firehose embody the approach that once made, say, Weather Report or 'Bitches Brew'-era Miles Davis so evolutionary, namely there are no solos as such because everybody solos all the time. Compared to the staple three chord string that garrots the

anaemic neck of rawk there is a fine sense of travelling someplace else inherent in Firehose songs. The difference between bondage and freedom.

The songs themselves are various in execution, sometimes jazzed up into opium dreams, blues'd down into the gutter, and thrashed through the clouds. And that's just the straight shit. The words are Martian without being green, bizarre without parading antennae. Lateral rather than literal thinking is the order of the night in Firehose. Take 'Making The Freeway' 's stanza: "Let's say pounds is the weight of the town coming down all around, grinding me down into the round like the noun that's found when you're looking straight down a handgun barrel firing off a round, yo!"

Nope, I haven't got a clue what it means either but it has had me wondering for hours just what the hell that particular noun is... and that's entertainment. And therein lies one of Firehose's secrets; instead of faithfully reflecting everyday experiences back at one—something that few rock bands,

except The Wedding Present, can do without sounding like Norman normal Harold, deserving of an arrow in the eye—Firehose take their world into a hall of distorted mirrors.

'Anger' is a fat man's bile made hyperactively thin by the amphetamine guitar of d. Boon's second skin, ed FROMOHIO. 'For The Singer From REM' (Jesus, what a title!) is Michael Stipe's perpetually quizzical frown tramped smooth by the walking bass of Mike Watt. Both a vindictive putdown and an effort of admiration, the conclusion is that Stipe's drawer of lyrical objects is no different from the door Firehose are knocking on. You might go, "Huh?" Well you have to hear it to make sense.

The inscriptions in the run-out grooves read "Yank manana, from the Nada," which is also a lyric in the final track, 'Thunder Child', that features George Hurley's drums sizzling like spit in a frying pan. A Joycean alcoholic's inversion of the American Dream, or the Catholic promise deflowered.

Firehose are a wet dream of a band playing poisonous psalms. (8)

Jack Barron

27 DEVILS JOKING**Actual Toons (Fundamental LP only)**

HARDCORE THAT'S been staked out in the sun with its eyelids cut off and a cactus stuffed up its ass. As close as it is possible to get to '60s garagepunk with a total doolally wired Hendrix fan on guitar. And what do the NME staff think of it? "AAAAARGH! NO! TAKE IT OFF! WHAT IS THIS BABA?"

This is ZZ Top if they had eyeballs the size of peas. This is

the stuff Roadrunner listens to after a hard day being chased around the dry and dusty dunes by a throbbing coyote. This is C&W for the drugged and deaf; Ry Cooder, jacked up with chemicals, told to write a soundtrack for the car chase in *Liquidiser Terror IV—The Boulabaise*.

If AC/DC were New Mexicans, if Speedy Gonzales smoked dope. If it never rained in Indianapolis in the summertime. (7)

Steven Wells



THREE WISE MEN

★ CRUISING FOR A BRUISING ★

LEFT 19T ★ AVAILABLE NOW

SUM SERIOUS DOPE FOR STONE COLD CHILLIN

KEITH SWEAT
Make It Last Forever
(Elektra LP/Cassette)

WHY KEITH Sweat still bothers with his day job—trading gold, silver and copper at COMEX, the New York Commodity Exchange—is anyone's guess. 'Make It Last Forever', to these ears the most accomplished debut from a male soul artist since 'Alexander O'Neal', displays enormous potential that simply demands fulfilment. It oozes class, confidence and control from every groove.

Sweat's inspiration lies in '70s soul. His trick is to have successfully fused two memorable genres of that era—the perfection and dramatic delivery of Teddy Pendergrass and Barry White, and O'Jays/Dells-type close harmonies, with a crunching, almost hip-hop hard backbeat. Like a marshmallow riddled with grit. Witness the current single, 'I Want Her': sparse, hard-bitten melodic funk, irresistible dance material yet sweet enough to hum. Got the idea?

Sweat's voice—an assured, expressive tenor—can do little wrong. A classic soul instrument, it boasts rare ability to evoke convincingly across the entire emotional range: there's the

howl of yearning that opens 'Right And A Wrong Way', an epic ballad to compare with 'If You Were Here Tonight'; the burning passion of the title track, a duet with a previously unknown Labelle-esque singer called Jaci McGee, and the pained pleading of 'Tell Me It's Me You Want'.

Superb. (8)

Denis Campbell

GEORGE THOROGOOD
AND THE DESTROYERS
Born To Be Bad (EMI-Manhattan LP/Cassette)

DOESN'T PRAT about, our George. Just straps his guitar on, plugs in, counts to three and he's off. Which means another unashamedly honest, unpretentious bout of hard rocking, spit-and-sawdust-singing and gritty wholesome value for cash.

Such disregard for fuss and frills has always been George's trademark, rocking, rolling and bopping 'till his fingers fall off or the band give up. (Fat chance!) And it's all here; the scratchy, roadhouse guitar tearing out the speakers, fast rhythms, flying sax, stomping drums, the works. The scenery remains the same—highways and girls—and the song titles are the window to his heart;

'Highway 49', 'I Really Like Girls', 'I'm Movin' On', 'You Talk Too Much' and, of course, 'Born To Be Bad'.

What George Thorogood hasn't learnt to do with a guitar can't be worth knowing. And while he knows and respects say, Chuck Berry and John Lee Hooker, there's more than enough of his own passionate handywork to remind you just who you're dealing with. Good stuff. (7)

Patrick Weir

ORCHESTRAL
MANOEUVRES IN THE
DARK
The Best Of OMD (Virgin LP/Cassette/CD)

WHEN THESE anthologies/compilations are put together, who decides what material merits the accolade 'best'? Why—as in this case—are all the tracks invariably singles? Didn't OMD's LPs include anything worth preserving? And why are not *all* the singles included? There is a yawning gap between 'Maid Of Orleans' (January '82) and 'Talking Loud And Clear' (June '84). What happened in those intervening years? Is it too embarrassing to tell? What a lot

of questions!

There are no sleeve notes, not even any pretentious twaddle from Paul Morley. A little green man called Blgb, picking this relic up on Mars in the year 2287, will be totally flummoxed. He will not realise that, when OMD were conceived in the late '70s, they were a tonic for Gary Numan sufferers; that, behind the cold synthesiser, there lay a beating heart, that, when Soft Cell arrived later, and added genitalia to the machine, OMD's mission ended and they became just another pop group.

All of which would explain to Blgb why the second side of 'Best' is such a pallid echo of the first; all the crucial spaces had been filled in—the spikiness of 'Electricity' sandpapered down to a smooth surface which is noticeably less appealing. (Although 'Dreaming', the recent 45, is a welcome return to form, a positive pointer ahead).

A quick buck for Virgin. A quick buck for OMD, even. But baffling for Blgb and his chums. Shouldn't we be displaying more consideration for future generations of pop kids? (7)

David Giles



PICTURE: TIM JARVIS

Nancy: Lone star state of heart

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

NANCI GRIFFITH

Little Love Affairs (MCA LP/Cassette/CD)

SHE'S THE very picture of vulnerability. The little girl stands—bobby sox, blazer, hair-band, sprig of blue bonnets in hand—by the window, in the corner. She's flanked by prize possessions: McMurty's *Texasville*, the Everlys' singles, her first teapot and mug, maybe Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter*. . . . It's like a freeze-frame of Nanci Griffiths' formative years.

Following the sensitive and solitary sunset trail of '86's 'Lone Star State Of Mind', singer/songwriter Griffiths again pours sweet-and-sad dream music from her heart. Riding gently between love's-done-gone-'an'-left-me Country (say Willie Nelson's 'Phases And Stages') and flawed-romance Folk (say the McGarrigles' 'Heart Like Wheel') she delivers a set of live-and-love-and-learn songs that are at once refreshing, intoxicating, nostalgic and quite simply, beautiful.

'Little Love Affairs'—half-remembered tales of regret, of first love and loss and awkward adolescence. They're reflections of her/our imperfect past, when things seemed easier, before true passion became diluted—by fickleness, by fashion, by the pressure to grow up and 'get on' in life, by all those other adult infections. "I knew love/When it still meant forever/When a feeling shared didn't always have to hurt."

These are surely songs about—he generalises—universal experiences; as such they crossover from C&W and folk to meet all tastes. If, at first, her voice seems to drift precariously towards Kermit's cousin Robin 'Halfway Down The Stairs', invariably the emotional pull and honest expression of her lyrics carries each song to a higher, almost celestial plane.

The childlike, never twee, affair with her past in *great* songs like 'I Knew Love' and 'I Would Change My Life' finds her imbuing old themes with deeper meanings and defying total melancholy with a strong C&W sense of resilience and survival. The title track and 'Anyone Can Be Somebody's Fool' and 'So Long Ago' (regret-filled echoes of Nina Simone's version of 'My Father') are, er, classics of the Youth-gone genre; Cash, even Cline, could hardly've told it better.

'Little Love Affairs', to me, is the sound of McCullers' mortgaged heart; the musical equivalent of her beating lonely hunter; the songs of a Lone Star learning to live without love and to love what she's become. (8)

Len Brown

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Horizons (K-Tel LP/Cassette/CD)

YOU ARE at a charity cocktail party. Jimmy Savile and Terry Wogan are there. You are the only person not decked out in a monkey suit/low-cut, spangly ballgown and six-inch stilettos. You have helped yourself to too much free wine, so now all the cheesy-nibble waiters, are avoiding your eye. You overhear Wogan discussing how much money he has donated to the good cause.

In an attempt to manufacture an agreeable atmosphere someone puts on a tape of K-Tel's 'Horizons' ("16 innovative instrumentals") at very low volume. It seems no one except you is aware of the monstrously

lursh sleeping tones; the background murmur of soundtracky tinklers, poopers and luxurious computers spreading their toxic subliminal message through the room. Relax, they whisper. Be cool. Be nice.

This is *testcard* music, you tell yourself. I can't stand Jan Hammer, Chris Rea, Spyrogyra, Kenny G, Jean-Michel Jarre and their soporific ilk. This is New Age music for the *Nouveau Stupide*. . . .

Richard Branson stands before you. Instead of hacking his head off with your Swiss Army knife, you stand and shake him by the hand, muttering compliments. These innovative instrumentals are powerful sedative medicine. (2)

DJ Fontana

PALEFACE 7" & 12"

HOWARD HUGHES

Howard Hughes on your phone — Dial 0898 600 394 Average call charge 25p min off peak, 38p per min peak.
HOWARD HUGHES LIVE 11 March University of London 16 March London Marquee

"Pretenders sing Small Faces,
Aztec Camera sing Van Halen,

Under the Covers."



HEADS ON STICKS

Second Feed (DMCLP only)

THEY'RE STILL out there, you know. Surprisingly, the economic joys and moral relief offered to young musicians by the Fun, Love and Money years of the '80s failed to drive everyone into the arms of the majors, Top Shop turn-ups a-flailing.

Thousands may have been whittled down to tens, but groups still exist who thrive on the claustrophobic intensities of Pere Ubu, 'Voice Of America' Cabaret Voltaire, and lost beauties like This Heat. Unimpressed by the jangling puppy dog joyfulness of your Wedding Presents and the masturbatory mirror-gloom of Goths, there are people out there carrying torches for the stuff which was unnerving about rock.

So welcome to these pages Heads On Sticks, far from new but sharp with maturity. 'Second Feed' is their latest release, and a fine piece of groupwork it is too. Voices keep their distance, half-absent nagging at the back of your mind, while the guitars crawl about, hypnotic like Sonic Youth but a deal more muted.

Fragments of melody slip through, the traditional droning overlay of this kind of rock, and drums scurry about behind everything, deadpan and agitated. As with all the good stuff these days, it's not the slight familiarity which should concern you, but the order things are arranged in. This ordering is new enough to be interesting.

There's nothing much here which actually shocks or startles, but there's plenty to unsettle you. Like the whole thing's sound, which refuses to get intimate and just hovers, or the neat way Heads On Sticks can build a track, stacking the sound up without letting it peak, and then dropping it abruptly. There's no excess fat on this record, no cartoon menace or farcical PTV shock treatment nonsense; large tracts of 'Second Feed' are intensely accessible. By the standards of this sort of stuff, 'Second Feed' is almost a party album.

It's a shrinking corner to defend, no doubt, neither popular nor profitable, but if 'Second Feed' is anything to go by, I'm glad groups like Heads On Sticks are still out there. (8)

David Quantick

SIGLO XX

Fear And Desire (Play It Again Sam LP only)

FRONT 242, A; Grumh; Young Gods, The Weathermen, Siglo XX—they don't have much in common. But they all come from this newly consolidated Rock Mittel Europa. And they share a certain darkly inscrutable exhaustion which sends the Outsider Junkies among us into muted ecstasy. That's a pretty good start.

Siglo XX hear rock as something being unrolled across huge barren spaces. A deep Southern sound with a beat that cruises along the concrete highways of the post-war rebuilding programmes. The

Autobahn has usurped the American dust road/highway as rock mythology—that's reflected in the *motorik* that's the backbone of all European rock from Neu to KaS Produkt, from Faust to DAF—but I don't think we're in Krautrock anymore, Toto. This is something with a strength of mind that transcends novelty as thoughtlessly as it refuses imitation.

It's still more about atmosphere than sense, still stolen words and borrowed attitudes ('Fear And Desire'/'Everything is on Fire'/'Lost In Violence'/'Sorrow And Pain'/'35 Poems'/'On The Third Day'/'My Sister Called Silence'/'The Pain Came'): but the weight of the sound is already affecting that, driving it in on its own resources, its own dreams, its own mechanical melancholia. Cliches are bending under an iron momentum, numbed chants draining the foolishness out of the misbegotten direction.

This mistranslation will run and run. That's even better. (8)

Mark Sinker

LUDUS

Nue Au Soleil (Completement) (Les Disques Du Crepuscule LP only)

LUDUS WERE art terrorists on the very edge of sound, free-form experimentalists without regard for face or feeling, sexual agent provocateurs who would mix in passionate feminist ideology with smouldering signals of lust. They were Mancunian style fascists with the sweetest highest voice ever, jazz structuralists who chose the unassuming format of rock to put across their complex bittersweet musings.

From their debut performance at the Factory supporting the Pop Group in October '78 to their last great single on Sordide Sentimental, 'Breaking The Rules', in '83, no one could ever accuse Ludus of being ordinary. Numbered amongst their select band of admirers was one Steven Morrissey, who would write suitably over-the-top articles about them.

Linder and Ian Devine's recording career was always, at best, sporadic, and although 'Completement' is anything but—to the best of my knowledge they released at least two albums and a cassette aside from this—it does make available once more the early New Hormones recordings, from the inspiring 'Lullaby Cheat' ('now I know where your hand's been') to the harshly beguiling 'Let Me Go Where My Pictures Go'. Ludus' main strength always lay in Linder's incredible sense of pitch and sense of fun in singing, mirrored by squalling saxophone and the smooth sexual atmosphere which resulted from such interplay.

Songs of sublimated passion steered over by the coolest ice maiden ever to break your heart, there has never been another group like Ludus, for all their self-conscious artiness and nail-biting timing. Annoying some moments, brilliant the next, we miss them badly. (8)

The Legend!

THE DILLARDS

I'll Fly Away (Edsel LP only)

ONE OF the original Dillards, Doug, will be celebrating his 41st birthday on March 8. Brother Rodney will be 46 on May 18. For these and other useful snippets I am indebted to John Tobler's short story-length family-tree-as-prose sleeve notes.

For instance did you know that the Dills' first album, 'Back Porch Bluegrass' in 1963, included 'Duelin' Banjos' (later immortalised in John Boorman's *Deliverance*)? Regrettably neither Doug nor 'Banjos' make it as far as this 19 track retrospective (though 'Bending The Strings', a mightily sprightly instrumental is included) with over half the tracks coming from a 1970 release on Elektra.

The Dills play bluegrass with lots of banjos and mandolins mixed up with embarrassingly generous portions of limp-wristed vocals and clotted harmonies.

They pitch in somewhere between the Stephen Stills elements of Buffalo Springfield/Crosby Stills etc and country, and are, as they say, strictly for *aficionados*. And nothing but the heaviest payola to the clean-faced Andy Kershaw will be able to change that. (4)

Jack O'Neill

PAUL CARRACK

Ace Mechanic (Demon LP/cassette/CD)

THIRTEEN YEARS after ailing (or should that be ailing?) pub rockers Ace dealt their trump card 'How Long', Paul Carrack is back with a Top Ten hit in America.

He's never been away, really. He was a pianist for the last permutation of Roxy Music, he was lead vocalist for Squeeze's best single 'Tempted', he was the voice on Mike & The Mechanics' 'Silent Running', duetted with Chrissie Hynde on 'Thin Line Between Love And Hate', and spent three years in Nick Lowe's Cowboy Outfit.

He even has some claim to the title of fifth Smith for providing keyboards on their first album!

Now a solo artist on Chrysalis, it's perhaps a good time for a retrospective compilation.

Most of the 14 tracks come either from the Ace days or from his 1982 solo LP 'Suburban Voodoo', augmented by the Squeeze and Mechanics hits plus his duet single with Carlene Carter, 'Do Me Lover'.

The quality varies considerably, but what does shine through is Carrack's fine soft soul voice—particularly on 'Tempted'—and his dextrous piano playing.

Sadly, his new record is swamped by a Chris Neil AOR production which buries Carrack's raw talent, but it sells nonetheless. Last seen in Roger Waters' touring band, it's likely our Paul will be very busy this year becoming a Stateside superstar, but it's doubtful that his new-found formula will ever match the best bits of this record. (6)

Terry Staunton



Dionne Warwick: class compilation

SOUL ORIGINAL

DIONNE WARWICK

The Original Soul Of Dionne Warwick (Charly LP/cassette/CD)

AFTER YEARS, nay decades, of poorly produced, badly pressed compilations, Charly have attempted the first definitive Dionne Warwick LP. Taking in every Scepter/Wand single and a generous helping of album tracks 'The Original Soul' covers 1963 to 1972 with barely a hiccup.

Dionne's career took off in 1963 on a wave of suggestive, sultry soul which had begun in '62 with Ketty Lester's 'Love Letters' and peaked the following year with the likes of 'Our Day Will Come' and 'Hello Stranger'. Flying in the face of fashion, these records were difficult to twist to. Dionne Warwick contributed 'Don't Make Me Over' to the genre, a song so moving that when Dusty Springfield first heard it she "burst into tears with sheer joy and excitement". Her contemporaries either faded (Ketty) or grew funkier (Barbara Lewis) but Dionne hung in there, ploughing the same jazz-tinged MOR soul furrow through to the end of the '60s.

The reason Dionne succeeded where so many fell was, as every schoolboy knows, the songwriting skills of Burt Bacharach and Hal David. It's all too easy to take a song like 'Walk

On By' for granted: so many of the songs on this LP are seldom off the radio. But the real strength of the Bacharach/David/Warwick triumverate can be truly appreciated on lesser known songs—'Who Is Gonna Love Me' or 'Are You There With Another Girl' for instance are beautifully crafted with Bacharach's intricate, dislocated arrangements, David's filmscript-miniature lyrics (best represented by 'San José' and 'Message To Michael') and Warwick's voice which suggested trauma and turmoil with subtlety and understated emotion.

Not all the readings on 'The Original Soul' are definitive—'Windows Of The World' belongs to Scott Walker and 'I Say A Little Prayer' is just an irritation after Aretha—but Charly are to be praised for the inclusion of later, more soulful cuts. 'Do Right Woman' shows Dionne could belt them out if she really wanted, and 'I'm Your Puppet' is an exquisite counter to James and Bobby Purify's more familiar version.

The compilation falls short of being absolutely definitive through the omission of 'Wives And Lovers'—yes, I know it's not strictly 'soul' but then nor is most of this LP. Still, if you're in any doubt after reading this, the gorgeous cover will sway you. A beauty. (9)

Bob Stanley

WHERE CAN YOU PARTY FOR 3 DAYS AND 2 NIGHTS NON-STOP

WHERE CAN YOU SEE EXCLUSIVE AND LIVE

JOYCE SIMS with her full American Band/The first stage appearance of BOMB THE BASS/from New York City NITRO DELUXE Cold Chillin Package ROXANNE SHANTE, BIZ MARKIE, M.C.SHAN, BIG DADDY KANE/Atlantic Recording Artist TERRY BILLY Chicago Queen of House SCREAMING RACHAEL/THE WEE PAPA GIRL RAPPERS/C.C.R CREW/SIMON HARRIS/MARVIN SPRINGER NAT AUGUSTIN/CHRIS PAUL/and schedules permitting Londons own DEREK B. DJs CHRIS HILL/ROBBIE VINCENT/FROGGY JEFF YOUNG/PETE TONG/CHRIS FORBES/WESTWOOD/GILLES PETERSON/CHRIS BROWN/KEV HILL/NICKY HOLLOWAY IAN READING/CHRISIE JACKSON/JOHNNY WALKER/EDDIE GORDON/PAUL OAKENFOLD/SEAN FRENCH

PRESTATYN 3

THE WORLDS GREATEST WEEKEND SOUL/FUNK/HOUSE MUSIC EVENT
Easter Bank Holiday Saturday 2nd to Monday 4th April

EASY ACCESS BY ROAD M6/M56 ALL POINTS/BY RAIL/FROM EUSTON OUR OWN SPECIAL TRAIN DIRECT
WE TAKE VISA/ACCESS BY PHONE/CHEQUES/P. ORDERS FOR DETAILS ON ACCOMMODATION AND HOW TO BOOK
CALL US NOW 01.364-1212 5 LINES

Tour NEWS



IT BITES respond to the massive demand for tickets for their recent Marquee by lining up another London show, this time at a larger venue, the Astoria on May 13.

STATUS QUO are gonna be gettin' dahn again this year and have announced a total of ten summer shows. They play St Austell Coliseum (June 24 and 25), Edinburgh Playhouse (27 and 28), Whitley Bay Ice Rink (29), Birmingham NEC (July 1 and 2), Brighton Centre (4), London Wembley Arena (6 and 7). Tickets are £10 and £9 at all venues, except St Austell and Whitley Bay where they are all one price, £10. On sale at box offices and usual agents, tickets for London also available by postal application. Write to Status Quo Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ, adding 50p booking fee per ticket, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Make cheques or postal orders payable to MCP Limited.

XYMOX have been forced to cancel their show at London Camden Palace on March 15 as they have other commitments in the United States. However, they are still playing at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, with Luxuria on March 13.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS headline a massive punk blowout at London Astoria on April 2. Also on the bill are The Business, Vicious Rumours, Section 5, The Magnificent and The Oi! All Stars. Judge Dread is compere and DJ for the night and tickets are £8.50.

PUSH, 70s revivalists *extraordinaire*, strut their funky stuff this Friday (March 11) at the Fridge in London's Brixton. Also at the same venue over the next few weeks are Chicago House DJ Joe Smooth in a new Saturday night House slot (12), Sandra Edwards (15), Boys Wonder and Living In Texas (17) and new soul songstress Terry Billy (19).

BASIA will not be supporting Art Garfunkel on his forthcoming British tour, she has "other commitments" . . . **KING BUFFALO**, the new group featuring former Doctor's Children frontman Paul Smith, headline London Marquee on March 21.

DANNY THOMPSON takes his jazz outfit Whatever on the road this month, visiting Salisbury Arts Centre (March 10), Poynton Folk Centre (13), Bristol Thekla (14), Shrewsbury Music Hall (17), Leicester Phoenix Theatre (20), Nottingham Old Vic (23), Bath Moles Club (24), Richmansworth Watersmeet (April 3), London South Bank Purcell Room (4), Aldershot West End Centre (8).

THE NOSEFLUTES have just finished working on their second LP and celebrate with a quartet of concerts, at London Brixton Canterbury Arms (March 13), Oxford The Dolly (20), Birmingham Cod Club (27) and Worcester Images (31).

ANDY WHITE plays a one-off show in the acoustic room on London Harlesden Mean Fiddler on St Patrick's Night, March 17. He has just released his second album for Decca, 'Kissing The Big Stone'.



INXS return to the UK this summer for three major shows, following their sell-out tour last month. They play Glasgow SEC (June 22), London Wembley Arena (25) and Birmingham NEC (27). Tickets are £7 and £8 at all venues and are on sale from today (Wednesday) from box offices and usual agents. Postal applications are being accepted for the Glasgow and London shows. Write to either INXS Box Office, PO Box 180, Head Post Office, Edinburgh, or INXS Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Make cheques payable to either TOCTA for Glasgow or MCP for London. Enclose the usual stamped addressed envelope and add a 50p booking fee per ticket.

THE WISHING STONES play a brace of shows later this week, at Manchester Poly (Friday) and London Camden Falcon (12).

Record NEWS

SINGLES

THE ADVENTURES: 'Broken Land' (Elektra). Debut from the combo who include two former members of Belfast popstars The Starjets — out on Monday ● **A-HA:** 'Stay On These Roads' (Warners) their first since the Bond theme last summer — out on Monday ● **THE BEATLES:** 'Lady Madonna' (EMI). Picture disc reissue twenty years on — out now ● **ANDREW BERRY:** 'Unsatisfied' (Cog Sinister). Twelve-inch only second 45 from the famed 'Hairdresser To The Stars' and first release on Mark E Smith's own label — out now ● **BIG TROUBLE:** 'When The Love Is Good' (Epic) all-girl outfit's debut, produced by Giorgio Moroder — out on Monday ● **GLEN BURTNIK:** 'Heard It On The Radio' (A&M). Latest from New Jersey's lesser-known rocker — out now ● **CHATSHOW:** 'Noisy Bad High Thing' (Idea). They're touring this month — out now ● **THE CHESTERFIELDS:** 'Goodbye Goodbye' (Household). New twelve-inch EP — out now ● **THE CLASH:** 'I Fought The Law' (CBS). Four-track CD version of



TAJA SEVELLE: Contagious chanteuse

the single features 'City Of The Dead', 'Police On My Back' and '48 Hours' — out now ●

NATALIE COLE: 'Pink Cadillac' (EMI). She's been nominated for a 'Best R'n'B Vocal Performance Female' Grammy for last year's excellent 'Jump Start'. And, yes, this is her version of Brooce's song — out on Monday ● **THE CROSS:** 'Heaven For Everyone' (Virgin). The song on the B-side's called 'Love On A Tightrope (Like An Animal)'. Nuff said — out on March 21 ● **THE DARLING BUDS:** 'Shame On You' (Native) second single, but you may be familiar with them through their John Peel sessions — out on Monday ● **ANNA DOMINO:** 'Tempting' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule). Produced by Alan Rankins. Expect her British live solo debut soon — out on Monday ● **THE DURUTTI COLUMN:** 'When The World' (Factory). Features modern dance artists Lloyd Newton and DV8 Physical Theatre — out now ● **ELLERT:** 'Love Lies' (RCA). Debut from former lead singer with Dutch band Spargo — out now ● **SHEIK FAWAZ:** 'Mohammed's House' (Circa). Mark Kamins, DJ from New York's Harlem Club, laying down a monster Middle Eastern House groove — out on Monday ●

TONIO K: 'Without Love' (A&M). Debut from the guy reckoned by *Rolling Stone* to be "the funniest serious songwriter in America". He also used to play with Buddy Holly's Crickets — out on Monday ● **LEIGH GREGORY:** 'Start' (Explicit) debut from an Indiana soul singer — out now ● **GUSTO:** 'Materialist Girl' (4th and Broadway). Melodic rap answer to Madonna's 'Material Girl' from NY quartet — out now ● **PAUL HAIG:** 'Torchomatic' (Les Disques Du Crepuscule). His first single in ages — out on Monday ● **SIMON HARRIS:** 'Bass (How Low Can You Go)' (FFRR/London). Another DJ cuts his own record. See the piece in *Thrills!* — out now ● **WAYNE HERNANDEZ:** 'Living Without



SO: Debut album

Your Love' (Epic). From his debut album 'Telepathic' — out now ● **THE HOOTERS:** 'Johnny B' (CBS) . . . Goode, presumably — out now ● **PAUL JOHNSON:** 'Every Kinda People' (CBS). Yet another lift from his debut album, this time the old Robert Palmer song. Please, dear readers, make this a hit — out on Monday ● **WALLY JUMP JUNIOR AND THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT:** 'Private Party' (Breakout/A&M). From their forthcoming album 'Don't Push Your Luck' — out now ● **KID 'N' PLAY:** 'Do This My Way' (Cooltempo). Produced by Hurby Luv Bug and remixed by Double Trouble featuring Norman Cook (see feature) — out on Monday ● **MARK KNOPFLER:** 'Storybook Love' (Vertigo) from the movie *The Princess Bride* — out now ● **LOU:** 'Rookies Revenge' (Supreme). Britain's answer to Tiffany, Kylie Minogue etc, apparently. '17, bright, beautiful, brimming with talent . . .', slavers the press release.

You get the picture? — out on Monday ● **TEENA MARIE:** 'Ooh La La La' (Epic). From her forthcoming 'Naked To The World' album — out now ● **THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG:** 'The Colours' (Magnet). A taster from their forthcoming album — out on Monday ● **MIDNIGHT OIL:** 'Beds Are Burning' (CBS). A powerful polemic from the Aussie politico rockers about Aboriginal land rights, from their forthcoming 'Diesel and Dust' album. Expect live dates in late April — out on Monday ● **THE MONTELLAS:** 'Stop Talking' (Arista). Latest from Cockney/Scouse combo — out on Monday ● **JOHN NORUM:** 'Love Is Meant (To Last Forever)' (Epic). Debut solo single from the former guitarist with Europe — out on Monday ● **REDCLOUD:** 'The System' (Safe House). Ex-Black Slate singer Keith Drummond's new outfit, currently recording their debut album in very sunny

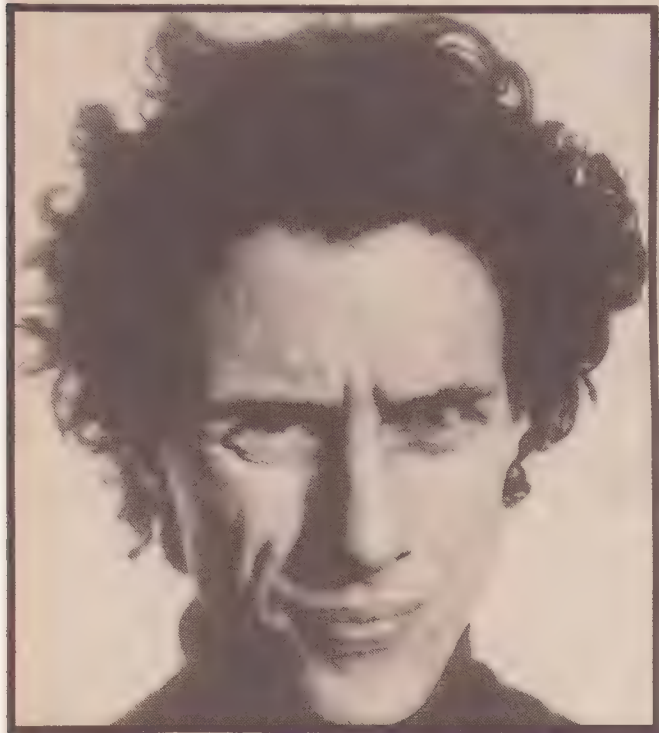
Jamaica — out now ● **SMOKEY ROBINSON:** 'Love Don't Give No Reason' (Motown). Another cut from the 'One Heartbeat' album — out soon ● **ROSE ROYCE:** 'Just My Imagination' (Carrere). Their version of the Temptations' classic, from their current album 'Fresh Cut' — out now ● **SHOOK UP!:** 'Invisible Girl' (Planet Pop). Debut from the outfit which includes Vlad, half of Jack 'N' Chill, and music journo Neil McCormick — out now ● **STATUS QUO:** 'Ain't Complaining' (Vertigo) no doubt on its way to being their 37th hit single — out on Monday ● **PATRICK SWAYZE:** 'She's Like The Wind' (RCA). Currently a biggie in the States, another lift from the *Dirty Dancing* soundtrack — out now ● **SWEET CHARLES/LYN COLLINS:** 'Yes It's You'/'Rock Me Again And Again And Again' (Urban). A track each from JB's current keyboard-player and former female back-up singer respectively — out on Monday ● **THREE WISE MEN:** 'Cruisin' For A Bruisin' (Rhythm King). Their debut album 'GB Boyz' is out at the start of next month — out now ● **TOTO:** 'Stop Loving You' (CBS). They're playing Hammersmith Odeon next month — out now ● **WET WET WET:** 'Temptation' (Precious Music/Phonogram). The umpteenth track from the (almost) million-selling 'Popped In, Souled Out' album — out now ● **SHANICE WILSON:** 'I'll Bet She's Got A Boyfriend' (Breakout/A&M) from the LP 'Discovery' — out on Monday ● **THE WINANS & MICHAEL McDONALD:** 'Love Has No Colour' (Qwest) from the LP 'Decisions' — out now ● **WORKING WEEK:** 'Knocking On Your Door' (Virgin). A rousing duet between Juliet Roberts and soulman Lew Kirton, taken from the excellent 'Surrender' album — out on Monday ● **WORKSHY:** 'Yours For The Taking' (Magnet). Debut from ex-Animal Nightlife singer Christa Jones' new outfit — out on Monday ●

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL have added a second night at the Royal Albert Hall in London, on March 29... **RUSH** have added a third night at Birmingham NEC, on April 21.

THE PRIMITIVES, who start a brief tour next week, have now announced a major London show — but it's not until May 11. Tickets went on sale this week for the gig at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, and there is a possibility of more regional shows around the same time.

THOMAS LANG is about to retire into a creative bubble to work on his second album, the follow-up to 'Sallywag Jazz'. But first he plays a few dates. See him at York University (March 14), Manchester University (16), Hull University (17), London Bloomsbury Theatre (April 23).

KING BUTCHER, the band formed by Jon King of Gang Of Four fame, play their first London show next week after a series of warm-up gigs on the South Coast and in the Midlands. They can be seen at the Limelight in Shaftesbury Avenue on March 15.



HOWARD HUGHES teams up with his trusty combo **The Western Approaches** for two London shows, at ULU on March 11 (with Aslan) and headlining at the Marquee on March 16.

FULL DETAILS of the Crossing The Border festival of world music have been announced. A total of five shows will be held on London's South Bank over the Easter Weekend starring, as previously reported, Lyle Lovett, Billy Bragg and Ofra Haza. Here's the low down:

April 2: Lyle Lovett, Hank Wangford, Some Like It Hot (Queen Elizabeth Hall, 7.45pm).

April 3: Billy Bragg, Blue Murder, Marta Sebestyen & Muzsikas, The Deighton Family, The Guo Brothers (QEH, 5pm); The Bhavaiyars Of Gujarat (Purcell Room, 6pm).

April 4: Ofra Haza, The Grand Orchestra Of Mustapha, 3 Mustaphas 3 (QEH, 7.30pm); Danny Thompson's Whatever, Carlos Paredes, Hot Cinders (Purcell Room, 7.45pm).

KEITH LE BLANC and the Tackhead Sound System compensate for their recent non-appearance at The Woodentops' Brixton Academy show by appearing at London Fulham Greyhound on March 14. Le Blanc will be performing material from his 'Major Malfunction' album.

NO MAN'S LAND, one of the Go! Discs hopefuls for the '88 campaign, can be seen out and about in this merry month of March. They play London ULU (March 9), Southampton University (10), Croydon Underground (13), Huddersfield Poly (15), Leeds Warehouse (16), London Astoria (17), London Imperial College (18), Sheffield Leadmill (19) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (26).

SO, who release their debut album 'Horseshoe In The Glove' on Parlophone this week, play their first live shows in the UK later this month. Four dates have been lined up, at London ULU (March 24), Leeds Warehouse (29), Manchester Boardwalk (31) and Glasgow Rooftops (April 1).

MALIAN guitar hero Ali Farka Toure begins a nationwide tour tomorrow (Thursday, Gardner Arts Centre, Brighton) sharing the bill with Guinean kora king Jali Musa Jawara, whose Manding 'Fote Mogoban' track appeared on NME's 'The World At One' tape last year. The John Lee Hooker-influenced Toure, promoting his eponymously titled World Circuit LP (out this week), will be accompanied by percussionist Amadou Sisse.

Toure and Jawara play London's Queen Elizabeth Hall (Friday), and Hackney Empire (Saturday) followed by Midland Arts Centre, Birmingham (Sunday), Darlington Arts Centre (Tuesday, March 15), Warwick University Arts Centre, Coventry (Wednesday 15), Theatre Hafren, Newtown, Powys (Thursday 17) and St Donats Arts Centre, South Glamorgan (Friday 18). More information from Arts Worldwide 01-485 8262.

SKIN GAMES have lined up half a dozen dates in March, at London Thames Poly (March 11), Bristol Poly (14), Huddersfield Poly (16), Bradford University (17), Aberdeen University (18), Bangor University (19).



SOUL ASYLUM, the Minneapolis posse hotly tipped to take over the mantle of the now defunct Husker Du, pay a flying visit to London at the end of the month. They play Finsbury Park Sir George Robey on March 31.

MISTY IN ROOTS play London Astoria on March 17, their first show in the capital since the death of singer Delvin Tyson, who died while on tour in Ghana last December.

FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION join the Deacon Blue tour later this month, but first they headline at London Harlesden Mean Fiddler on March 14. Their debut single, 'Perfect', should be released by RCA to coincide with live shows.

THE BODEANS follow their recent show at London ULU with a second date in the capital, at the Marquee in Soho on March 13. Wisconsin's finest also play Nottingham Trent Poly (14) and Manchester University (16).

A HOUSE, the widely-acclaimed Irish band who made a lot of friends when they supported Edwyn Collins last year, have a trio of London dates this month. They play ULU on March 10, moving on to Camden Dingwalls (21) and Kennington Cricketers (22).

FLEETWOOD MAC, who release their new single 'Everywhere' next week, have announced an extra three dates for their UK visit. They now play a third night at Birmingham NEC on May 15 and two more at London Wembley Arena on May 24 and 25, making a total of six at the venue.

ALBUMS

JIMMY CLIFF: 'Hangin' Fire' (CBS). Latest from 'Many Rivers To Cross' reggae superstar — out now ● **THE DURUTTI COLUMN:** 'The First Four Albums' (Factory). Like it says, the first four LPs lovingly collected on CD — out now ● **KAREN FINLAY:** 'The truth is hard to swallow' (Pow Wow Art International). Produced by New York DJ Mark Kamins — out now

● **ROSIE FLORES:** 'Rosie Flores' (Reprise). Debut solo album from the country/rock singer-songwriter — out now ● **HIGHWAY 101:** 'Highway 101' (Warners) first heard on the NME country compilation 'The Tape With No Name' — out now ● **WINDHAM HILL:** 'Windham Hill Sampler 1988' (A&M). Eleven tracks from artists signed to the label — out on Monday ● **KINGDOM'S COME:** 'Kingdom Come' (Polydor). Debut from highly-touted American rock band who've never even played a gig but have 600,000 advance orders Stateside for this little



KID 'N' PLAY: Remix by Norman C 'n' Danny D



EDDIE COCHRAN: He never wore Levi's

piece of plastic — out on Monday ● **THE MOSSPOLES:** 'Shorn' (Idea Records). Debut from another of Helen Mead's tips for the top — out now ● **TAJA SEVELLE:** 'Taja Sevelle' (Reprise). Debut album from the 'Love Is Contagious' chanteuse — out on Monday ● **SO:** 'Horseshoe In The Glove' (EMI). This lot used to be The Opposition. Remember them? See the new incarnation touring this month — out now ● **TOTO:** 'The Seventh One' (CBS). Guests include Jon Anderson, Patti Austin and Linda Ronstadt — out

on March 21 ● **TINA TURNER:** 'Live In Europe' (Capitol) culled from her massive tour of last year — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Streetsounds 88-1' (Streetsounds). Includes 'Beat Dis', 'That's The Way It Is' and more — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Streetsounds Hip Hop 20' (Streetsounds). All the latest hot imports conveniently collected — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Themes From The Sixties' (Waterloo Sunset Records). Tracks like *The Man From Uncle*, *The Avengers* and *Batman* rerecorded by up and coming bands —

'**C'MON EVERYBODY**' is a twenty-track Eddie Cochran collection, out on Liberty/EMI Records on Monday. Compiled by Cochran expert Tony Barrett, it includes 'Summertime Blues', 'Three Steps To Heaven', '20 Flight Rock', two songs written by his girlfriend Sharon Sheeley, 'Somethin' Else' and 'Cherished Memories', and loads more. The power of Levi's ads continue to amaze.

THE POGUES

AFTER TONITE

BRIGHTON CENTRE SATURDAY 12th MARCH, AT 7.30PM TICKETS £6.50

EXTRA SHOW

SUNDAY 20th MARCH, AT 7.30PM

BRIXTON ACADEMY

20 STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.11

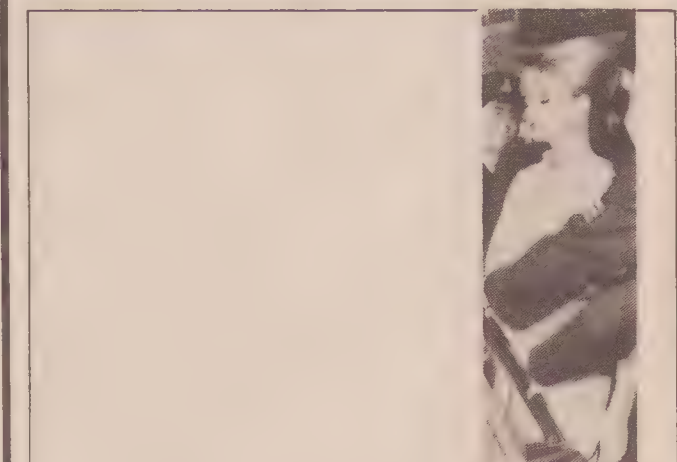
MEMBERSHIP AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE ACADEMY BOX OFFICE TEL 274 1625 OR

MEMBERSHIP TEL 8989, STARGREEN TEL 754 8832, PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 240 0771

MEMBERSHIP TEL 3541, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 5337, BY POST FROM

MONROE THEATRE LONDON SW10 0DL. CHAIRS MADE AVAILABLE TO CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT

PRODUCTIONS LTD AND INCLUDE TOP BOOKING FEE PER TICKET & ENCLOSURE AN S & L



'Under the Covers'

Other people sing other peoples' songs.

A new album of twelve infamous cover versions.

Available on long player, cassette and compact disc.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

marquee
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
90 WARDOUR ST W1
01-437 6603

HELLION
Plus Phantasm, Trixx & County Line
and Nick Henbrey, Monty Zero & Martin Ball
Sunday 13th March (Adm £4.00)

BODEANS
Plus The Cradle and Nick Henbrey
Monday 14th March (Adm £3.50)

IDOL RICH
Featuring Snake From Torbuck
plus Soho Roses and Monty Zero

THE GRIP
Plus Special Guests Panama and Nick Henbrey
Wednesday 16th March (Adm £4.00)

**HOWARD HUGHES
AND THE
WESTERN
APPROACHES**
Plus Support and Monty Zero
Thursday 17th March (Adm £4.00)

WOLFSBANE
Plus Ginaling and Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

marquee T-SHIRTS·SPORTS·SWEATS
£4.50 £8.50 £9.50

AVAILABLE BLACK OR WHITE IN LARGE SIZE ONLY. From Club or mail.
45 Broadwick St. London W1V 1FS. PO/Cheque +50 p&p per item.

DINGWALLS

Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

DOORS OPEN 8PM. BANDS START FROM 8.30PM. DANCING FROM 11.30PM-2AM. THE FRESHEST DANCE MUSIC IN TOWN

WEDNESDAY 9TH MARCH
JONGLEURS presents **THE SAFE SEX CABARET TOUR**
FEATURING PIERRE HOLLINS, FELIX & STEVE RAWLINGS + SPECIAL GUESTS
D.J. SCRATCHY, EVERY WEDNESDAY 11.30PM-2AM COLD SWEAT (HARD FUNK UNTIL 2AM), £4

THURSDAY 10TH MARCH
TEN TEN + THE CROWS + STACCATO-HEAVEN
D.J. SCRATCHY, EVERY THURSDAY 11PM-2AM BANG BANG (SOUL, JAZZ & RNB), £3

FRIDAY 11TH MARCH
THE ULTIMATE DANCE PARTY FEATURING LIVE
1-S-T 10PM
D.J. CHRIS WRIGHT, £5

SATURDAY 12TH MARCH
THE ULTIMATE DANCE PARTY FEATURING LIVE
MARSHALL JEFFERSON 10PM
D.J. CHRIS WRIGHT, £5

SUNDAY 13TH MARCH
SUNDAY LUNCHTIME JAZZ 12NOON-4PM with GILLES PETERSON
JEAN TOUSSANT
FROM 7PM-11.30PM FAST FORWARD presents FOUR NEW UP AND COMING BANDS, £2

MONDAY 14TH MARCH
PANIC STATION MIGHTY MIGHTY 11PM THE WOODCHILDREN 10PM
COMPANY OF COWARDS 9.15PM THE OGDENS 8.30PM
M.C. SIMON B. D.J. JOSEPH K., DANCING FROM 11.30PM-2AM, £3

TUESDAY 15TH MARCH
!FOUR NEW UP AND COMING BANDS ANYTH'NG CAN HAPPEN IN THE NEXT HALF HOUR
£3

THURSDAY 16TH MARCH
ST. PATRICK'S DAY SPECIAL
THE POOR MOUTH
+ FINBAR O'CONNOR AND THE VISITORS' ADMISSION £5

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8969 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

YABBA DABBA DISCO
ADVANCE TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 267 3334 OR KEITH PROWSE (CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS) 741 8969

SAT 19 MARCH (N.B. 10.30pm-2.15am)
BOSS GOODMAN'S **YABBA DABBA DISCO**
Follows on from Pogues Concert
Tickets just £3.50

SAT 26 MAR (9pm-2.15am)
AND LIVE AT 10PM from U.S.A.
JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET LE RUE
Tickets £5

Saturday 2 April (9pm-2.15am)
ROBERT GORDON
And his American Band featuring Chris Spedding
AND **LOS PISTOLEROS** TICKETS £5.00 ADV. £6.00 ON THE NIGHT
Special Guests with Bobby Valentino and B.J. Cole
N.B. Price Drops to £3.50 after Main Act. (approx. 12.15)

POTATO 5
SAT 12 MAR (9pm-2.15am)
FEATURING LAUREL AITKEN
THE DELTONES Tickets £5 Pay on night

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 HIGHGATE ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, NWS 267 3334

THE EX UT
THE SHRUBS
TUE MARCH 8th

THE MEKONS
BLYTH POWER
STITCHED BACK
FOOT ARMEN
THURS MARCH 10th

LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS
HOUGHTON STREET
LONDON WC2
DOORS OPEN 7.30
Tickets £4 on door

JOHN MARTIN proudly presents (by arrangement with Steve Mather for JSE)
THE FIRST LONDON APPEARANCE OF THE LEGENDARY
ARLO GUTHRIE
with his AMERICAN BAND and special guest PETER ROWAN
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, LONDON
Monday 28th March at 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50, £5.50, £8.50, £9.50 and £10.50 from Festival Hall Box Office 01-928 3191
Credit Cards 01-928 8800 and usual agents

SEASONS Club
THE WELL HEAD INN
SATURDAY MARCH 12th
THE OUTSKIRTS
+ DJ
Open 8.30-1am, Door £3
SEASONS CLUB
WELLHEAD INN,
HALE RD,
WENDOVER (0296) 622733

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
DOROTHY KEOGH
ON 01-829 7816.

THURSDAY 17th MARCH
RAINMAKERS
No Mans Land
ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD
+5 advance Doors 7.30pm
Astoria Box Office 01434 0403/4 Ticket Master 01 379 4444 (24hour)
L.T.B. 439 3371 Premier 240 0771 Keith Prowse 741 8969 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records Stargreen 734 8932

ASTORIA 157 Charing Cross Road London
GUEST DJ'S
VIDEOS
FRI 11th MARCH-DELUCA TRIANGLE
featuring
ALBIE DELUCA ex Gene Loves Jezebel & Furyo
NIGEL PRESTON ex Cult & Theatre of Hate
PETE ex Play Dead
FRI 18th MARCH-GERRY SADOWITZ
FRI 25th MARCH-SPECIAL PARTY NIGHT
Tickets £5 members £6 non members
ASTORIA 434-0403/4-LTB 439-3371-ROUGH TRADE RECORDS-PRIMIER 240-0771
ROCK ON RECORDS-RHYTHM RECORDS-KEITH PROWSE 741-8969-STARGREEN 734-8932
NEW CLUB EVERY FRIDAY 11pm till 3am

Luxuria
DEVOTED TO
X Y M O X
RAIN GODS
SUN 13TH MARCH
£5adv-£6dvs.
Nearest Tube Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NWS
NB THERE IS RESTRICTED PARKING IN KENTISH TOWN
Box Office 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8969 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records LTB 439 3371

VOICE of the BEEHIVE

JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET
RHYTHM SISTERS*
I LUDICROUS* *LONDON ONLY
THURSDAY 10TH MARCH AT 7.30PM
THE BIERKELLER
ALL SAINTS STREET, BRISTOL, BS1
TICKETS £4.50 ADV. 0272 28516, VIRGIN, REVOLVER, RIVAL (BRISTOL), RIVAL (BATH)
FRIDAY 11TH MARCH AT 7.30PM
TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
9-15 HIGHGATE RD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON NWS
TICKETS £5 ADV. 01-267 3334, PREMIER, LTB, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN,
TICKETMASTER, RHYTHM, ROUGH TRADE, CAVE RECORDS

Mean Fiddler
24/26/28 HIGH STREET HARLESDEN NW10 Tel 01 961 5490

Wednesday 9th March
WORLD OF MUSIC + MOON STRUCK + FORMOSA + ROBBED IN ROME Adm £3.00

Thursday 10th
EMF + SLUG THE NIGHTWATCHMAN + THIS PICTURE Adm £3.00

Friday 11th
Brendan Croker and the 5'0 Clock Shadows + Hill Adm £5.00

Saturday 12th
THE OYSTER BAND + PLUCK THIS! Adm £4.00

Sunday 13th
RED WEDGE AT THE MEAN FIDDLER
with D.J.s NICK BERRY, TOM WATT, NORMAN 'HOUSEMARTIN' COOK
and bands REAL BY REEL + THE RHYTHM SISTERS Adm £4.00

Monday 14th
FAIRGROUND ATTRACTION Adm £4.00

Tuesday 15th
ROACHFORD Adm £4.00

Wednesday 16th
THE FLEADH COWBOYS Adm £5.00

Thursday 17th
ST PATRICK'S NIGHT CELEBRATIONS WITH **SHANTY DAM** Adm £5.00

Friday 18th
BLUE IN HEAVEN Adm £5.00
+ THE HOOK 'N' PULL GANG

ACOUSTIC ROOM

Thursday 10th Adm £3.00
DINGLE SPIKE

Friday 11th Adm £3.00
ADRIAN BORLAND (EX-SOUND)
+ 13 FRIGHTENED GIRLS

Saturday 12th Adm £4.00
MICHAEL O'SUILLEABHAIN

Sunday 13th Adm £3.00
JONGLEURS SAFE CABARET TOUR
THE BABY BOYS
+ EYELASHED & TORN

COMING SOON-Thurs 17th March ANDY WHITE, Fri 18th MORRIS MINOR AND THE MAJORS,
Thurs 24th HEAD OF DAVID, BAND OF SUSANS, Fri 1st April TED HAWKINS AND HIS BAND, Sat
2nd DR JOHN, Sun 3rd OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS, Fri 8th THROWING MUSES + PIXIES

CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 01-961 5490

FRIDAY 11TH MARCH
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION MALET STREET WC1 TELEPHONE 560 8551
Aslam
HOWARD HUGHES
& THE WESTERN APPROACHES
THE SHINE
ENTERTAINMENTS
Tickets £4.50 doors
APARTMENT 25, GORDON STREET,
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD
RENTAL TRAIN RECORDS: ROCK ON RECORDS
RENTAL SQUARE & EUSTON SQUARE
L.T.B. 439 3371 PREMIER 240 0771
L.T.B. 439 3371 RHYTHM RECORDS
BIRTH TRAIN RECORDS: ROCK ON RECORDS
MONSIEUR BY MICHAEL O'SUILLEABHAIN

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
DOROTHY KEOGH
ON 01-829 7816.

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
GAYE BYKERS
ON ACID
boys wonder
the SEERS
Tickets £5
Rhythm Records/Rough Trade Records/Shades Records
Keith Prowse: 741 8969/Premier: 240 0771/L.T.B. 439 3371
Stargreen: 734 8932/Cave Records DRS. 7.30 PM

Tuesday 29th March
PERE UBU
THE MEKONS
UT
Tickets £6
Nearest Tube Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NWS
NB THERE IS RESTRICTED PARKING IN KENTISH TOWN
Box Office 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8969 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records LTB 439 3371

GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 9

Aldershot West End Centre: **Alder Valley**
Aldershot Brass Band
 Barnstaple Bees Nite Club: **Jive Turkey**
 Birmingham NEC: **AC/DC**
 Birmingham Piranha's Bar: **Blue Street Runners**
 Brentford Red Lion: **Lick The Tins**
 Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **The Poppyheads/Chopper/The Giant Polar Bears**
 Crewe Alsager College: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 East Kilbride Bruce Hotel: **Lixx**
 Exeter University: **ASWAD**
 Glasgow La Tanière: **Marie Sinclair Band**
 Guildford Civic Hall: **The Cross**
 Harlow Whispers: **Animal Nightlife**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Stump**
 Leeds Coconut Grove: **Moody's Mood**
 Leeds Irish Centre: **Le Rue**
 Leeds University: **The Mission**
 Leicester Magazine: **Single Bass**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **Luxuria**
 Leicester University: **Clint Bestwood & The Mescal Marauders**
 London Earls Court Troubadour: **Braw and Barbara**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **John Otway**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Chairs**
 London Fulham Swan: **Lost Boys**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Kitchens of Distinction/Illustrious Cutlery**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Malcolm Hardie**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Pits/Spit Like Paint/The Octopus/Zag and the Coloured Beads**
 London Kentish Town Hype!: **The Seers**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Stan Tracey/Alan Skidmore**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **The Rhythm Wreckers/Big Big Rhythm**
 London Soho Wag Club: **Diana Brown and Her Brothers**
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Levellers**
 London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bad Karma Beckons**
 Manchester University: **1000 Violins**
 Newcastle Mayfair: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Newcastle Riverside: **Guana Batz/Toxic Kangaroo**
 London Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside: **Guana Batz/Toxic Kangaroo Babies**
 Preston Guildhall: **Steve Taylor**
 Preston Raiders Cabra Club: **The Laughing Mothers/Dreams of Eden**
 Reading Hexagon: **Daniel O'Donnell**
 Rotherham Sub Club: **The Nearly Band**
 Sheffield City Hall: **The Pogues**
 Sheffield Foot & Mouth Club: **Roland Miller/Shirley Cameron**
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Snapper/Birdyak**
 Stockton-on-Tees Swan Ballroom: **Chrome Molly**
 Stoke-on-Trent Shelleys: **Hellion**
 Torquay English Riviera Centre: **Wishbone Ash/Pete Haycock**
 Tynemouth Pigsty: **The Flatmates**
 Wakefield Bretton Hall: **The Hill Bandits**
 Warsop Mermaid: **Slaughterhouse 5**
 Wendover Wellhead Inn: **T. Model Slim**
 Whitton Winning Post Last Post Country Club: **Honcho**

THURSDAY 10

Aldershot West End Centre: **The Running Gag** (alternative comedy)
 Bath Moles Club: **The Jazz Fools**
 Birmingham Burberry's: **The Darling Buds**
 Birmingham The Junction: **Albion Band**
 Bottle Firehouse: **Day Without Rain**
 Brentford Red Lion: **The Loveless/Illustrious Cutlery/The Galley Slaves**
 Brighton Art College Basement: **Fuse**
 Bristol Bierkeller: **James Taylor Quartet/Voice of the Beehive**
 Bristol Tropic: **World Domination Enterprises/The Seers**
 Chelmsford YMCA: **Them Geezers Over There/Radium Haze/The Subjects**
 Chester High Society: **The Australians**
 Colne Carlos II: **King Butcher**
 Coventry Sir Colin Campbell: **Blue Street Runners**
 Dartford College: **Blackworm**
 Dudley JB's: **Starfighter**
 Durham New Brancepeth Club: **The Lost Boys**
 Exeter Barts Tavern: **Ralph of The Arb**
 Exeter University: **The Fall**
 Frimley Green Lakeside Club: **The Crickets**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Glasgow Halt Bar: **Yes Yes Juliette**
 Harlow The Square: **Mark Steel**
 Kidderminster Riverboat: **The Soul Doctors**
 Leeds Irish Centre: **Here & Now**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Bobs Slack Party benefit for Planet X Evacuation Fund with Cud/Elvis Belt/The Psoriasis Doctors/Electric Joe King**
 Leicester Magazines: **Zoot Diamond/Smile Orange**
 Leicester Sector Five: **Chatshow/Chrome Molly**
 Leigh On Sea Grand Hotel: **Howlin' Wilf and the Vee Jays**
 Lincoln Ritz Theatre: **Daniel O'Donnell**
 Liverpool Pen and Wig: **Radio Voz Del Guadaluquivir**
 Liverpool Royal Court: **Meatloaf**
 London Camden The Falcon: **The Seers/Hangman's Beautiful Daughter**
 London Chelsea Crazy Larry's: **The Chevalier Bros/Jazz Police**

CONCERTUH FRENZYUH!! Mark, Brix and the mob make tracks across the country for our aural stimulation. (note to unhip kids: **THE FALL** are on tour.) Get to Exeter on Thursday or Cardiff on Friday for the full story. **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** go idlewild in Loughborough (Thursday) and Norwich (Friday). That's about it on the new tours front, but you can still get hold of **VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE**, **STUMP**, **THE MISSION**, **AC/DC**, **THE POGUES** and **THE RAINMAKERS** and other bits and bobs here and there.

● Send your info, oregano, pernod and cocoa to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Noel McCalla's Contact/Trinidad**
 London Fulham Swan: **Chuck Farley**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Soap Opera/Jilly Jarman**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Fractured/The Frantic Flintstones**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dave Grusin/Lee Ritenour/Tom Scott**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **The Eager Sin Babies/The Prowlers**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Simon Purcell/Steve Watts**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **The Panic Brothers**
 London N5 Gypsy Queen: **John Wyburgh Quartet**
 London Soho Gossips: **Sugar Ray Ford and the Hot Shots**
 London Stoke Newington The Weavers: **The Rivals**
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **The Cross**
 London WC2 LSE: **Stitched Back Foot Airman**
 Loughborough University: **Everything But The Girl**
 Manchester Apollo: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Mission**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **Shine/The Purple Effect**
 Manchester International: **The Rainmakers**
 Newcastle Broken Doll: **John's Gang/Movietone**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Steve Taylor**
 Newcastle University: **Stump**
 Newcastle under Lyme New Victoria Theatre: **George Melly/The John Chilton Feetwarmers**
 Newport T.J.'s: **Doc Savage aka Mutilated Jelly**
 Norwich The Premises: **Big Joe Duskin**
 Nottingham Venue 53: **Slaughterhouse 5**
 Port Talbot Raffles: **Into A Circle/Mighty Mighty**
 Portsmouth Basins: **Luxuria**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **ASWAD**
 Preston Guildhall: **Le Rue**
 Rayleigh Pink Tooth Brush: **Demented Are Go**
 Reading Bulmersh College: **The Jeremiahs**
 Salisbury Arts Centre: **Danny Thompson and Whatever**
 Scunthorpe Baths: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 Sheffield Take Two: **T-Dive and the Everybody**
 Sheffield University: **The Close Lobsters**
 Shrewsbury Buttermarket: **The Tommy Chase Quintet**
 Shrewsbury The Fridge: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Southampton West Indian Centre: **Brilliant Corners**
 Telford Barons Club: **The Russian Hippies**
 Tynemouth The Pigsty: **Little Mo**
 Wendover Wellhead Inn: **The Late Road Lunatics**
 Worcester Images: **The Man from Delmonte**
 York Spotted Cow: **The Landlords**

FRIDAY 11

Aldershot West End Centre: **Roger Watson and Chequered Roots/The Cock And Bull Band/World Music No. 2**
 Auchtermuchty Boars Head: **Godsquad**
 Aylesbury The Hop Pole: **Giles Hedley Blues Band**
 Barnet Old Bull Arts Centre: **Jake Thackray**
 Bath Moles Club: **The Prowlers**
 Bedford The Angel: **Pink On Pink**
 Brentford Red Lion: **The Dirty Strangers/Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
 Brentwood Essex Arms: **Catapult/The Windmills**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Gamut**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Luxuria**
 Cambridge Coin Exchange: **The Pogues**
 Cardiff University: **The Fall**
 Carlisle Front Page: **Little Chief**
 Carlisle Stars and Stripes: **The Macc Lads**
 Chatham Medway Arts Centre Cloudbase: **The Dentists**
 Chelmsford Essex Institute: **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Daniel O'Donnell/Mary Duff**
 Derby Assembly Rooms: **Chrome Molly**
 Dublin Underground: **The Danger**
 Dudley JB's: **The Sandkings/Chatshow**
 Edinburgh University (Teviot Row): **Yes Yes Juliette**
 Edinburgh The Venue: **La Rue/The Longhorns**
 Exeter Barts Tavern: **Dane Elektrik/Fat Chance**
 Folkestone Arts Centre: **Big Joe Duskin**
 Glasgow Queen Margaret University: **Sinead O'Connor**
 Halifax Ackroyd Arms: **I-Spy/3 Cod Dreams**
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
 Harlow The Square: **Acolytes Of The Sun/Mistress**
 Hull Bricknell Ave Methodist Church: **Paul Douglas**
 Keele University: **King Butcher**
 Lancashire St Martin's College: **The Hill Bandits**



Mark E. Smith: Go west young man

Leeds Astoria: **Sweet T/Cookie Crew/Derek B**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 Leigh-on-Sand Grand Hotel: **Famous Potatoes**
 Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Futile Coats**
 Liverpool Planet X: **Into A Circle**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Mission**
 London Brixton George IV: **Annie & The Aeroplanes**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Jenny Lecoat/Simon Fanshawe**
 London Cricklewood Hotel: **Hot Doris Band/Terri Carol/Jam Ravens/Sea Monster**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Blyth Power/Mutate and Survive**
 London Fulham Swan: **Ivor Jivers**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Barbara Stretch**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Here & Now**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Zapp/Force MD's**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **John Otway**
 London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Otis Grand and the Dance Kings/The Go Hole/Kazoom**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Phil Bent/Jim Lampi**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **Spoldgeness/ bounds/The Guttersnipes**
 London Putney F all Moon: **Groundhogs**
 London South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Ali Farka Toure/Jali Musa Jawara**
 London Stoke Newington The Weavers: **Shanty Dam**
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town:

James Taylor Quartet/Voice of the Beehive
 London W11 100 Club: **Bolo Bolo/Noel McCalla's Contact**
 London Wembley Arena: **AC/DC**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Blackworm/Skin Games**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **The Moss Poles/Mirrors Over Kiev**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Steve Taylor**
 Manchester International: **Stump**
 Manchester University: **The Jasmine Minks/The Wishing Stones**
 Manchester Worsley Pembroke Halls: **The New Rollers**
 Margate Winter Gardens: **The Crickets**
 Newark The Palace: **George Melly/John Chilton Feetwarmers**
 Newcastle Broken Doll: **The Lost Boys**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Rainmakers**
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Jewish Mother: **The Coat Hanger**
 Northampton Double Four: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Norwich Arts Centre: **Maire Ni Chathasaigh and Chris Newman**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Everything But The Girl**
 Portsmouth Basins: **Truffle**
 Reading Paradise Club: **The Brilliant Corners/Home & Abroad**
 Redcar Bowl: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Ripon Campus: **Malcolm's Interview**
 Scunthorpe: **Looking For Adam**

Sheffield The Cavern: **Don Valley & The Rotherhithes**
 Sheffield Take Two: **UK Subs/The Masked Raiders**
 Surbiton The Southampton: **Where Are You Seamus?**
 Swansea University: **Anhrefn**
 Trewsbury Gupshill Manor: **Pinto Bennett and the Famous Motel Cowboys**
 Wakefield Sports Club: **First Chros**
 York Arts Centre: **Beat Crazy**

SATURDAY 12

Aberdeen Capitol: **Meatloaf**
 Aldershot West End Centre: **Alternative Comedy with Steve Edgar/Heather Joyce/Johnny Immaterial**
 Bath Moles Club: **Underworld**
 Blackburn Crackers: **The Spitfires/Coldfinger**
 Bletchley Counterpoint: **Zay & The Coloured Beads**
 Birmingham University: **The Larks/Roachford**
 Bishops Stortford Rose and Crown: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Bradford University: **Animal Nightlife**
 Braintree Flacks: **A Pryle of Aces**
 Brentford Red Lion: **The Poormouth/The Boogie Brothers**
 Bridlington Chapel Street Methodist Church: **Paul Douglas**
 Brighton Centre: **The Pogues**
 Brighton Concorde: **Attaco Decente**
 Brighton The Richmond: **Hag Night**
 Bristol Tropic Club: **Into A Circle**
 Carlisle Front Page: **The Hill Bandits**
 Chatham Medway Arts Centre: **The Beloved/Whirl/The Claim/Bill Pritchard**
 Chesham High School: **George Melly/John Chilton Feetwarmers**
 Colchester Essex University: **Luxuria**
 Coventry Foleshill Road The Heath: **Government Issue/Visions of Change/Bad Blood**
 Coventry Mercia Sporting Club: **Chrome Molly**
 Crewe Starlight Ballroom: **Bobby Bare/David Allan Coe**
 Dudley JB's: **Oran 'A' Tang**
 Elmer Cabin Club: **Stone Cold**
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **The Rainmakers**
 Harlow The Square: **Cobras**
 Hatfield Poly: **Pop Icons**
 Hull New Adelphi: **The Cradle/Bradford**
 Leeds University: **The Prowlers/Stiff Little Fingers**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **The Backward Squares/Fear of God**
 Liverpool Crosby Squash Club: **Anhrefn/Arms & The Boy**
 London Camden Falcon: **The Wishing Stones/East Village**
 London Central Polytechnic: **Brilliant Corners**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Guest Stars/The Caroline Gillfllian Band**
 London EC1 Raffles Club: **The Fyfe Brothers**
 London Fulham Swan: **Skeleton Crew**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **The Forest Hillbillies/The Jivin' Instructors**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Go Buggies**
 London Hackney Empire: **Ali Farka Toure/Jali Musa Jawara**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Bluberry Hellbillies**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Bluberry Hellbellies**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Zapp/Force MD's**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Oyster Band**
 London High Wycombe Nags Head: **Johnny Mars**
 London Islington Hare and Hounds: **Wolfie Witcher and His Brew**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **The Chevalier Brothers**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Ed Jones Quartet**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **The Kings of Wang**
 London Shoreditch Town Hall: **International Women's Day with Maria Tolly/Sabahat Akkiraz/Diane Abbot**
 London Stoke Newington The Weavers: **Irish Mist**
 London Wembley Arena: **AC/DC**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Benefit for Workers of South Africa with Orchestre Jazira/Pitika Ntuli/Mystery Girls**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Paul Merton/Nick Revell/Chris Lynam/Andy Linden/Frederick Benson (compere)/DJ Ronnie Golden**
 Lowestoft South Pier Pavilion: **Frank Jennings Syndicate**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **The Flatmates/Creature Comfort**
 Manchester International: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Manchester University: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 Manchester Worsley Pembroke Halls: **The New Rollers**
 Mansfield Golden Diamond: **Groundhogs**
 Milton Keynes Cosgrove Hotel: **Ark**
 Newcastle Broken Doll: **The Bloos Bros**
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Jewish Mother: **The Coat Hangers**
 Nottingham Royal Centre: **Clannad**
 Oxford Polytechnic: **The Fall**
 Oxford Press Steel Club: **Pinto Bennett and the Famous Motel Cowboys**
 Paignton Devon Coast Holiday Village: **Daniel O'Donnell**
 Portsmouth Basins: **Here & Now**
 Retford Porterhouse: **999/Rob Green**
 Ryde Pubpool Holiday Centre: **The Crickets**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Mission**

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PAGE 37

Sheffield Leadmill: **Stump/Nearly Thirties**
 Sheffield Take Two: **Mysterious Fifth**
 Member/The Late Boys
 Sheffield University: **Everything But The Girl/Octagon**
 Swansea University: **The Joysucks**
 Uxbridge Brunel University: **It Bites**
 Wendover Wellhead Inn: **Outskirts**
 Workshop Wheelhouse: **Slaughterhouse 5/The Keith and Mat Experience**

SUNDAY 13

Aberdeen Capitol: **Meatloaf**
 Birmingham Piranhas C.O.D. Club: **The Rotten Swines**
 Bradford Tumblers: **Skint Video/Stan Engel**
 Brentford Red Lion: **Willy Finlayson** (lunchtime)/**Willy & The Warriors** (evening)
 Brighton Escape Club: **James Taylor Quartet/EVER**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Clannad**
 Cambridge Coin Exchange: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 Croydon Underground: **Into A Circle**
 Dudley JB's: **Trevor Burton**
 Dundee Dance Factory: **Le Rue**
 Eastcote Clay Pigeon: **Stateside Slide**
 Glasgow Rooftops: **Benefit Gig for No More Censorship Fund with Dog Faced Hermans/Good and Gone/The Ceteran/The Stretch Heads**
 Lancaster University: **Everything But The Girl**
 Leicester de Montfort Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
 Liverpool Everyman Bistrot: **56 Kiss**
 Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Zodiac**
 Mindwarp & The Love Reaction
 London Brixton Canterbury Arms Mule Club: **Noseflutes/Dentists**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Big Joe Duskin**

London Deptford Albany Empire: **DJ Dazzle/Sindecut/DJ Fingers/MC Crazy Noddy/Hit 'n' Run/MC Einstine**
 London EC1 Sadlers Wells Theatre: **Sinead O'Connor**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Crows/Ten Ten**
 London Fulham Swan: **Joint Effort**
 London Hackney Empire: **Attacco Decente**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Shakin' Stevens**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler Acoustic Room: **Eyelashed & Torn**
 London High Wycombe Nags Head: **Maniacs** (lunchtime)
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Alias Ron Kavana** (lunchtime)/**The Trojans** (evening)
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Sue Shattock/Terry Disley/Jaz Caf House Band**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **Paul Howard**
 London Soho Ronnie Scott's: **Animal Nightlife**
 London Stoke Newington The Weavers: **Back To Back** (lunchtime)/**Sally Backer/Bob Davenport** (evening)
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **Luxuria**
 London Wembley Arena: **AC/DC**
 London Wimbledon Theatre: **Daniel O'Donnell**
 London Wood Green Trade Union Centre: **Hot Doris Band/Terri Carol/Jan Ravens/Sea Monster**
 Lowestoft South Pier Pavilion: **Grand Designs**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **Irish Night**
 Newcastle Broken Doll: **Cheap Sunglasses/Ray Stubbs R'N'B All Stars**
 Newcastle Riverside: **Government Issue/Bad Blood**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Aswad**
 Nottingham Russells: **Asphalt Ribbons**
 Poynton Folk Centre: **Danny Thompson and Whatever**
 Redcar Bowl: **The Rainmakers**
 Redditch White Hart: **Maire Ni Chathasaigh and Chris Newman**
 Sheffield Take Two Club: **The Landlords/The Shotgun Brides**

Skipssea Methodist Church: **Paul Douglas**
 Southampton Mayflower: **The Pogues**
 Southport Theatre: **The Crickets**
 Tynemouth The Pigsty: **The Three Little Pigs**
 West Bromwich Coach and Horses: **Goats Don't Shave**

MONDAY 14

Bath Moles Club: **Waving Not Drowning**
 Bristol Studio: **Stiff Little Fingers**
 Bristol Thekla: **Danny Thompson and Whatever**
 Brighton Top Rank: **Aswad**
 Canterbury Kent University: **The Brilliant Corners**
 Dudley JB's: **These Tender Virtues**
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **Meatloaf**
 Edinburgh The Venue: **The Hook 'n' Pull Gang/The Tex Fillet Five**
 Exeter University: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Mission**
 Glasgow La Tanière: **The Big Step**
 Glasgow Pharaohs: **Government Issue/Bad Blood**
 Harlow The Square: **The Inheritors/Heads Together/Absolute Zero**
 Hull Wellington Club: **Looking For Adam**
 Kent University: **Brilliant Corners**
 Liverpool Royal Court: **The Fall**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Mighty Mighty**
 London Finsbury Park George Robey: **Bob/The Lost T Shirts of Atlantis/The Siddeleys/Calling Dr Bunny/DJ Mighty Finn**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Keith Le Blanc/The Tackhead Sound System**
 London Fulham Swan: **Macavity's Cat**
 London Hackney Empire: **Harry 'Stavros' Enfield/Skint Video/Mark Steel/Hope Augustus/Felix/John Moloney/Sea Monster/Mr Adams and Mr Dandridge/Mark Miwurdz/Kit Hollerbach/Stephen Frost (compere)**

London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Worlds Apart/Reno and Rome/Positive Thinking**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **World Domination Enterprises/Fairground Attraction**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Otis Grand and the Dance Kings**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Lol Coxhill**
 London Soho Alice In Wonderland: **Looking Glass**
 London Soho Wag Club: **Kalima**
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **The Pogues**
 Manchester Apollo: **Clannad**
 Mansfield Nerve Centre: **Slaughterhouse 5**
 Newcastle Broken Doll: **Dan To Dan**
 Nottingham Astoria: **Wishbone Ash**
 Nottingham Rock City: **Stump/Jack Rubies**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Bodeans/Officer Dibble**
 Sheffield Take Two: **The Wonder Stuff/Zig and Friends**
 Swansea University: **The Men They Couldn't Hang**
 Warrington Parr Hall: **Engine/Nightcrawler**
 Windsor Blazars: **Daniel O'Donnell**

TUESDAY 15

Aberdeen Ritz's: **Tour De Force**
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Benefit for Shelter - The Atom Spies/Dogfood/Jellyfish Nation**
 Brentford Red Lion: **Macavity's Cat/Joel Blow**
 Cardiff Chapter Bar: **Doc Savage aka Mutilated Jelly**
 Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **The Macc Lads**
 Douglas Isle of Man Gaiety Theatre: **George Melly/John Chilton Feetwarmers**
 Dudley JB's: **Leisure Drive**
 Glasgow Pavilion: **Everything But The Girl**
 Harlow The Square: **Geoff Higginbottom**
 Horsham Champagnes: **Brilliant Corners**

Leeds Irish Centre: **Hellion**
 Leeds University: **The Fall**
 Leicester University: **Stump**
 Leigh-on-Sea Crooked Billet: **Maire Ni Chathasaigh and Chris Newman**
 Liverpool Polytechnic: **Hot House Flowers/The Chain Gang**
 London Camden Palace: **Clan of Zymox**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Jacket Potatoes/Dalriada**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Jump Tribe/Stagefright**
 London Fulham Swan: **Papa George**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **MDMA**
 London Hackney Chats Palace: **Out Of The Window**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **This Changes Everything/Raw**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Aswad**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
 London N16 Jazz Café: **Norma Winstone Trio**
 London N16 New Pegasus: **Hiding In The Tall Grass**
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **The Pogues**
 London ULU: **Boys Wonder**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Cinema**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Meatloaf**
 Newcastle Jumping Hot Club: **Big Joe Duskin**
 Newport Centre: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Mission**
 Nottingham Russells: **John Noakes Experience**
 Perth The Venue: **Government Issue/Bad Blood**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Rainmakers**
 Rainham Deri Club: **Pump Action/Fallacy/The Storm Angels**
 Sheffield Roxy: **Wishbone Ash**
 Sheffield University: **Zodiac Mindwarp and the Love Reaction/Octagon**
 Stoke-on-Trent Shelleys: **Guana Batz**
 Wakefield Rooftop Gardens: **The Crickets**
 Windsor Blazars: **Daniel O'Donnell**

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

rock GARDEN
 BREAKTHROUGH VENUE FOR NEW BANDS

THIS WEEK:
 WED 9 MARCH - THE GREEN + Smash at the Blues
 THU 10 MARCH - BOSS THE BAND (onstage 9.30pm) + from 11pm The "Sugar Lump Club" with Terodactyl Presley
 FRI 11 MARCH - OFFICER DIBBLE & THE TOP CATS + The Sous
 SAT 12 MARCH - MR. PRESIDENT + Too Many Chefs
 SUN 13 MARCH - LOS PALOMAS + I Spy + Say So
 MON 14 MARCH - SOUND MIX + VODKA TOURISTS + THE GIFT + SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS + HEATHCLIFFE
 TUE 15 MARCH - ANGEL ANGEL + The Johnnies + Stanaard Time + The Rolfs + Ice
 WED 16 MARCH - MDMA + ADC Band

BREAKTHROUGH U.K. - ROCK GARDEN presents in conjunction with ITV TELETHON and TURNING POINT (the anti-drugs agency) A NATIONWIDE TALENT HUNT FOR THE U.K.'S BEST NEW BAND. Loads of prizes, winner gets a gig on NATIONAL TV TELETHON NIGHT. For details of your area heat phone 01 - 836 1929 between 9am & 7pm.

INFO: music venue - IS OPEN 8PM till 3AM MON thru SAT AND 7.30PM till MIDNIGHT ON SUN. THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING. YOU HAVE TO BE OVER 18. restaurant: OPEN EVERY DAY, MIDDAY, RIGHT thru till 1AM OR LATER.

BANDS: WE NEED REAL TALENT...SEND YOUR DEMO TAPES TO SEAN OR AMBER AT THE ADDRESS BELOW OR PHONE 01 836 1929

CAFE VENUE THE PIAZZA COVENT GARDEN
 LONDON WC2E 8HB INFO ☎ 01 240 3961

KEITH LE BLANC
 + **TACKHEAD SOUND SYSTEM**
 Featuring DJ GARY CLAIL
 LIVE MIX BY ADRIAN SHERWOOD
 GREYHOUND MON MARCH 14th
 175 FULHAM PALACE RD DOORS 7.30
 Tickets £4 available on door only

in association with JLP concerts march

PRIMITIVE
 + TEN
 TEN

14 newcastle - riverside
 15 leeds - warehouse
 16 manchester international 1
 17 sheffield - university
 19 glasgow - school of art

+ STOP PRESS + STOP PRESS + STOP PRESS + STOP PRESS + LONDON SHOW WEDNESDAY 11TH MAY ADM £6
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 tickets £4, from usual outlets subject to booking fee

Kennedy Street Enterprises present

CLANNAD

March 12	NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE	0602 472328
March 13	BRISTOL COLSTON HALL	0272 291768
March 14	MANCHESTER APOLLO	016 273 3775
March 15	SHEFFIELD CITY HALL	0742 735295
March 16	UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA	0603 505401
March 17	HAMMERSMITH ODEON	01-748 4081
March 18	NEWCASTLE CITY HALL	091 261 2606
March 20	POOLE ARTS CENTRE	0202 685222
March 21	OXFORD APOLLO	0865 244544
March 22	BIRMINGHAM HIPPODROME	021 622 7436

START: 7.30pm
 TICKETS: £6.50, £5.50
 Except: HAMMERSMITH, POOLE & BIRMINGHAM £7.00 & £6.00
 UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA £6.00
 Tickets from the box offices and (subject to booking fee) usual agents

Marshall Arts Ltd. Proudly Present

BOURGEOIS TAGG
 WITH SPECIAL GUEST
JULIA FORDHAM
 WEDNESDAY 6TH APRIL AT 8.00 PM
 ASTORIA THEATRE
 157 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON W.C.2.
 TICKETS £6.00 IN ADVANCE FROM ASTORIA BOX OFFICE TEL: 01-434 0404.
 KEITH PROWSE 01-741 8989, LTB 01-439 3371, PREMIER 01-240 0771.
 TICKETMASTER 01-379 4444, STARGREEN 01-734 8932, ALBEMARLE 01-580 3141.
 (AGENCY & CREDIT CARD TICKETS SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

SHELLEY & KRYS present

Friday & Saturday Soul Session
 FUNK IT UP, 60's SOUL, 70's FUNK, 80's DANCEMUSIC + HOUSE
 8pm - 2am
 FEATURING LIVE
 FRI 11th SAT 12th
1-S-T MAIN ACT ON STAGE 10PM SHARP
 ADM £5
MARSHALL JEFFERSON
 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE
 RING DOROTHY KEOGH
 ON 01-829 7816.

HOUSEHOLD

45

THE CHESTERFIELDS
 NEW 12" EP
'GOODBYE GOODBYE'

RELEASED 7th MARCH

DISTRIBUTED by REVOLVER/THE CARTEL

(HOLD 1T)

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Plus Special Guests

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
FRIDAY 11th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from Mike Lloyd Megastores Manly & Newcastle and Lotus Records Stafford

LEEDS UNIVERSITY

SATURDAY 12th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from Cats Shop Students Union (0532-439771) & Jumbo Records Leeds

LEICESTER UNIVERSITY

SUNDAY 13th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from University Union, Poly Union, St. Mark's Records, HMV Leicester

BRISTOL STUDIO

MONDAY 14th MARCH 8.00 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from Studio B/O Tel: 0272 276193, Virgin & Revolver Bristol, Rival Bristol & Bath.

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

TUESDAY 15th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00

Available from B/O Tel: 0705-824355, Blue Juice Fareham, Southdowns Chichester

CARDIFF RITZY

WEDNESDAY 16th MARCH 8.00 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from B/O Tel: 0222-26538, Spillers & HMV Cardiff, Derricks Swansea, Rokness Newport & Bridgend.

BRIXTON ACADEMY

THURSDAY 17th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £7.00 Door

Available from B/O Tel: 01-325 1022, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), LTB, Open All Hours & Stargreen.

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT

FRIDAY 18th MARCH 7.30 pm

Tickets: £5.00

Available from B/O Tel: 051-709 4321, Liverpool University Students Union.

GLASGOW BARRACKLANDS

SATURDAY 19th MARCH 8.00 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from B/O Tel: 041-225 4879, Virgin & Revolver Glasgow, Trash Records Ayr, Record Market Paisley.

BRIGHTON TOP RANK

MONDAY 21st MARCH 8.00 pm

Tickets: £5.00 Advance, £6.00 Door

Available from B/O Tel: 0273 732621, Virgin & Revolver Brighton

OUTLAW PRESENT

LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS



SPECIAL GUESTS 'THE RAILWAY CHILDREN'

SUN 17th APRIL WEMBLEY ARENA

Tickets £8.50/£7.50 plus 50p booking fee per ticket

Available from B/O Tel: 01-582 1626, Virgin & Revolver, Wembley

Keith Prowse, Tower and Ticketmaster

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE 01 582 1626

15th APRIL GLOUCESTER LEISURE CENTRE

Tickets £7.50 from box office and usual agents

16th APRIL LEICESTER GRANBY HALL

Tickets £7.50 from box office and usual agents

Show starts 7.30pm

Agency and Credit Card tickets subject to booking fee

TO ADVERTISE ON
THE LIVE PAGE
RING DOROTHY KEOGH
ON 01-829 7816.

Princess
Charlotte

Wed 9th

THE GROUNDHOGS
with
TONY McPHEE

Thurs 10th

THE DT's

Tue 15th

ASLAN

£2.50

Thurs 17th

INTO A CIRCLE

£2.50

Fri 18th

BRILLIANT CORNERS

Thurs 24th

HOUSE OF LOVE

Wed 30th

PRIME EVIL

Leicester's leading pub venue.

Bands six nights a week.

RONNIE SCOTT'S

47 FRITH STREET, LONDON W1

Sun Mar 13 at 8pm £6.50

ANIMAL
NIGHTLIFE

Sun Mar 20 at 8pm £6.00

NAJMA

Sun Mar 27 at 8pm £6.00

GERRY SADOWITZ

BOX OFFICE 01-439 0747

AND USUAL AGENTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE

ART
GARFUNKEL

13TH/14TH/15TH APRIL

RUSH

30TH APRIL

FLEETWOOD
MAC

24TH/25TH MAY

LEONARD
COHEN

30TH MAY

INXS

25TH JUNE

PINK
FLOYD

5TH/6TH AUG

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE

01-734 8932

STARGREEN

20 ARGYLL ST,

LONDON W1V 1AA.

HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 10th

LONDON BLUEGRASS CLUB
FINGERS AND CO

Friday 11th

GROUNDHOGS

Saturday 12th

STEVE GIBBONS BAND

Sunday 13th

GENO WASHINGTON
AND THE RAM JAM BAND

Monday 14th

PINTO BENNETT &
THE FAMOUS MOTEL

Tuesday 15th

COWBOYS (USA)
BLUES AT TEN

Wednesday 16th

BOB KERRS
WHOOPEE BAND

* LONDON
BOOKINGS
439 3371

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON

CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH

10th The Cross
11th Voice Of The Beehive
11th Aslan
11th Deluca Triangle
11th/12th Zapp
12th The Highliners
12th Forest Hill Billies
13th Animal Nightlife
13th Luxuria
13th Shakin Stevens
16th Joan Baez
17th The Rainmakers
17th Clannad
18th Hot House Flowers
18th The Fall
19th Bolo Bolo
19th Ace Freelys Comets
20th Stump
20th Rick Wakeman
20th Ted Nugent
22nd/23rd Mission
23rd Meatloaf
24th Simply Red
24th So
25th Bomb Party
25th/26th Magnum
25th/27th Mission
26th Torme
27th Peter Murphy
27th/29th Temptations
28th The Sugarcubes
29th Everything But The Girl
29th Pere Ubu
30th The Men They Couldn't Hang
31st Deacon Blue

APRIL

2nd Ted Chippington
2nd T'Pau
3rd Toto
7th Mark Stuart + The Mafia
7th Alice Cooper
7th Joyce Sims
8th Blyth Power
10th Wayne Shorter
12th Def Leppard
13th AC/DC
13th/15th Art Garfunkel
17th Robert Plant
17th Lloyd Cole & the Commotions
18th Frank Zappa
21st/22nd Hawkwind
22nd Blue Aeroplanes
26th Al Di Meola
28th Rush
29th The Soup Dragons

MAY

1st Throwing Muses Pixies
1st/2nd Ray Parker Junior
5th/6th Erasure
8th/11th/12th Whitney Houston
14th/16th Whitney Houston
18th Fields Of Nephilim
19th/20th Billy Ocean
22nd Fleetwood Mac
28th David Sylvian

JUNE

12th Burning Spear
15th George Michael
25th INXS

JULY

26th Michael Jackson

AUGUST

5th/6th Pink Floyd
29th Michael Jackson

OCTOBER

17th/20th James Last

* LONDON
BOOKINGS
439 3371

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE

LONDON W1

HOTHOUSE
FLOWERS

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

MARCH 15th 8.00pm
LIVERPOOL
POLYTECHNIC
TICKETS £3.00 ADVANCE
TEL: 051-709 4047 & USUAL AGENTS

MARCH 18th 7.30pm
ASTORIA THEATRE,
CHARING CROSS ROAD
TICKETS £5.00 ADVANCE
TEL: BOX OFFICE 01-434 0403,
KEITH PROWSE, L.T.B.
STAR GREEN 734 8932, PREMIER,
OPEN ALL HOURS, ROUGH TRADE, ROCK ON.

MARCH 20th 8.00pm
LEICESTER
UNIVERSITY
TICKETS £3.00 ADVANCE
TEL: 0533-556282 & USUAL AGENTS

THE
CROWS

THE
LOVE
YOU
RUN

3 TRACK 12" EP

TMRU THE CROWD EUR 12 042

— LIVE —

London Dingwalls
London Sir George Ron
Glasgow School of Art
Glasgow Cotton Club
Edinburgh Venue

STRAID RECORDS

TO
ADVERTISE
ON THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
DOROTHY
KEOGH
ON
01-829 7816.



Outlaw in Association with Solo present

MARCH

15th GLASGOW PAVILION

Tickets £6 and £5 tel: 041 332 1846

16th MANCHESTER APOLLO

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 061 273 3775

17th LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT

Tickets £6 and £5. Tel: 051 709 4321

19th NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 0602 483505

20th BIRMINGHAM HIPPODROME

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 021 622 7486

21st CARDIFF ST. DAVID'S HALL

Tickets £7.50 and £6.50 tel: 0222 371236

22nd OXFORD APOLLO

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 0865 244544

24th PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 0705 824355

25th BRIGHTON DOME

Tickets £7 and £6 tel: 0273 674357

28th SOLD OUT LEBERT HALL

EXTRA SHOW

29th ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Tickets £8.50 and £7.50 available by post from

P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Add 50p booking

fee per ticket and make cheques/PO's payable to

Everything But The Girl Box Office.

Allow four weeks delivery and enclose S.A.E.

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01 582 1626

new album IDLEWILD out now

MCP, by arrangement with Fair Warning, presents:

Ted Nugent KROKUS

HAMMERSMITH

ODEON THEATRE

SUNDAY 20th MARCH

7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.50, £6.50

Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081/2

Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989)

LTB, Premier, Open All Hours

and Stargreen.

(Subject to Booking Fee)

MANCHESTER

APOLLO THEATRE

MONDAY 21st MARCH

7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.50, £6.50

Available from B/O

Tel: 061 273 3775,

Piccadilly Records Manchester,

Vibes Records Bury.

(Subject to Booking Fee)

EDINBURGH

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE

TUESDAY 22nd MARCH

7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.50, £6.50

Available from B/O

Tel: 031-557 2590

and usual agents.

(Subject to Booking Fee)

SHEFFIELD

CITY HALL

WEDNESDAY 23rd MARCH

7.30 pm

Tickets: £7.50, £6.50

Available from B/O

Tel: 0742-735295

and usual agents.

(Subject to Booking Fee)

JLP CONCERTS PRESENT
'ALONE AGAIN' AN ACOUSTIC EVENING WITH
JOHN MARTYN
IN CONCERT
PLUS TRACY CHAPMAN (Mon 28 only) Plus ROBERT PERRY (Tues 29 only)
SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
MON 28th / TUES 29th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS £7.50 £6.50 Tel: 01 278 8916 & USUAL AGENTS
BRISTOL BIERKELLER MON 21st MARCH
TICKETS £6.00 ADVANCE TEL: 02 72 268514 8pm
Plus TRACY CHAPMAN

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 9th March	THE CHAIRS - The Girl With The Blue Guitar	£2.00
Thursday 10th March	PERFECT DAZE THE SENSELESS THINGS	£2.00
Friday 11th March	PICTURE THIS - Shoot The Joker	£2.00
Saturday 12th March	RARE GROOVE DISCO	£3.50
Monday 14th March	KEITH LE BLANC - The Tackhead Sound System	£4.00
Tuesday 15th March	THE JUMP TRIBE - Stagefright	£2.00

LONDON'S 1ST ROCK VENUE TO BRING YOU SATELLITE TV FROM AROUND THE WORLD!
SPECIAL GUEST DJ FROM RAIDERS 105.2 FM RADIO STATION FEATURED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING

R.T. MANAGEMENT IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE W.11 EXPRESS
PRESENT
KING BUTCHER
DEBUT LONDON APPEARANCE... TABERNACLE HALL, POWIS SQUARE, LONDON W.11.
THURSDAY 12TH MARCH 1988
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm. TICKETS £4.00 ON DOOR. (MORE INFO ON 01-251 2305)

Presented by the South Bank Board and the Contemporary Music Network
KRONOS QUARTET
programme includes:
BARTOK: QUARTET NO. 3
TERRY RILEY: CONQUEST OF THE WAR DREAMS
THELONIOUS MONK: ROUND MIDNIGHT
BEN JOHNSTON: QUARTET NO. 4 'AMAZING GRACE'
WEDNESDAY 16 MARCH AT 7.45PM
QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
TICKETS £5 CONCS £3
BOX OFFICE 928 3191
CC 928 8800
24hr CC 240 7200 (fee)
WATERLOO/EMBANKMENT

WILF A WALKER & UNITED ASSOCIATES PRESENTS
MISTY IN ROOTS
PLUS SPECIAL GUEST • PLUS DBC
SAT 19 MARCH 7-30pm
ASTORIA
TICKETS £5 ADVANCE
FROM BOX OFFICE 434 0403 • L78 439 3371 • KEITH PROWSE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS 741 8989 • PREMIER 240 0771
STARGREEN 734 8932 • DUB VENDER 223 3757 • DADDY KOOL 487 3535 • RHYTHM RECORDS 267 0123

MCP by arrangement with T.S. presents
THE MISSION
Plus Special Guests
RED LORRY
WILLOW LORRY
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRIDAY 4th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 061 261 7908
USUAL AGENTS
MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
THURSDAY 10th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 061 223 2775
PACADILLY RECORDS Manchester, Vibes Records Bury
LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
FRIDAY 11th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 051 709 4321
USUAL AGENTS
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
SATURDAY 12th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 0142 732295
USUAL AGENTS
EXETER UNIVERSITY
MONDAY 14th MARCH 8.00pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM THE GUILD (0352-283523), HULL & LEFT BANK RECORDS Exeter, Virgin Records Torquay, Royal Records Plymouth and Andie Records
TICKETS FOR ALL SHOWS £6.00
NEWPORT CENTRE
TUESDAY 15th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 0632 5861
USUAL AGENTS
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
WEDNESDAY 16th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 0272 262631
USUAL AGENTS
BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD
FRIDAY 18th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 061 234 4238
USUAL AGENTS
POOLE ARTS CENTRE
FRIDAY 18th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 01204 480022
USUAL AGENTS
PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
SATURDAY 19th MARCH 7.30pm
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 0705 810000
USUAL AGENTS

RAMPANT MUSIC PRESENTS
ANGEL ANGEL
TUESDAY 15TH MARCH
AT THE ROCK GARDEN, THE PLAZA, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON WC2E 8HB
DOORS OPEN 7.30PM

MCP Presents
INXS
KICK
WORLD TOUR '88
Plus Special Guests
S.E. & C.C. GLASGOW
WEDNESDAY 22nd JUNE 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (Subject to booking fee)
Available from Just The Ticket Glasgow, Virgin Records Edinburgh, Grouchos Dundee, Virgin Records Aberdeen and all usual TOCTA agents. Credit Card Bookings 031-226 2295 or by post from INXS Box Office, P.O. Box 180, Head Post Office Edinburgh.
BIRMINGHAM NEC ARENA
MONDAY 27th JUNE 8.00 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee).
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards accepted). Or by postal application to: INXS B/O, NEC Birmingham B40 1NT. Enclose cheque/PO made payable to NEC INXS with SAE and allow 50p booking fee per ticket. Or by personal application from: Odeon Theatre, Ticket Shop Birmingham, Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Megastores Newcastle & Hanley, Piccadilly Records Manchester, TLCA Liverpool, Cavendish Travel Leeds & Sheffield, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Town Hall Leicester, Poster Place Coventry, Information Centre Oxford and Virgin Bristol
WEMBLEY ARENA
SATURDAY 25th JUNE 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-902 1234 Or by postal application to: INXS B/O, P.O. Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Enclose cheque/PO made payable to MCP Ltd. with SAE and allow 50p booking fee per ticket. Or by personal application from: Tower Records Piccadilly, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Open All Hours, LTB, Premier and Stargreen (subject to a booking fee)

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6
Wednesday 9th March
KITCHENS OF DISTINCTION
+ Illustrious Cutlery £1.50
Thursday 10th March
FRACTURED
+ The Frantic Finestones £2.00
Friday 11th March
THE GARAGE
£2.50
Saturday 12th March
THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES
+ Support £1.50
Monday 14th March
WORLDS APART
RENO & ROME
POSITIVE THINKING £1.50
Tuesday 15th March
THIS CHANGE IS EVERYTHING
- Raw
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm

TUNNEL CLUB
01-858 0837/95
in the M1
BRMaze HIL Buses 177, 160, 266 then 106
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 20
Sun 21
Mon 22
Tue 23
Wed 24
Thur 25
Fri 26
Sat 27
Sun 28
Mon 29
Tue 30
Wed 31
Thur 1
Fri 2
Sat 3
Sun 4
Mon 5
Tue 6
Wed 7
Thur 8
Fri 9
Sat 10
Sun 11
Mon 12
Tue 13
Wed 14
Thur 15
Fri 16
Sat 17
Sun 18
Mon 19
Tue 20
Wed 21
Thur 22
Fri 23
Sat 24
Sun 25
Mon 26
Tue 27
Wed 28
Thur 29
Fri 30
Sat 31
Sun 1
Mon 2
Tue 3
Wed 4
Thur 5
Fri 6
Sat 7
Sun 8
Mon 9
Tue 10
Wed 11
Thur 12
Fri 13
Sat 14
Sun 15
Mon 16
Tue 17
Wed 18
Thur 19
Fri 20
Sat 21
Sun 22
Mon 23
Tue 24
Wed 25
Thur 26
Fri 27
Sat 28
Sun 29
Mon 30
Tue 31
Wed 1
Thur 2
Fri 3
Sat 4
Sun 5
Mon 6
Tue 7
Wed 8
Thur 9
Fri 10
Sat 11
Sun 12
Mon 13
Tue 14
Wed 15
Thur 16
Fri 17
Sat 18
Sun 19
Mon 20
Tue 21
Wed 22
Thur 23
Fri 24
Sat 25
Sun 26
Mon 27
Tue 28
Wed 29
Thur 30
Fri 31
Sat 1
Sun 2
Mon 3
Tue 4
Wed 5
Thur 6
Fri 7
Sat 8
Sun 9
Mon 10
Tue 11
Wed 12
Thur 13
Fri 14
Sat 15
Sun 16
Mon 17
Tue 18
Wed 19
Thur 20
Fri 21
Sat 22
Sun 23
Mon 24
Tue 25
Wed 26
Thur 27
Fri 28
Sat 29
Sun 30
Mon 31
Tue 1
Wed 2
Thur 3
Fri 4
Sat 5
Sun 6
Mon 7
Tue 8
Wed 9
Thur 10
Fri 11
Sat 12
Sun 13
Mon 14
Tue 15
Wed 16
Thur 17
Fri 18
Sat 19
Sun 20
Mon 21
Tue 22
Wed 23
Thur 24
Fri 25
Sat 26
Sun 27
Mon 28
Tue 29
Wed 30
Thur 31
Fri 1
Sat 2
Sun 3
Mon 4
Tue 5
Wed 6
Thur 7
Fri 8
Sat 9
Sun 10
Mon 11
Tue 12
Wed 13
Thur 14
Fri 15
Sat 16
Sun 17
Mon 18
Tue 19
Wed 20
Thur 21
Fri 22
Sat 23
Sun 24
Mon 25
Tue 26
Wed 27
Thur 28
Fri 29
Sat 30
Sun 31
Mon 1
Tue 2
Wed 3
Thur 4
Fri 5
Sat 6
Sun 7
Mon 8
Tue 9
Wed 10
Thur 11
Fri 12
Sat 13
Sun 14
Mon 15
Tue 16
Wed 17
Thur 18
Fri 19
Sat 2

live

EDITED BY HELEN MEAD

THE EIGHT TRACK CARTRIDGE FAMILY LONDON FULHAM GREYHOUND

WORKING AT Rough Trade certainly didn't help Jacko Eight-Track adjust to the rigours of living in '80s Britain. The gibbering mania that is a side-effect of the Collier Street Syndrome (now officially recognised as an industrial injury) played havoc with his already fanatic nature.

He would talk openly in pubs about Ayshea and pass round grubby clippings from *Music Star*. His world was feather-cut, brown-and-cream-acrylic-tank-top-shaped when normal folk were busy assimilating the Japanese aesthetic.

Look at him up there. Poor sod. He will probably have to be told there's a '70s revival trying to happen. He's wearing some waaaaay-wiggy post-Glitterband slap'n'tinsel that any genuine '70s bandwagon-jumper would dismiss as non-purist and un-pimp. But for loopy Jacko, singing the "watch her dancin'" back up to Barry Blue's 'Dancin' On A Saturday Night' is his way of attaining a higher plane of '70s existence; one that the sartorial nit-pickers would rather not go near.

He wears the look of resolute happiness typical of loonies like L. Ron Hubbard and Uri Geller, people who neither know nor care about what's going on in the world.

Naturally loonies attract the company of other loonies. The guitarist is horribly serious about guitar and probably hasn't noticed that he both looks and dresses like Steve Priest. Jacko and Clara probably think he's quite ordinary.

Mind you, sometimes I wonder about Clara. She doesn't wear the same blinged-out look of Jacko and Co when performing. She sings third division Abba numbers and second-class Suzi Quatro boppers with less than respect. Maybe she's tormented by the fact that she looks even more '70s in real life than she does off-stage. Now there's an irony, everyone pondering how quaint it might be to be Jason King for a day whilst the poor woman does her utmost to assault the decade and its culture.

They'll still be boogying on the same mania when Britain is undergoing a Numan revival. The thing that makes their glampunk different to that of other Pretender-Revivalists is their rosy-checked evangelism. It's like some sweet kid coming up to you and trying to share some grisly, part-masticated confection with you. Yes, mm, lovely, but no thanks.

Myrna Minkoff

LOOP THE SHRUBS LONDON ULU

THE SHRUBS' offering is of the season: bare. The night before, whilst cleaning his plectrum, their second guitarist shot himself in a fit of pique, but as this isn't considered risqué enough for a Butthole's support, the set is three quarters of the way over before the doors are even opened.

Rumour has it that the Shrubs' eclectic brand of epileptic hard-nosed Beefheartian funk has joined the Blast First stable of unrestrained shit-kicking and a best-selling triple is on the way. Rumour turns out to be wrong. The Shrubs still sell 15 records. Life can be a bitch, sometimes.

Loop, having had no soundcheck and, faced with less than 30 minutes to entice the speed-crazed student

casualty audience with their psychotic paralysis, seem in low spirits. Wrong drug scene anyway. You need acid or dope or downers to appreciate Loop's mind-wrenching repetition, not face-contorting nirvana. Blink, or fall asleep, and 20 minutes later Loop will be playing the same song. Or rather, *they won't*—and tonight that's the whole problem.

Y'see, their music of intense driven introspection requires undivided concentration and if this calm should be shattered, then the feeling goes straight out the window. Tonight Loop destroy any mystique they might've gained by apologising every other second. For a Loop number to work, like the brilliant 'I'll Take You There' off the forthcoming Head compilation album it should last a full-blooded 15 minutes at least, not a half-hearted five.

The key is in the build-up. With no lightshow present, VOLUME is used to bludgeon the senses into submission, but lacking in timing and pitch, the show comes across like the dark side of an early Mary Chain concert. For a band named after a 1967 John Cale flexi comprising a tape loop of bass feedback, tonight they've chosen their sound aptly: an eternal drone.

Not as poppy as Dinosaur Jr or as acidic as Spaceman 3, Loop still draw heavily on the tradition of Hawkwind, the wah-wah pedal and a complete lack of variance in guitar tone. They possess a certain crossover potential between the acid-heads and the cutie-rockers, and with one of their members leaving shortly for the lure of greasepaint it remains to be seen how much they can capitalise on the fact. The new Mission anyone?

The Legend!

BOBBY WOMACK LONDON, ODEON HAMMERSMITH

HALFWAY THROUGH I packed my bags, gathered my friends and left Bobby Womack to his tiresome medleys, continual bantering and the now inescapable fact that his saxophone playing brother Fernando, who sang two verses of 'Inherit The Wind', could out-sing his erstwhile elder brother, *anyday*.

Now billing himself as The Last Soul Man (it would be interesting to know what someone like Willie Clayton thinks about that) Bobby Womack is now riding a slippery slope with only himself to blame.

Having resuscitated his career in the early '80s with three increasingly patchy LPs—'Poet', 'Poet 2' and 'Many Rivers To Cross'—his last two LPs have shown none of the grit and brilliance that was regularly marked his output, which is not surprising seeing as how 'The Last Soul Man' is mainly a rerecording, literally of 'Womagic', with a couple of new songs tagged on.

Tonight, Womack's voice was nowhere near its potential and his mis-pacing of the set was highlighted further by the faultless band backing him—a precise, tight outfit that it seems only the Americans are capable of providing.

Even the Odeon audience, renowned for getting up and partying at the drop of a bass line, sat resolutely still as Womack pushed his newer material, ignoring his older and far more substantive work for songs that teased but never delivered.

By the time, he got to 'Tryin' Get Over You', Womack had so badly miscalculated that boredom was fast setting in and the exit doors beckoned. Womack is undoubtedly one of the greats, blessed with a voice that ranks with the best and

with a talent for writing songs that hit the spot every time.

The fact that I, as a fan, was home by the time he was just finishing, shouldn't have happened. Simple as that.

Paolo Hewitt

THE JACK RUBIES BRADFORD MANCHESTER BOARDWALK

THESE ARE lean times for young men with guitars. As the British noise/dance faction gets bigger and bigger, as the charts increasingly become a Technocracy, so the death of The Pop Group seems imminent. No bad thing, you say? Well, maybe. But let's not lose the baby and the bathwater. Homeboy.

Bradford are young, cocky and operate within a tradition of English working class pop traceable from The Beatles via The Jam to The Smiths. Songs big on heart, graft and form. The single, the wonderful 'Skinstorm', is about as dreamy as they get in a set of heat-urgent sorties into territories of poetic and passion.

'Once In A While' and 'Here Endeth The First Lesson' show Bradford at their best, where their partisan melodicism hits all the right places. Elsewhere there's a tendency toward the merely workmanlike that belies their spirit. A bit of late '80s tinsel could work wonders.

Controversy rages within the NME team about The Jack Rubies. Just how irritating are those bongos? Just how effective is the singer's shirt? And is that Benny Hill on guitar? Crazy stuff, this. Post-structuralist Eddie Cochran. The JAMC go Rare Groove. Academic weirdness meets deadpan jangly pop and is, by turns, loveable and tedious.

I could get to like this were it not for the odd annoyance. Like the De Rigueur manic bit in every song where the band compete with each other as to who can make the crappiest sound. Still, good clean zany, commonroom fun. Bongos and shirt having met with NME's approval. The Jack Rubies can now sleep soundly in their beds.

Stuart Maconie

RED HARVEST LONDON MARQUEE

FEW REALISE it yet but come repentance day Red Harvest's guitarist will be the first man tried for 'impersonating a member of Devo' and 'misuse of semaphore'.

And he's guilty on both counts, so that'll be that. No more twiddling of the strings, no more Biggles t-shirts. No more Red Harvest either I suppose which could be construed as a damn shame.

Sometimes their rare mixture of moody undercurrents and jaunty diversions falls oddly on the ears but their best songs are controlled, surging little devils.

Tonight they dispensed with the almost-boppy 'Feeling Young' and biting 'Sound And Fury' while still furtively sticking their tongues out at each other. But in amongst this jolliness (imagine a harmonica laughing at a joke the Casio made in the last song) there are songs of carefully positioned power like 'Be There Soon'. Even pondering on it now, the sly way it builds up to its rousing climax is something akin to greatness.

Their last single 'Murder', changes track again, frowning. But the majority of the upbeat set, scuttles around, vaulting off the drums and bass and landing round the ankles of the creeping, crawling vocals.

Nothing, however, could prepare us for the closing 'In My Heart', preceded by a dashfully annoying poem and seen out by backing vocals from a W meeting.

At a guess it all adds up to something, but I'm not quite sure what.

Steve Lamacq

JAZZ DEFECTORS OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

FROM THE moment they ambled on to the late hour when they finally took their leave, the Jazz Defectors were brilliant. A kaleidoscope of movement and rhythm, they've



Sinead O'Connor. More united kids than Sham 69 ever had

TEENAGE KICKS

SINEAD O'CONNOR DUBLIN OLYMPIC

YOU WALK in the door just as a pre-pubescent pimply mohican decides to kamikaze a pack of playschool skins. You make for the bar but there is no bar. All around there's a sea of teenage tribalism—at the front, the hardcore element; at the back, the 18-year-old grown-ups acting dead casual. Whatever the seen-it-all, heard-it-all-before London brigade say, Sinead O'Connor's home town audience know better—she speaks directly to them. They, on tonight's evidence, are young, working class and wired-up on this hard-nut with a heart of gold.

And she is something to behold. Number one crop, cut-off basque, tu-tu, tights and steel-toed, ten hole DMs—a clockwork orange ballerina from the hardest city in Europe. Dublin welcomes Sinead O'Connor with an edgy anticipation that erupts with her onstage arrival. Visibly taken aback and very nervous, Sinead grins, grips the microphone and leads the throng through 'Jackie'. That's all it takes. The rest is easy.

What we are witnessing here is a celebration of difference, from the most conservative and the most anarchic country comes a star who intrigues by her contradictions. Despite an image that snarls aggression, Sinead's particular signature is spelt out in songs that avoid literal meaning for texture and resonance. She is least effective when she succumbs to "rocking out" with the lads in the band. Whatever, she touches a raw nerve tonight, uniting bootboys and homegirls in a swell of teenage emotion. The dramatic landscapes of 'Troy' and 'Jerusalem' find the unlikely reciprocation in inner-city Dublin.

'Drunk Before The War' has them mouthing out every word of every line until the singer relaxes into a smile that fractures her hard-nut exterior.

Sinead O'Connor is '88s first and finest pop chameleon, a Celtic Rude girl stalking the shadows between Kate Bush and Siouxsie Sioux. As banshee wails go, she has both of them beaten hands down. Otherwise, Sinead does very little—the white knuckle grip on the mike is the only dramatic gesture in the midst of a music that says it all. The band—with The Smiths erstwhile rhythm section at the helm—move between funk-out rock and electro moodiness, only occasionally trampling on the fragility of her finest moments.

'Jerusalem' is restrained and evocative, 'I Want Your Hands On Me' an upfront testimony to the joys of unsafe sex. She straps on a huge guitar for 'Just Call Me Joe' and the crowd is silent as the song's hypnotic repetition takes hold. Somewhere she sings the line "I don't know no shame" and you can see a communal glint of self-recognition flit across the faces down front. Whatever else she's doing, Sinead O'Connor is talking directly to a generation that sees some kind of freedom and liberating individualism in her every move.

By the end, she's been called back for two encores and her earlier diffidence is sent packing on the wings of confidence and hometown acceptance. The smile returns as she catches the eye of a friend in the audience. For a moment, she looks like a little lost girl with only a shaved head and big boots for protection. Tonight, she needed neither. Tonight, young Dublin took this strangely strange but oddly normal heroine to their hearts. More power to her number one crop.

Sean O'Hagan

been blessed from on high with the very best instincts for making you sweat, dance and celebrate. Infectious comes nowhere near.

Their raw material is a many layered amalgam of swing, Latin, jazz, speed and stealth. Always fluent and agile, it's a sound shaped less by technique and form than by sheer contagious ingenuity. Good feeling imbues every note and number.

When they really stretch out there's no stopping them. Whether it's the heartening, optimistic lilt and

swing of 'Go For It', the fire in the beats of 'Mamba Budapest' or the sweet, sinewy samba of 'Another Star' it's a perfect dovetailing of melody and looseness, exotic and effusive at all points.

On alto sax Vinny Corrigan can neither stand still nor take a back seat, his cool dispatches swarming in and around the sound with formidable, dextrous ease. Just as active are the front line vocals. Their interpretation of the rhythms being laid down is something I urge you to see—expressive limbs akimbo and

such striking, physical responses—a mirror image of these unshackled beats.

As one born with two left feet and thrown out of all the best dance schools I find moving to the JDs simple. My hoof might not match the elegance of PC's but it doesn't matter. This is music that makes mockery of any real or imagined barriers (style or otherwise). It's generous, gifted and culturally vibrant—knowing, if you get my drift. It ought to be massive

Patrick Weir

THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS LONDON WALTHAMSTOW ROYAL STANDARD

IN FRONT of the tackiest backdrop in London—a real Butlin's-style tinsel curtain—The Company She Keeps set out to punish us for all our grovelling, Greboesque sins. It's a clean world they inhabit, a land of starched shirts firmly buttoned to the chin, short backs-and-sides and boyhood braces.

They piece together a silky-smooth bassist with angelic keyboards and fresh frets. By slotting in a supremely balanced vocal attack of male intensity and somewhat stereotyped female daintiness, they complete their unblemished musical jigsaw. Their hooklines are deceptively innocent and indisputably dangerous: 'Happy Ending' and 'Amanda' bubble through the eardrums, cleansing corruption with frothy, jumpy pop that wallows in whimsicality and should be gulped down.

'Helen' is their powdered, pampered pinnacle, where love has ended and the bags are packed. They torture us by flooding the drawn-out climax with classic false finales, impassioned 'wohohs' and a quite brilliant, cruelly melodic chorus.

The Company She Keeps are another in a long line of worthwhile, well-dressed neo-wimps who persist in tickling the fringe of popular music. They're the kind of band which right-on writers love to loathe, and can kill Goths with a range of three chords. They are despicably clean, churn out hideously catchy fairy (liquid) tales and are hopefully destined to infiltrate posers' noses. All they need is a break. I think I need help.

Simon Doobery

BIRMINGHAM WOMEN'S FESTIVAL BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD

FIVE HUNDRED women have organised more than 200 events for Birmingham's 'Women Celebrate '88' festival, of which tonight's all-female bill was the biggest and best publicised. It was good to see so many girlsterous souls joining in a joyously lech-free riot of sisterhood: whether you were interested primarily in levelling a mountain of wholefood, dancing the night away or soaking up a few politically correct sherberts along with the vastly varied range of entertainment.

By the end of their short set I found myself, almost against my better judgement, jotting defensive notes on *The Rhythm Sisters*, the twins' mutually contradictory line in inter-tune prattle proving the final positive clincher. I wish they could relax the twisted cabaret brittleness of their vocals and get in line with the flowing folk guitar and ukelele backing—in which case the loveability quotient of certain cheeky little songs, like 'Henry's Married Daughter', would surely rocket.

Jolly Lorna Gee, self-styled purveyor of the art of *Sing-Jaying*, seemed to be involved in little more than rapping and warbling sickly tunes over impossibly bass-heavy reggae tapes, but I was still sad to see her bounce back to what must have been an awfully crowded dressing-room.

While her five-piece backing-band fiddled for ages attempting to bridge the tuning gap between East (tablas, exotic sit-down violin) and West (synth, bass, sax), banghra heroine **Najma Akhtar** shuffled from foot to foot, looking about as confident as Eddie 'Eagle' Edwards atop Calgary's ski-jumping launch-hill. She needn't have worried. It isn't only John Peel, I'm pleased to report, who can jig seventh century Urdu sung poetry neatly jerked into the computer age.

You may be surprised to read that the bill-topping Genuine Star Performer lasted only *nine minutes* on stage! That is precisely how long **Sandie Shaw** figured it would take to win the hearts of everyone in the audience by stripping off her mackintosh, telling one bad joke and wriggling about the floor with her legs in the air.

'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken?' 'Girl Don't Come'. 'Hand In Glove'. That's all, folks.

She even mimed. I'm ashamed to admit I didn't go home disappointed.

DJ Fontana

CONCRETE SOX VISIONS OF CHANGE NOTTINGHAM, THE YORK

DAVE LEE Roth can abseil off the UN building in his next video, and probably will, but *this* is a far better backdrop—Concrete Sox have flagged the funny face of Ronald McDonald. He is chained, wearing boots by Bricklayer, and two steaming bulls are depicted charging at him and ready to pound him into 100% pure shitburger.

At this hunt sabs' hardcore benefit, we presume that the cheap delights of the Big Mac will never register in the stomachs here tonight. Said bellies are proclaiming a different Americanisation, by T-shirt, and the last-ditch wanna-beas wanna-be watching Crumbsuckers, Adrenalin OD, Bad Brains etc, to judge from the cut of their cloth.

Visions Of Change, to a man, also sport foreign colours, but the curious fact about them is that they seem to have brought this reverse colonisation full circle. One pounds a Wardour Street-sound keyboard, and one of the resulting riffs is directly from the Spencer Davis Group's 'I'm A Man'. And then I remember reading in some 'core catalogue that they have a unique (among compadres) affection for '60s music.

And to hear their damn-near perfect hardcore harmonies, and that blessed organ, punching over a decidedly expressway rockin' pace, is pretty neat. And seeing a few dozen grubby plaits waving to this in time is also surprising, and funny. Brave for now, may they aspire to brilliance. My guess is that two of them still own 'All Mod Cons', and good for them.

It seems that Concrete Sox have lost the local popularity poll to their chums Heresy, and their heartfelt thrusts and parries verge on the pedestrian at times. The use of the phrase 'we're all in this together' makes me gnash gnash in any circumstances, but they weren't pandering, unlike some. The snare drum is impossibly thick and goes *clumpa-clumpa-clumpa* all the way through. Perhaps it moonlights as a jackhammer during the week. They are user-friendly, without the surprise edge of VOC.

David Swift

THE CROSS LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC

ONCE A drummer always a closet guitarist was I thought, one of life's unbreakable, more sensible laws. Roger Taylor obviously disagrees. Bored with pounding the skins and copping eyefuls of Freddie's big bottom he's decided enough's enough. (Thus far I'm with him) And why not? Negotiating those tricky chords in public is the proverbial piece of piss for Rog. And seeing his pipe-cleaner legs for the first time I notice he's displaying them just right, not too wide apart that we laugh or too close together that he falls over. No problem, Rog is stage front and he's doing alright.

His songs aren't that bad either. A confessed fan of "all sorts of music" his workmanlike attempts at covering more than one base are encouraging. (And as the brains behind his other group's better moments, not a surprise.) So if you like your guitars octane-fuelled for an over the top charge Rog and the boys can grind 'till they drop. If you hanker for the smooth wash of a perky synthesiser, it's here. And just to prove that dead successful drummers in mega big bands still keep their ears tuned in to what's happening, Rog shows he's no slouch when manhandling the kids' hip-hop. He's always been groovy anyway. And street cred? Rog can deal with it. The slower stuff is, I'm afraid, a tad piss poor and not really worth slagging off.

All in all then, not a bad night's work. So applause please for Rog. Having the balls to hit cities at his time of life isn't easy.

Patrick Weir

THE McTELLS LONDON BABYLON REVISITED

IT'S A thin line between mediocrity and purpose, the music that bands like these choose to play, and fortunately the McTells fall on the right side. A plucky breed of songsmith, slimmed down, precariously nasal, with a drummer who owes more than a modicum to the Mo Tucker hit-em-if-they-move technique and a singer who is touchingly sincere in his history-of-the-down-trodden intonations.

Like a Ford Capri driver who doesn't know where he's going, only how fast, the McTells cannot be separated from their culture (or their wildly enthusiastic ministry-of-silly-dances supporters) any more than Bros could from theirs. Endearingly infectious for all that, they shine out from the murk by dint of their clarity of understanding; it doesn't matter what you play as long as you play it with style. A cassette-release only band on Bi-Joopitor Productions in a time when such DIY expressions are ridiculed to death, the McTells are fiercely anarchistic and FUN.

The Legend!

THE JAZZ BUTCHER BRIGHTON, ESCAPE CLUB

HEAR YE, hear ye, all non-believers, heretics, and all-round Springsteen bods, if you want the biggest, baddest sound in town, click your clogs to the golden chords of Northampton's premier popstar, The Jazz Butcher.

It's something of a rarity to get the historically inactive Brighton crowd to bop til they drop, shake til they ache and sundry other teenage



PICTURE: ANNE COFFEY

BRILL UGLY POP

THE MOSS POLES UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION

IN MUCH the same way that children should be seen and not heard The Moss Poles should be heard and not seen.

It's not that they are particularly ugly compared to Norman Tebbit—just three ordinary chaps except perhaps the leather boy Sean Bergin, who rumps bass and grins through filed as opposed to filled teeth—it's simply that they have all the charisma of a tortoise retracted into its shell.

Nothing projects except the trio's inability to get swamped in and go with the flow of their occasionally excellent music. They seem almost embarrassed to put on a show.

This incongruity was severely underlined by cathode rays when at the end of their set a video for the band's current single, 'Underground', was played three times on the trot. On the screen guitarist Nick was suddenly transformed from someone who could have cut a good living being a shop window mannequin for say Millets into a figure of enchantment. Even Dave, the Alien Sex Fiend groupie drummer, seemed to have his otherwise dim eyes tuned into beacons of

energy under the arc-lights and special effects of the video machinery.

The only satisfactory—if painful—solution to the dilemma of dealing with The Moss Poles live is to poke your eyes out with a passing student's compass and let your ears do the talking.

Five years ago Power Pop would have been the burlap bag you'd have tied The Moss Poles in. But post Mary Chain everybody has discovered the potency of cranking up amps past their safety stage. The Moss Poles are no different in this. Beneath the occasional landslide of feedback though there were songs of statuesque symmetry such as 'Little Prince' and 'One Summer'.

I somehow doubt the former was inspired by the novel of the same name by Antoine De Saint Exupery since the Moss Poles seem like the sort of people who would be more at home with *Tunnels And Tunnelling* or *Popular Mechanics*.

The conclusion? The Moss Poles have some fine-complexioned songs. All they have to do now is find someone handsome or ugly enough to play them.

Jack Barron

activities, but this Butcher was flippin' successful. Massively fuzzy guitars greet his regal entrance, and indeed massively fuzzy guitars greet his every move for the next half hour, neatly packaged with funky saxophone.

Song engulfs song and fever pitch descends. A middle-aged woman jumps on a table and struts her stuff

(not a pleasant sight). I spill my drink over a popkid's haircut and The Jazz Butcher proclaims himself to be a sex machine.

The nasty men at the back say there's only time for one more song, so The Jazz Butcher proceed to play three (naughty naughty) none of which are 'Get It Wrong' but one of which is 'Sex Engine', in which JB

quotes Saint and Greavsie, Bob Wilson and Dickie Davies as examples. He also includes Michael Fish in his list, though this is unlikely to brighten up the weather. So kids, pretend your guitar's a phallus, or the other way round, and become a star.

Richard Osman

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS SINGING: FEET ON THE GROUND LON (X) 172

GIGGING: MARCH 15 LIVERPOOL POLY
MARCH 17 MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL
MARCH 18 LONDON ASTORIA

A NEW SINGLE
ON 7" & 12"
AVAILABLE 7th APRIL
MARCH 19 BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
MARCH 20 LEICESTER UNIVERSITY
MARCH 21 LEEDS WAREHOUSE



OTHER VOICES

HISPANIC IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK

"I came here with nothing but my clothes, so to speak, and a foundation in Cuban music."
(Daniel Ponce)

New York is one fifth Hispanic. In Southern California and Southern Texas, just over the unpatrollable 1000-mile border with Mexico, the Hispanic population's higher. Much higher. No way of telling how much.

America is facing – for the first time – the weird possibility that English is not going to be the first language of the majority of its citizens in the very near future. The Hispanic sector is very shortly to become the largest ethnic group.

While academic WASP-supremacists fire off polemic urging the white race to start breeding, Latin music in all its forms rattles, shudders, two-steps and half-screams into an ever stronger position. The Hispanic underground is still an underground, but it won't be for much longer.

The most potent sign of America's failure to understand its new situation must be the Marielito story. In 1980, a surge of 10,000 Cuban dissidents stormed Havana's Peruvian Embassy. They wanted out, and after a while Cuba let them out, and they left through the Cuban port of Mariel.

Sensing a publicity coup, a Reaganaut press-party was being held on Florida key-sides to welcome them – but things didn't go to plan. The raggle-taggle bunch that arrived from the boats only seemed to confirm rich white, right wing Miami's worst fear and prejudice about the people who'd remained in Cuba after the Revolution.

Even these ones, the Marielitos, who had wanted so much to leave, were suddenly seen once more as a black underclass. Or else homosexuals, criminals, undesirables. And musicians. The welcoming party held its nose, turned on its heel, went home. The Marielitos crept into America unloved on all sides, and tried to make their home without the help they'd been promised.

Daniel Ponce (it's pronounced Pon-say) came out of Cuba via Mariel. He was luckier than some of the Marielitos. His luck was that New York welcomes musicians, and that Latin New York in the early '80s was hungry for a modern Latin sound. Celia Cruz is still worshipped, Tito Puente and Eddie Palmieri and the late great Machito will always be revered. But they created their groove in the late '50s, and still live there. Ponce was bursting off into something new. His music would become part of the soundtrack to the revolution in Hispanic consciousness.

Producer/Provocateur Bill Laswell caught his show. Ponce's luck continued. He'd stepped off a boat from a backwater country – carrying only the disciplined passion and craft he'd perfected in Havana – and was able to plug straight into the Celluloid Global Village Computer-Network.

In a space of two or three years he'd rocketed from the obsessive world of Afro-Cuban music, with its direct links back to African tradition, with its powerful purist narrowness, straight out in the loosest of experimental communities. He's played with electro-whizz technicians from Africa, with zen pop-stars from Japan, with the Last Poets and the first-rank of New York's *avant garde*.

In among all this extra-curricular activity, Ponce's made two statements of intent: the two LPs in his own name. The first, 'New York Now', is pretty well a manifesto for the total Latin invasion, only half tongue-in-cheek. A gaunt, blooded sound, bearer of a massive, terrible history. The newest, 'Arawe', is more forgiving, as it scratches out unlikely links between Latin Jazz, Black Rock and straight Miami Sound Machine Salsa. Although ask him if Salsa's still the right word to describe his music and we get a laugh. Followed by a history lesson:

"Salsa is a marketing term for Latin Dance music. In the '40s, there was a movement within Cuban music called the Chachacha. And during that time, since the United States and Cuba had some sort of a relationship, the easiest word for Latin people to relate to this music within an American context was 'Salsa'.

"But actually Salsa was the Chachacha that, once it left Cuba, went to all the different Caribbean countries and Spanish-speaking Latin American countries, picking up all these different

elements from these countries. What you hear now, that's where it came from. The foundation being in Cuba."

Music escapes Cuba – this in the bad old days, when Havana was the third wickedest city in the world, after Shanghai and Curaçao – but can only creep into America after its travels by being softened up, rounded off away from cultural expression into crowd-pleasing dance-music. Salsa. The hard stuff stays on in Cuba, there's a revolution, and suddenly desire to travel is frowned upon. Why did Ponce want to leave?

"One of the main reasons is a lack of cultural expression. My music, although it's very rooted in the Afro-Cuban tradition, also has very strong Jazz elements, and that is considered something American, something *yanqui*, which is not well accepted by the government, so they make it very difficult for you to do what you want to do."

Latin music is built on a thing called *clave*; a two-handed rhythm trick, an organising principle, an exclusive, addictive, percussive code. It invades whatever it touches, and opens it out into something communal, something raw and multiple and Hispanic.

Latin music is built at the meeting-place between Catholic Intensity and African Community. Africa isn't even real to Europeans – it's a metaphor. (Metaphor: something being used as something else. Half-dangerous lie, half-liberating tool.) Latin music's double sided: with its religious fervour, its odd currents of blood-guilt and invaded ritual – and its African-coded jackhammer body.

Latin music is crossover as a principle. Fusion as a concept. Collision as a watchword. It's open to everything and it changes everything it gets into. It sets out as subtle showbiz pandering, all glitter and glam – and it leaves its conquests pathetic rhythm-junkies. Highly sexed in expression, it undercuts its own macho stereotypes by the way it shimmies, seduces and drinks from its victims. Tight-assed WASP-Supremacist society *hates* it, from punk through to the Pentagon.

Latin music – straight Salsa – is almost a non-Hispanic invention, a sweet way to diffuse a threat. Because Latin in full cry is over-emotional, over-rich, too powerful for us to bear. Daniel Ponce's innovations reach out into the here of rock and back to the dawn of the Afro-Cuban beat. Ponce is a man of the *clave*. Ponce is a man of crossover. This was once a summer music, of hazy bars, and secret wicked pleasures – those times are past.

The international Hispanic nation is beginning to find its feet in the heart of America, to change it, to challenge it. Somewhere in the rhythm-space between Havana, Miami and New York, America's future – which is of course the world's future – is being hammered out.

"One good thing about Cuba is that it's very disciplined. So when you're a musician, you had to be the best at playing your instrument. And that's true of all the musicians there. Once you decide to do something, you have to be the very best. But that doesn't mean that you can then do what you want with it – obviously everyone has their own creative expression that they want, that they feel inside. They're not allowed to do that. That was my main reason for wanting to leave."

And still and always there's that ambivalence, that little two-step between Cuba's irresistible single-mindedness and America's addictive freedoms. Daniel Ponce's music lives there. That's why it matters.

(Special thanks to Griselda of SOB's for translating)

DANIEL PONCE DISCOGRAPHY

Daniel Ponce: New York Now(OAO/Celluloid)
Arawe(Antilles)
Super All-Star: (with Tito Puente)(Globestyle)

WITH BILL LASWELL

Laurie Anderson: Mister Heartbreak(Warners)
Ginger Baker: Horses & Trees(Celluloid)
B-Side: Cairo Nights.....(Celluloid)
Herbie Hancock: Rockit.....(CBS)
Sound System(CBS)
Nona Hendryx: The Art of Defence(RCA)
Mick Jagger: She's The Boss(CBS)
Sly & Robbie: Language Barrier.....(Island)
Rhythm Killers.....(Island)



Daniel Ponce: out of Cuba via Mariel

GUANA BATZ

ROUGH EDGES

NEW ALBUM OUT NOW
ALSO AVAILABLE ON C/D AND CASSETTE
WHICH CONTAIN AN EXTRA 14 LIVE TRACKS



SPRING TOUR:

5 MARCH BRUNEL UNI SU
7 MARCH LEICESTER UNI SU
9 MARCH NEWCASTLE RIVERSIDE
10 MARCH CARLISLE STARS & STRIPES
11 MARCH GLASGOW ROOFTOPS
12 MARCH FIFE CUINSIE NEUK
13 MARCH TBA
14 MARCH TBA
15 MARCH STOKE SHELLEYS
16 MARCH BIRKENHEAD STAIRWAYS
17 MARCH SWANSEA MARINA CENTRE
18 MARCH CARDIFF (VENUE TBA)
19 MARCH BRISTOL (VENUE TBA)
22 MARCH BIRMINGHAM HUMMINGBIRD
23 MARCH TBA
24 MARCH PORTSMOUTH BASINS
2 APRIL LONDON KLUB FOOT

11

THE AMAZING WORLD OF FRED DELLAR



In 1985, Psychic TV released the single 'Godstar', which was about Brian Jones. It was claimed, at the time, that a film of the same name was to go into production in February, 1986. Has this ever materialised or was the whole idea scrapped?

J North, Reading, Berks.

Your query prompted the following statement from PTV headquarters: 'The first Godstar film is being paid for by the Temple disciples who live in the tent at Fon Studios. Ben Johnson will be playing Brian Jones, as not only does he have the same initials but he seems to have the same problem of separating fantasy and reality.'

"Cor, is that what Genesis said?" I asked naively.

"That is the official statement," I was informed by the bearer of messages, who also proffered a nice giggle, suggesting that separation of fantasy and reality was not only a problem affecting folk bearing the initials BJ. Things are getting worse. I didn't have this sort of problem even with Some Bizzare's Steve.



Howard Huntsberry says

On the 'La Bamba' soundtrack album, there is an astonishing performance of 'Lonely Teardrops' by Howard Huntsberry. Who is this amazing performer who sounds more like Jackie Wilson than Jackie Wilson?

Don Strange, Lee-On-The-Solent, Hants.

Howard Huntsberry is the former lead singer of Klique, a group that supplied MCA with such albums as 'Try It Out', 'Love Cycles' and 'Let's Wear It Out'. He's been in the biz for around 20 years now, his first tracks appearing on the US Audio Arts label when Huntsberry was just 14 and even then being hailed as 'the new Jackie Wilson'.

Along the way, he's worked alongside The Gap Band, Carla and Rufus Thomas, Chaka Khan, Jeffrey Osborne, Rick James and others, his vocal ability reaching the ears of La Bamba producer Taylor Hackford in 1983, when Klique's version of 'Stop Doggin' Me Around' went to Number Two in Billboard's Black Singles chart. Hackford promptly nipped out, contract in hand, to sign Huntsberry for his upcoming flick after which... well, you know the rest. Incidentally, Huntsberry's soundtrack rendition of 'Lonely Teardrops' was produced by Don David, the very man who masterminded Jackie Wilson's original hit version, back in 1958.

Perhaps you can tell me if part three of the Residents' Mole Show was ever released. I have parts one, two and four, plus the 'Live' and 'Intermission' albums, but part three continues to elude me. Could it be just one of the band's jokes? Mike Calder, Edinburgh.

I guess you're referring to the Mole Trilogy, in which case you're right—part three doesn't exist. Something to do with the age-old battle between the Moles and their musical rivals, the Chubs, if I remember rightly. Anyway, part four of the Mole Trilogy wasn't even supposed to be by The Residents. Okay, I know that The Residents played on it. But they worked under the guise of The Big Bubble, a guitar band making their debut on the Ralph label. All of which is simplicity itself to Eyeball Rock fanatics. Right?

I'm having great difficulty unearthing a copy of the soundtrack to the film *Trouble In Mind*. Does such a thing exist—if only as an import—or is my quest doomed?

Kevin Quinn, Bebington, Wirral, Merseyside.

A soundtrack to the Kris Kristofferson starrer does exist—but on import only. The Schwann catalogue reveals that it was released in April, 1986 on US Island 90501-1. However, two Marianne Faithfull songs heard in the movie—her versions of Richard M Jones' 'Trouble In Mind' and Kristofferson's own 'El

Gavilan'—were released here as part of the 'As Time Goes By 12" on Island 12'S 323.



Yardies rare

How rare is the original pressing (replete with muffled sound) of 'Live Yardbirds', featuring Jimmy Page, which was released on Epic S.E30615? Wasn't the record withdrawn immediately after release on the instructions of Page himself? I would like a copy but how much should I pay if it comes up for auction? How much is it really worth? Andre Hobus, Brussels, Belgium.

The 'Live Yardbirds' album, recorded at New York's Anderson Theatre on March 30, 1968, was released without the band's consent. When Page & Co. eventually got around to hearing the poorly recorded disc and duly noted the ludicrous amount of cheering added by the record company, they insisted on its immediate withdrawal. Since

then, however, there have been two pirate releases of the album, both facsimiles of the original, except that the first version featured only a black and white cover, whilst a later edition came with a full colour sleeve. I checked with London's Vinyl Solution shop (39 Hereford Road, W2) for a guide to current prices and was informed: "The original, in mint condition, would now be worth in the region of £30-40 while the pirate copies, which are now out of print, fetch between £10-15." Over and out. Or in this case, Over under sideways down.

Having read the *Amazing World* piece on Young Marble Giants, I thought you might be interested in what Andrew Moxham, 'the other brother', is now doing. Drew (Andrew) now plays drums, sings and writes some songs for The Howling Sleepers, a Cardiff band that grew out of Meltdown, an event held every Sunday night at Chapter Arts Centre to provide a melting pot for live acts of local or international status. A seven track cassette by the band is readied for release. Debra Manley, Canton, Cardiff.

Meltdown, it seems, has moved onto launch a roadshow offering a complete package of Cardiff bands, jugglers and comedians who play to sympathetic venues around the country, one upcoming gig taking place at the Aldershot West End Centre on May 7.

Is Don Letts' *The Punk Rock Movie*, plus his Slits and Pop Group shorts, available on video? David Birkbeck, Islington, London.

According to Letts' office, problems developed with the company responsible for distributing his rock movies and, as a result, none of those mentioned are available in video form. Letts has recently been working on a film for Channel 4 but hasn't surfaced as yet to provide further info on the subject matter. Currently he's in a London studio with BAD, putting together an album for release, and as soon as Flea, the band's roadie, nudges Don into phoning NME, we'll supply more fax about the film plus the new album.

IRON MAIDEN

The new single

CAN I PLAY WITH MADNESS

c/w Black Bart Blues*

LIMITED EDITION

ON 7" WITH EXCLUSIVE EDDIE WATER TRANSFER

AND CUT TO SHAPE PICTURE DISC

AVAILABLE MONDAY 14 MARCH

*EXCLUSIVE SINGLE TRACK

PRODUCED, ENGINEERED AND MIXED BY MARTIN BIRCH



PERSONAL

Personal advertisements are accepted on the assurance of advertisers that they comply with the law. Gay advertisements are only accepted from advertisers over 21. NME is unable to vet all advertisers and readers are advised to bear this in mind especially when replying to personal advertisements. NME reserves the right to refuse any advertisement without explanation.

BI-SEXUAL GUY 26, good looking, seeks gay or bisexual younger guys for fun. Midlands. Box No 7399.

FEMALE GOTHIC into most gothic bands, gigs etc seeks other gothics, 18+, anywhere. Contact Kirsty, 4 Ha'penny Field, Holbrook, Ipswich, Suffolk IP9 2TS.

GAY BOY Under 25 Wanted — Slim, Good Image, Loyal, to work in New Brighton Poster Shop, Maybe More. Possible Accommodation To Right Guy. I'm 30s, Slim, Clean-Shaven. Write Fully + Photo Please. Box No. 7387.

GAY GUY, 28, good looking, seeks same or younger 21+ for good times, holidays etc. North anywhere. Box No 7396.

GAY LAD 21, shy, lonely, seeks sincere bloke 21-30 for friendship/relationship. Photo. South. Box No 7401.

GAYPEN/GAYLINK "Individual" Penfriends, Introductions, Nationwide/Worldwide, (Male or Female), Confidential. S.A.E. To B.C.M.-G.L.I. (N) London WC1N 3XX.

GIRL 20 seeks penfriends. Likes Smiths, Bragg and Tom Robinson. Box No 7394.

HAVE PENFRIENDS OVERSEAS AND WITHIN U.K. 160,000 Members — Americas, Australasia, Africa, Europe. 24 Penfriend Introductions. For Free Details S.A.E. to I.P.F. (N.M.) P.O. Box 682 London NW6 6NF.

IN A RUT(?) Likeable, honest, independent male, 25, not unattractive, seeks female friend for films, gigs, relationship. Whatever. Berks/Bucks/Herts / Middx/Oxon. Box No 7403.

LAD 21 Bisexual, smart, slim, tall, good looking, boxer shorts, discreet, non-scene, seeks similar lad for fun and friendship. Photo and tel if possible, Yorkshire area. A.S.A.P. Box No 7398.

MALE SMITHS addict (23) vegetarian, seeks similar lonely female for gigs, romance. Tyne and Wear area. Box No 7400.

MALE 29, hopelessly interested in music seeks similar friends (M/F). Box No 7404.

PENFRIENDS U.S.A., Canada, Europe, send age and interests for details. Hi-Society Transglobe, P.O. Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

PENPALS 153 countries. Free details (S.A.E.) I.P.F. (N.M.) P.O. Box 596, London S.E.25.

SEEKING SINCERE Gay New Friends Etc? Male or Female All Areas and Worldwide. Stamp to Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

SOUTHAMPTON GUY, thirties, seeks masculine young lad 21-30 for friendship/relationship, any location. Photo please. Phone helps. Box No 7397.

UNCONVENTIONAL, ALTERNATIVE, creative, silly humoured, bizzare vegetarian male (23), feeling alone, into Sisters, J. Division, T. Dream, would like lonely unconventional, understanding, non-drugs female for friendship or relationship. Lancaster/nearby only. Box No 7402.

UNEMPLOYED YOUNG man seeks accommodation in Kent, Surrey area. Reasonable rent, deposit please. Tel Adrian 0633 856724.

WRESTLING HOLDS. Your script filmed. A1 0254 887652.



RECORDS WANTED

ABSOLUTELY ALL YOUR Records, Cassettes, and C.D.s Bought or Exchanged **NONE REFUSED!** Bring ANY Quantity in ANY Condition to Record Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W.11 (Open 7 days 10a.m.—8p.m. — 01-243 8573) or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash — none returned once sent. We decide fair price. (Quantities collected ANYWHERE).

APPLE APPLE A-Day L.P. £130 paid. 0752 229588.

BAUHAUS FAN Club 45 £35 offered. 0752 229588.

BEATLES YELLOW Submarine C.D. Box Set £35 paid. 0752 229588.

BEATLES XMAS FAN CLUB Flexis. Please state condition, year and price required. Box No. 7505.

BEN 'BEN' L.P. £70 paid. 0752 229588.

CAN FUTURE Days L.P.s. 0946 4533.

CASSETTES WANTED S.A.E. for quote or tel 0272 564122. Large quantities collected **FREE**. The Tape Store, 43 Westbourne Road, Downend, Bristol.

COB RECORDS High Street, Porthmadog, Gwynedd, Buy or Part-Exchange L.P.s, Tapes, C.D.s. List + S.A.E. For Valuation or Phone 0766 513185.

DINNER LADIES — Muscle in The Bud 7" — tel (091) 234 1051.

FIRE 'MAGIC' Shoemaker' L.P. £75 paid. 0752 229588.

GOLD + SILVER discs wanted. Best prices. 0752 229588.

GORDON HASKELL 'Sail in My Boat' L.P. £25 paid. 0752 229588.

GROUNDHOGS 'SCRATCHIN' The Surface' £20 paid. 0752 229588.

IMMEDIATE CASH offer for your large record/tape/C.D. collection. Buyer calls, anywhere, anytime. 01-509 0239.

INCREDIBLE HOG L.P. £25 paid. 0752 229588.

JULY JULY L.P. £70 paid. 0752 229588.

KOOBAS L.P. £75 paid. 0752 229588.

MISFITS BEWARE 12" urgent. Name the price (within reason). Evenings, 0272 723449.

RIPOFF RECORDS, Maesycoed Road, Lampeter, Dyfed, SA48 7JE. Albums, Cassettes, C.D.s, Singles, Videos Wanted. Absolutely Top Prices Paid! Send Direct or S.A.E. for quote.

ROULETTES 'STAKES' 'N' Chips' L.P. £75 paid. 0752 229588.

'ZAKARIASS' L.P. £50 paid. 0752 229588.



DISCOS

DAVE JANSEN 01-690 7636.



SPECIAL NOTICES

BEATLES FUN-DAY & SIXTIES NITE. Memorabilia exhibition, video show, disco. Dealers March 19th. Noon till 11pm. Brush Club, Fennel Street, Loughborough, Leicestershire. Details Loughborough 413620.

CLARE YOUR LOVE IS BEAUTIFUL IAN XXX.

FIND OUT about REAL Socialism for FREE Socialist Standard and S.P. info. Write Socialist Party (E) Freepost, London SW4 7BR.

YOUNG FEMALE vocal solo artiste requires original material (all types and styles required). Please send your tapes and S.A.E. to N.M.E. Box no 7392.



RECORDS FOR SALE

A BARGAIN Pot Luck Assortment (our selection) — send £35.00 for 500 used 7" singles or £12.00 for 100 used L.P.s & 12" singles. (Postage free). Record & Tape Exchange, 28 Pembroke Road, London W.11. (01-727 3538).

AFRICAN MUSIC. Large list. Albums, cassettes, C.D.s S.A.E./I.R.C. Upside Sounds, P.O. Box 121 London S.E.17 6UR. (01-587 0102).

EX-JUKE BOX records 86-88. 50 — £7.50, 100 — £14.00 (plus £2 postage). Record Sales, 19 Somerset Road, Birmingham B20 2JE. 021-523 2222.

GOLDEN OLDIES Over 7,000 Singles in Stock. S.A.E. 32 Crookings Lane, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs.

GREAT LISTS! Loads of imports, promos and rarities for sale, and auction stuff too! State interests. Damned, Cure, Stranglers, Pistols, Jam, Clash, Siouxsie, Ramones, P.I.L., Buzzcocks, Generation X, Dead Kennedys, Smiths and general punk/new wave. Please send I.R.C. for lists. Andy Matson, 109 Hue Court, St Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands. Tel. (0534) 76457.

J.A.M.C. 'RIOT' single. Extremely rare. Offers. R. Fishlock, 106 High Road, South Woodford, London.

JAM RARITIES. Phone Dave 0387 56452.

JOY DIVISION. An Ideal For Living 12" E.P. Factory sample with stickers, Comsat Angels Red Planet E.P. 0394 461345.

KATE BUSH '79 concert programme, £30. 0752 229588.

MEGA ALTERNATIVE set sale/ auction list. 500 records, Aztec Camera to Zoskia. S.A.E./I.R.C. Andy, 18 Abbeydale Vale, Leeds 5.

NUMAN, SPRINGSTEEN, BOWIE, JAM, STRANGLERS, JAPAN, U2, KATE BUSH, O.M.D., POLICE, SHAKY, OLIVIA, PHIL COLLINS, GENESIS, GABRIEL, IRON MAIDEN, QUEEN, DURAN, PISTOLS, CLASH, DYLAN, JOEL, MADONNA, SHEENA, DAMNED, QUO, CULTURE CLUB, MADNESS, ULTRAVOX, BENATAR, SIMPLE MINDS, ABBA, BLONDIE, E.L.O., AC/DC, JOAN JETT, KIM WILDE, SIOUXSIE, STRAYCATS, SQUEEZE, HUMAN LEAGUE, RAMONES, PETTY, FRANKIE, ADAM, SPANDAU, STONES, BEATLES, MONKEES, METAL, PUNK, WORLDWIDE RARITIES — PIC SLEEVES, PROMOS, DEMOS, PIC DISCS, SHAPES, COMPACT DISCS, HUNDREDS MORE. STATE INTERESTS. S.A.E. R. CLAYTON, 35 ORCHARD AVENUE, AYLESFORD, MAIDSTONE, KENT ME20 7LX.

OBSCURE L.P. Catalogue/Free Cassette. 2 x 13p Stamps. Cordelia, 8 Denis Close, Leicester LE3 6DQ.

ORANGE JUICE — Falling 'N' Laughlin £50. 0752 229588.

RECORDS. LARGE collection suitable for D.J. Shure SM57 microphone. Offers 0326 311544, evenings.

RECORD LISTS — Bush, Bowie, Cure, Cramps, Damned, Depeche, Echo, Furs, Genesis, Gabriel, Japan, Madonna, Marillion, Mission, Numan, Prince, R.E.M., Siouxsie, Sisters, Soft Cell, Springsteen, Sex Pistols, U2, Waterboys. State artist. S.A.E. 225 North Road West, Plymouth, Devon.

'RHYTHM' ALL Independent Label Releases, Imports, Punk/New Wave Rarities. S.A.E. or 2 IRCs for March Catalogue. 172 Gwydir Street, Cambridge (0223) 60981.

SINGLES FROM 25p, albums from 50p. S.A.E. 21 Sterling Close, Pennyland, Milton Keynes, Bucks.

SISTERS, DOMINION C.D./cassette. Offers. 0702 202951 evenings.

SISTERS 'DOMINION' rarities. 0752 229588.

TUBEWAY ARMY album Beg4 Blue Vinyl, offers. 4 Friern Road, London S.E.22 0AT, Lawrence.

U.S. HARDCORE! rarities. I.R.C. for list. Andy Matson, 109 Hue Court, St Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands.

"WHO'S THAT GIRL?" Official Madonna Girl Tour '87 Programmes Available (Ltd. Qty.) for £3.00 including P+P — Cheque/P.O. To D. Treharne, 15 Edith Road, London W14.



WANTED

CLAPTON AUDIOS, videos, rarities. Vittorio Piccin, Largo Dei Pecile 31 Udine 33100, Italy.

CONCERT PROGRAMMES Good prices paid. Send lists to Programmes, 43 Crantock Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham.

DISCO 45 issues 120 onwards wanted only. Must be in good condition. David Hoskins, 183 Thornhill Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

FLEETWOOD, TULL, Purple, Eurythmics, Bangles, Halen, Chicago, Wishbone, Joe Walsh, Paul Young tapes. Send lists. 36 Daleside, Orpington, Kent.

HALF MAN Half Biscuit memorabilia, tapes, anything! 22 Fisherbeck Park, Ambleside.

LIVE TAPES Order, Bunnymen, Primitives, REM, U2, Smiths, Primal Scream, ACR, Motorcycle Boy, USA and UK Indie, Goth, etc. Over 600+ available. Trade or sell. New American, European, Australian contacts wanted. Send large S.A.E., John, 10 Foxton Road, Barrington, Cambs.

MUSIC PAPERS Magazines wanted. 01-540 5404.

POGUES TICKETS wanted for 17th March, Town and Country also for other dates in London. Paul (0342) 314378.

ROGER WATERS, Pink Floyd rarities, anything. S. Ryan, 35 Onslow Road, Fairfield, Liverpool L6 3BA.

SPRINGSTEEN TAPES. Others. Your lists gets mine. 56 Imperial Drive, Gravesend, Kent.

THAT PETROL Emotion material wanted. Simon, 66 Skinner Street, Poole, Dorset.

U2, ALARM wanted/audio/video. Lots of swops. Kullik, Schubertstr 2 4354 Datteln, West Germany.

VAN MORRISON — anything wanted. Nicole Van Spronsen, PR. Mariestraat, 22 2514 KG The Hague, Holland.



VIDEO

CLASH, B.A.D., Damned, Furs, Stones, Cure, Siouxsie, Cocteau's. Large S.A.E. Mark, Poultry Farm, Caerphilly, Mid Glam.

FREE MOVIE posters! — S.A.E. details 16 Vincent Drive, Dorking, Surrey RH4 3AA.

GENE LOVES Jezebel video and audio tapes etc. Sale or swop. S.A.E. or (0623) 743094 to Darren, 6 The Leaway, Shirebrook, Mansfield NG20 8EB.

INXS, U2 S.A.E. Paul, 5 Seabrook Court, Cecil Road, Lancing, Sussex.

MADONNA FAN Will Sell Swap and buy Video and Audio. Send S.A.E. or Lists to Tony, 3 Harebell Close, Billericay, Essex CM12 0TB.

MADONNA LIVE in Italy '87 taped on French T.V. £15. (0375) 378468.

SMITHS COMPILATION video 3hrs 1983-87. V.H.S./Beta. £10. Steve Tilley, 22 Delta Road, Hutton, Brentwood, Essex.

SMITHS, U2 cheapest anywhere. S.A.E. Tony, 41 Loders Green, Eastfield, Scarborough, N. Yorks YO11 3LB.

SUPER 8MM FILMS of Cleopatra Jones, Track Turner, Black Fist, any films similar. Phone 01-937 9915 daytime.

THE SMITHS — very special offer! 0787 277174.

THE STRANGLERS Superb video material. S.A.E., to Stuart, 25 Borden Road, Glasgow G13 1RB.

U2 UNIQUE collection '79-'88. 091-460 7814 (Kevin).

U2, WATERBOYS rarities. S.A.E. to 61 Beckwood, Colburn, Catterick, Yorkshire.

WANTED PISTOLS videos. 01-591 5890 Paul.

MARLY MARL

FROM PAGE 12

"So he said, 'Well, we have five million listeners'. I said, 'Hey! I'll think about it'."

Marly soon taught Magic how to mix records on air and bought a new wave of popularity to his show. Magic, realising this, actually paid Marly out of his own pocket for a full two years before WBLS decided that rap wasn't where it was at, and ditched them both. Distraught, the pair then retreated to HPR, Mr Magic's old station, and took their listeners with them.

When 'Roxanne, Roxanne', the B-side of a UTFO record, came out Marly and Magic were the first to play it and it caught the rap crowd's imagination. They were inundated with tapes replying to the tune, and the infamous answer battles began.

"All of a sudden this little girl came up to me and said, 'I got this rap dissing UTFO'. So I said, 'Well come over to my house and let me check it out'. I waited a whole week and she never came. By then the UTFO single was a massive hit but eventually she came, knocked on my door and said, 'I got to hurry up my clothes are in the laundry'. So I put on the UTFO instrumental, hooked up the mike and started recording it. That was 'Roxanne's Revenge'."

'Revenge' catapulted both Roxanne Shante and Marly into the public eye; Shante landed a deal with the Philadelphia label, Pop Art, and Marly began producing her. But it was a short term affair; feeling that the label were ripping him off, Marly tried to get Shante off the label. Pop Art responded, according to Marly, by perpetrating The Great Rap Hi-Jack.

"We had that big record and they tried to jerk us with the money," Marly alleges. "Once again, they didn't want to give us all our money. One time, they kidnapped Shante, told her, 'Yeah, Marly said to come with us'. They had her out in Philly recording tracks," he says laughing.

"These guys, man, they put her in a studio and she called up the next day and said, 'You know I'm out here, right?' 'Wrong, we didn't know that, what are you doing?' She jumped on the next train and came back. What happened was that we got her off the label because she signed when she was too young."

Tired of the rip-offs, Marly and his manager, Tyrone Williams, decided the only way was to go it alone.

So with Marly as producer, Cold Chillin' was born; one of his first projects was with MC Shan. If you listen to the second side of his debut LP, 'Down By Law', you can hear Marly covering all bases, bringing in for backdrops the sound of Sugarhill, reggae mixed with hip-hop, cuts of a lover's rap tune, before reverting to a street sound.

It was with MC Shan that Marly started, he claims, both the James Brown craze and the Bridge wars which was to tragically end with the murder of Scott La Rock. And it was all because of one record, 'The Bridge'.

"When 'The Bridge' came out, any place that had a bridge near it or any place whose name ended with bridge, like Queensbridge, Highbridge, Kingsbridge, they were taking it like, 'That's our song'. Now Scott La Rock came out with a reply called 'The Bridge Is Over' and he got killed in a place called Highbridge. The people around there didn't like him because of that record."

"Plus, in his records, he tried to portray like he was hard. He always talked about guns and shooting, and after a while he had to start living the life that he was rapping about. Like LL Cool J, he's talking about how hard and bad he is, and it's like, 'Hey! My cousin went to school with him and LL got beat up every day. They used to take his lunch money'. Everyone around there, said, 'Hey, this guy LL, what's his real name? Todd? Man, we used to take his lunch money'."

"See, after a while, they have to start living how they rap, or people think they're soft. There's a lot of kids out on the street who don't give a damn who you are. They might be out to get you because their girlfriend likes you or has got your poster on the wall."

Consequently, Marly steers clear of all the fuss.

"No, I'm not too hard on the violent trip. I have a lot of nephews and nieces and I don't like to make stuff that my sisters couldn't play to them."

'The Bridge' also contained what Marly believes to be the first aural evidence of drum sampling.

"That came from me," he claims, "because with 'The Bridge' sound I had a James Brown kicking snare which was really from 'Impeach The President'. That whole James Brown sound started from 'The Bridge' record. I was the first to put drum samples onto a record, I don't care, I was the first."

Now poised for the big time, with the weight of WEA behind him, Marly can see only one cloud on his golden horizon; the majors' inability to move fast enough for the quick turnover that rap demands. One week's craze, in the rap world, is next week's crap.

"The only way," he muses, "that I can see big companies ruining it is to do with that grace period between you mixing your record and it coming out. When I mix a record I try to add all the elements of what's happening at the moment; I listen to the radio and go for what's happening now. Whatever I do has to be along those lines so I can get accepted."

"When I did stuff for MCA, like that 'He Cuts So Fresh' record, I made that around the time 'The Bridge' was hot. By the time they put it out, it was over. The majors don't want to hear this but there will always be quick independent labels keeping stuff alive at the bottom, pumping rap."

And the next rap craze?

"I'll start a new trend. As long as I've been in production, I've always considered myself the leader because whatever I do it seems that weeks later someone else is doing it."

He flashes a characteristic smile, knowing full well that the future belongs to him. As Biz Markie himself puts it, 'Nobody beats the Marl'.

Paolo Hewitt

Mail Order Advertising
Mail Order Protection Scheme

If you order goods AS A PRIVATE INDIVIDUAL from Mail Order advertisements in this magazine and pay by post in advance of delivery, NME will consider you for compensation if the Advertiser should become bankrupt or go into liquidation provided:

1. You have not received the goods or had your money returned; and
2. You write to the Publisher of NME summarising the situation not earlier than 28 days from the official on sale date of the publication and not later than three months from that date. (Please retain proof of payment).

Please do not wait until the last moment to inform us. When you write, we will tell you how to make your claim and what evidence of payment is required.

We guarantee to meet claim from readers made in accordance with the above procedure as soon as possible after the Advertiser has BECOME SUBJECT TO BANKRUPTCY PROCEEDINGS or gone into liquidation up to a limit of £17,350 per annum for any one Advertiser so affected and up to £52,050 per annum in respect of all advertisers.

This guarantee covers only advance payment sent in direct response to an advertisement in this magazine (not, for example, payment made in response to catalogues etc, received as a result of answering such advertisements). ALL DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS ARE COVERED BUT only boxed trader classified advertisements are included. Advertisements as loose inserts are not covered.

GOT SOMETHING TO SELL?
It's only 30p per word to advertise in NME classifieds.

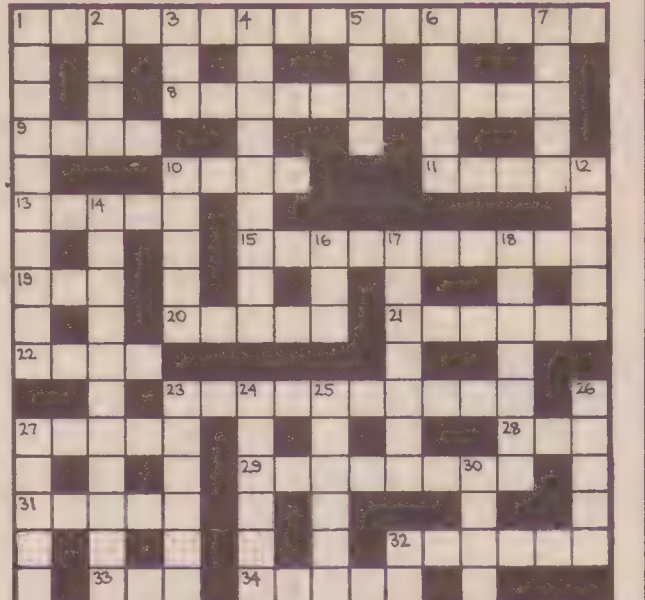
CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Echo And The Funnymen (6-3-7)
 8 "This is my country, young and growing, free and flowing, see the sea, yes this is my country, ripe and bearing miracles in every pond and tree", 1971 (7-4)
 9 + 10 D Coldcut's rough and dark finish (4-5)
 10 (see 3 down)
 11 (see 32 across)
 13 Israeli singer takes the loot back with just a penny inside (5)
 15 (see 22 across)
 19 This — Leer, former member of Focus (3)
 20 Surname of the female member of duo who had a Top 5 hit in 1978 with 'If I Had Words' (5)
 21 More than enough reserved for a 1983 number one hit (3-3)
 22 + 15 A Not a UK hit for the Mamas And Papas, but it gave them a feeling of security right on their own doorstep (4-2-2-6)
 23 "I'm praying for rain in —, so the grapes can grow and they can grow more wine", Dean Martin's 'Little Ole Wine Drinker Me' (10)
 27 King Crimson's lyricist Pete Sinfield with a solo album in 1973 that would make a saint sick (5)
 28 'Train To — ville', Selector journeying to their musical roots (3)
 29 + 18 D "Here is a plea, from my heart to you, nobody knows me as well as you do, you know how hard it is for me to —", Depeche Mode (5-3-7)
 31 + 16 D Smash up country with The Fall (3-3-5)
 33 Classical rock band formed by John Williams and Herbie Flowers (3)
 34 On 'We Are Frank Chickens' can be heard the further admission 'We Are —' (5)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Chart-crashers in their own original way (10)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- 2 (see 5 down)
 3 + 10 A Loses by changing a track from Dire Straits' 'Makin' Movies' (3-4)
 4 Mac's entire energy went into this number on Echo And The Bunnymen's LP 'The Game' (3-2-4)
 5 + 2 D This one's remixed for the Beatbeats (4-2-2)
 6 + 17 D Coteau Twins' rougher bit in disarray (5-7)
 7 'The — Society', to which Grace Slick belonged before taking off with Jefferson Airplane (5)
 10 (see 9 across)
 12 + 23 D A Stiff Little Finger who gave the thumbs-up to rejoining his old pals last year (5-6)
 14 Wonderland creatures first spotted in 1970. If you don't believe me try ringing the stones (4-7)
 16 (see 31 across)
 17 (see 6 down)
 18 (see 29 down)
 23 (see 12 down)
 24 Silent arrangement on a Stiff Little Fingers EP (6)
 25 Anxiety over Galaxy's leading man (6)
 26 + 26 D A classical composition by Khachaturian that was transformed into a Top 5 hit in 1968 (5-5)
 30 — Off To Larry, Del Shannon hit (4)
 32 A Killing Joke; a quick laugh; a live LP (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. I Should Be So Lucky. 9 + 30 A. Electro Hippies. 11. Wishbone Ash. 13. Thorne. 15. Nostalgia. 17. Hotline. 19. Beatles. 24. Ted Hawkins. 31. Firm. 32. Alone. 34. Warsaw.
 DOWN: 1. I've Got A Habit. 2 + 18 A. Huey Lewis. 3. Uptown Girl. 4. Doors. 5 + 29 D. Sign Of The Times. 6. Laine. 7 + 33 A. Cog Sinister. 8 + 20 A. Ying Tong. 12. Heaven. 14. Outland. 15. News. 16. Gist. 21. Glasgow. 22. Nicole. 23. Asher. 25. Elias. 26. Human. 27 + 10 A. What's Going On? 28. Opera.

IRON MAIDEN

FROM PAGE 27

Were you?

"No. Anyway, really dangerous drugs are the ones that alter your perception of things without you being aware you've taken them. That's when you start believing your own press releases and stuff."

Onto HM lyrics at last. What attracts you to the myths of Icarus, Osiris, etc.?

"Those are mostly my songs. Steve's songs tend to be about dreams, nightmares and obsessions, 'cos he has a lot of those, he's a terrible sleeper. He writes a lot of songs about out-of-the-body experiences, which he has more of than he likes to admit. I think he has a bit of a problem with things like that, he's quite frightened of it."

"I like the imagery of myths, the words you can use in association with them, and I think mythology suits our stage presentation."

Do you go onstage as the bad boys of rock?

"No, I'm an entertainer. I feel more like some sort of bizarre juggler."

So neither the audience nor the band are really depraved. The experience you share is a complete fantasy, a ceremony of release.

"Yes. We're just there to see that it reaches a climax at the right moment. Ceremony as a release is used all over the place, whether it's formal or informal. A football match is a ceremony of release. The key is to defuse it, so that people can tell the difference between the ritual and reality. The ritual releases feelings that, if put into practice in the modern world, would end up killing them."

"Songs like 'Two Minutes To Midnight' are about that bit inside you that actually wants to be in a gunship in Nam, hosing down all those gooks."

But the lyrics of some Speedmetal bands, even if meant just to shock, are

sadistic, misogynistic and generally unpleasant in a totally unamusing way. That doesn't worry you?

"Some thrash bands seem to have a bit of a problem with it, but I assume it's tongue-in-cheek, as I've met them, and they're the most mild mannered people around. I don't think the imagery is such a problem. I mean gory imagery for sensationalism's sake has been around for a long time, back as far as Grand Guignol theatre and stuff like that."

I'm not suggesting HM is disruptive and dangerous.

"It's usually quite the opposite. And when music gets disruptive and dangerous, the only people it's usually dangerous for is the audience. Joe Soap can get on stage and say 'Let's thrash this place dudes!', but he's not the one who's gonna get his head caved in and spend the night in a cell."

Our official chinwag

concluded, I retire to the bar, where Bruce later joins me with off-the-record tales of dope-dealing bigwigs being teargassed out of a bar at closing time by the French riot police.

Elsewhere Castle Schnellenberg is overrun by

management consultants and EMI employees, taking care of business over a polite glass of amber nectar.

The wildest occurrence of the night is when we're forced to stand and listen to the new Maiden LP 'Seventh Son Of A Seventh Son', before being allowed to eat. As if this Dickensian notion of singing for your supper weren't bad enough, the waxing is almost an hour long, and they've kindly installed two PA stacks in a dining room half the size of the Marquee, which pump the sucker out at brain-battering volume. After 15 minutes my alcohol-sensitized head demands that I go and hear what the album sounds like from outside the castle.

Back indoors phrases like 'consistent quality', 'mainstream' and 'chart potential' are being banded about with glee. It seems that Maiden are finally trying to hurdle the last popularity barrier, and the 'Madness' single is rumoured to be a future Top Tenner.

To me, even through the solid castle floor, 'Seventh Son'... sounds more like Armageddon than a pop-picker's choice on Radio One. But if this is bad news for the group, it's surely good news for their fans.

OLDIES UNLIMITED
 Dept. NMI
 Dukes Way, St Georges
 Telford,
 Shropshire TF2 9NQ

SEND A SAE FOR A CATALOGUE OF OUR UNIQUE RANGE OF
 Below follows a small selection from our extensive range of 7" singles
 many in picture covers
 5974 ASQUAD Clanking in the night 40p
 6042 BALAM & ANGEL, grr of the world 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 5929 PHIL COLLINS 7" - these wares 40p
 6040 ROBERT HUNTER: Liberty LP 79p
 7894 ARETHA FRANKLIN Another night 40p
 7855 JAMES JACKSON When you have you done for me 40p
 6060 LOSE ENOS Music from the 40s 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6212 BOB MARLEY: Live on a Reggae 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7100 RALPH: I'm Not a Star 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm Not a Star 40p
 7891 SUZANNE VEGA: Marlene on the wall 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 7114 MARY CHAIN: Some candy is a lie 40p
 6050 B.M. & MARY CHAIN Some candy is a lie 40p
 6183 MIDNIGHT STAR Engine No. 9 40p
 6072 PRINCE & NEW POWER GENERATION 40p
 5989 SIMPLY MEN: Somewhere between 40p
 7103 THOMAS DUNN: Don't mess with me 40p
 7071 BRIAN ADAMS Summer of '69 40p
 6302 BOB DYLAN: When you're a soldier 40p
 5978 HUMAN LEAGUE: Human Leaguers 40p
 6147 BILLY JOEL: I'm

CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN	THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	HIGHEST	WEEKS IN
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2	2	2	1	2	5	2	1
3	10	3	3	3	7	3	1
4	4	4	4	4	2	4	1
5	6	5	5	5	4	5	1
6	3	6	3	6	3	6	1
7	7	7	7	7	9	7	1
8	14	8	8	8	10	8	1
9	8	9	6	9	19	9	1
10	5	10	7	10	6	10	1
11	15	11	3	11	(—)	11	1
12	19	12	2	12	24	12	1
13	16	13	3	13	20	13	1
14	11	14	3	14	23	14	1
15	30	15	2	15	13	15	1
16	21	16	4	16	(—)	16	1
17	36	17	2	17	12	17	1
18	9	18	9	18	42	18	1
19	27	19	2	19	26	19	1
20	12	20	5	20	37	20	1
21	13	21	9	21	14	21	1
22	(—)	22	1	22	11	22	1
23	25	23	5	23	25	23	1
24	38	24	2	24	8	24	1
25	33	25	2	25	18	25	1
				26	(—)	26	1
26	48	26	2	27	29	27	1
27	(—)	27	1	28	15	28	1
28	23	28	7	29	32	29	1
29	20	29	8	30	16	30	1
30	(—)	30	1	31	(—)	31	1
31	17	31	1	32	(—)	32	1
32	(—)	32	1	33	43	33	1
33	(—)	33	1	34	50	34	1
34	41	34	3	35	39	35	1
35	29	35	2	36	17	36	1
36	22	36	7	37	28	37	1
37	18	37	8				
38	50	38	2	38	35	38	1
39	26	39	5	39	44	39	1
40	34	40	9	40	(—)	40	1
41	(—)	41	1	41	27	41	1
42	(—)	42	1	42	22	42	1
43	(—)	43	1	43	47	43	1
44	31	44	6	44	21	44	1
45	37	45	2	45	33	45	1
46	(—)	46	1	46	49	46	1
47	24	47	4	47	(—)	47	1
48	38	48	2	48	40	48	1
49	49	49	2	49	46	49	1
50	(—)	50	1	50	34	50	1

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1
2	3	2	1	2	1	2	1
3	4	3	2	3	3	3	1
4	2	4	3	4	6	4	1
5	6	5	4	5	7	5	1
6	9	6	5	6	10	6	1
7	11	7	6	7	4	7	1
8	8	8	7	8	(—)	8	1
9	(—)	9	8	9	21	9	1
10	10	10	9	10	9	10	1
11	14	11	10	11	5	11	1
12	19	12	11	12	8	12	1
13	12	13	12	13	12	13	1
14	5	14	13	14	14	14	1
15	15	15	14	15	24	15	1
16	17	16	15	16	13	16	1
17	18	17	16	17	17	17	1
18	13	18	17	18	20	18	1
19	20	19	18	19	11	19	1
20	21	20	19	20	22	20	1
21	28	21	20	21	18	21	1
22	(—)	22	21	22	23	22	1
23	16	23	22	23	(—)	23	1
24	26	24	23	24	(—)	24	1
25	(—)	25	24	25	(—)	25	1
26	(—)	26	25	26	26	26	1
27	(—)	27	26	27	19	27	1
28	24	28	27	28	30	28	1
29	23	29	28	29	15	29	1
30	(—)	30	29	30	20	30	1

1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1
2	5	2	1	2	1	2	1
3	7	3	2	3	3	3	1
4	2	4	3	4	2	4	1
5	4	5	4	5	4	5	1
6	3	6	5	6	3	6	1
7	9	7	6	7	9	7	1
8	10	8	7	8	10	8	1
9	19	9	8	9	19	9	1
10	6	10	9	10	6	10	1
11	(—)	11	10	11	(—)	11	1
12	24	12	11	12	24	12	1
13	20	13	12	13	20	13	1
14	23	14	13	14	23	14	1
15	13	15	14	15	13	15	1
16	(—)	16	15	16	(—)	16	1
17	12	17	16	17	12	17	1
18	42	18	17	18	42	18	1
19	26	19	18	19	26	19	1
20	37	20	19	20	37	20	1
21	14	21	20	21	14	21	1
22	11	22	21	22	11	22	1
23	25	23	22	23	25	23	1
24	8	24	23	24	8	24	1
25	18	25	24	25	18	25	1
26	(—)	26	25	26	(—)	26	1
27	29	27	26	27	29	27	1
28	15	28	27	28	15	28	1
29	32	29	28	29	32	29	1
30	16	30	29	30	16	30	1
31	(—)	31	30	31	(—)	31	1
32	(—)	32	31	32	(—)	32	1
33	43	33	32	33	43	33	1
34	50	34	33	34	50	34	1
35	39	35	34	35	39	35	1
36	17	36	35	36	17	36	1
37	28	37	36	37	28	37	1
38	35	38	37	38	35	38	1
39	44	39	38	39	44	39	1
40	(—)	40	39	40	(—)	40	1
41	27	41	40	41	27	41	1
42	22	42	41	42	22	42	1
43	47	43	42	43	47	43	1
44	21	44	43	44	21	44	1
45	33	45	44	45	33	45	1
46	49	46	45	46	49	46	1
47	(—)	47	46	47	(—)	47	1
48	40	48	47	48	40	48	1
49	46	49	48	49	46	49	1
50	34	50	49	50	34	50	1



The Wedding Present: armed with balloons

FUTURE RAP

20

1	PARENTS JUST DON'T UNDERSTOOD	Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince (Jive)
2	ONCE MORE/GIDDY UP	3D (Hilltop Hustlers)
3	TEN PER CENT DIS	MC Lyte (First Priority)
4	ON THE STRENGTH/COLD IN AFFECT	Grandmaster Flash & The Furious Five (Elektra)
5	BECAUSE I'VE GOT IT LIKE THAT	Jungle Brothers (Idlers)
6	SUPER CASANOVA	Super Lover Cee & Casanova Rud (DNA International)
7	ELEMENTS OF STYLE/RUN FOR COVER	Michie Mee & LA Luv (Up Yours)
8	BIZ IS GOING OFF (MARLEY MARL REMIX)	Biz Markie (Cold Chillin')
9	8-BOY, BE WISE	Black Radical (Bass Inc)
10	BUTCHER'S SHOP	Kool G Rap (Cold Chillin')
11	THE FASTEST RHYME	Young MC (Delicious Vinyl)
12	NORTHSIDE/ROUGHER THAN AN ANIMAL	The Demon Boyz (Music Of Life)
13	OREO COOKIE	The Alliance (First Priority)
14	THIS IS US	The Boogie Boys (Capitol)
15	DO THIS MY WAY (DOUBLE TROUBLE REMIX)	Kid 'n' Play (Cooltempo)
16	LET THE RHYTHM RUN	Salt 'n' Pepa (White label)
17	COLOURS	Ice T (Warners)
18	REAL HIP HOP MY MAN	Original M.C. Jazzy Jeff (Pow Wow Records)
19	DIG THE MOVE	The Rhythm Radicals (April Records)
20	KING HEROIN	Funky Four Plus One (Sugarhill Records)

Chart by Tim Westwood, Capital Radio, Friday Night, 12-1 AM, 95.8 FM.

FUNK

20

1	THEME FROM S'EXPRESS	S'Express (Rhythm King)
2	ADVENTURE	Eleanor (Columbia)
3	I FEEL IT	Susie And The Cubans (Popular)
4	WILL DOWNING	Will Downing (Island)
5	INTIMACY	St Paul (MCA)
6	YOU'RE A PART OF ME	Jean Carne (RCA)
7	CENTERFOLD	Centerfold (Columbia)
8	BEAT DIS	Bomb The Bass (Rhythm King)
9	WHISTLING ON A STAR	Wendy Lee (Jackson)
10	DON'T LOOK ANY FURTHER	Kane Gang (Capitol)
11	LOVE ME ALL OVER	Kashif (Arista)
12	EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE	Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam (Columbia)
13	HOUSE TRAIN	Risse (Jack Trax)
14	LIKE A CHILD	Noel (4th and Broadway)
15	LIVING IN THE LIMELIGHT	Glenn Jones (Jive)
16	GIVE IT TO ME (REMIX)	Bam Bam (Serious)
17	THE LOVE I LOST	Mark Imperial (House Nation)
18	ACID TRAX	Various (Trax)
19	DREAMING	Glen Goldsmith (RCA)
20	BEST OF HOUSE VOL 3	Various (Serious)

Chart by Jason of Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1

NEW AGE

15

1	WINDHAM HILL SAMPLER 86	Various (Windham Hill)
2	NOUVEAU CALLS	Wishbone Ash (No Speak)
3	DREAM CODE	Various (IC)
4	COLORS	Compilation (Colors)
5	AERIAL BOUNDARIES	Michael Hedges (Windham Hill)
6	SOUL OF THE MACHINE	Sampler (Windham Hill)
7	INVITATION TO WINDHAM HILL	Various (Windham Hill)
8	CLOUD SCULPTING	Phil Thornton (Colors)
9	ATMOSPHERIC CONDITIONS	John Themis (Coda)
10	ONE NIGHT IN VIENNA	Schonbers and Scott (Windham Hill)
11	LIVE ON THE DOUBLE PLANET	Michael Hedges (Windham Hill)
12	A SUITE OF GODS	Rick Wakeman (President)
13	WINTER INTO SPRING	George Winston (Windham Hill)
14	CLASSIC LANDSCAPES	Tim Cross (Coda)
15	WORLDS IN A SMALL ROOM	Jansen and Barbieri (Pan East)

Chart by New Age Mail Order 0252 871 626

US

45s

- 1 FATHER FIGURE George Michael (Columbia)
- 2 NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Rick Astley (RCA)
- 3 SHE'S LIKE THE WIND Patrick Swayze (featuring Wendy Fraser) (RCA)
- 4 I GET WEAK Belinda Carlisle (MCA)
- 5 WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?
Pet Shop Boys & Dusty Springfield (EMI-Manhattan)
- 6 CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM YOU Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine (Epic)
- 7 JUST LIKE PARADISE David Lee Roth (Warner Bros)
- 8 ENDLESS SUMMER NIGHTS Richard Marx (EMI-Manhattan)
- 9 MAN IN THE MIRROR Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 10 I FOUND SOMEONE Cher (Geffen)
- 11 HUNGRY EYES Eric Carmen (RCA)
- 12 OUT OF THE BLUE Debbie Gibson (Atlantic)
- 13 PUMP UP THE VOLUME M/A/R/R/S (4th & Broadway)
- 14 SEASONS CHANGE Exposé (Arista)
- 15 SAY YOU WILL Foreigner (Atlantic)

US

LPs

- 1 FAITH George Michael (Columbia)
- 2 DIRTY DANCING SOUNDTRACK Various (RCA)
- 3 KICK INXS (Atlantic)
- 4 TIFFANY Tiffany (MCA)
- 5 BAD Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 6 SKYSCRAPER David Lee Roth (Warner Bros)
- 7 OUT OF THE BLUE Debbie Gibson (Atlantic)
- 8 HYSTERIA Def Leppard (Mercury)
- 9 THE LONESOME JUBILEE John Cougar Mellencamp (Mercury)
- 10 CLOUD NINE George Harrison (Dark Horse)
- 11 NOTHING LIKE THE SUN Sting (A&M)
- 12 WHITNEY Whitney Houston (Arista)
- 13 HEAVEN ON EARTH Belinda Carlisle (MCA)
- 14 WHITESNAKE Whitesnake (Geffen)
- 15 TUNNEL OF LOVE Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)

Chart courtesy of Billboard

COLD CHILLIN'

10

- 1 GO ON GIRL Roxanne Shante
- 2 VAPOURS Biz Markie
- 3 RAW Big Daddy Kane
- 4 BUTCHER'S SHOP Kool G Rap
- 5 PICKIN' BOOGERS Biz Markie
- 6 THE BRIDGE MC Shan
- 7 HAVE A NICE DAY Roxanne Shante
- 8 WORD TO THE MOTHER (LAND) Big Daddy Kane
- 9 ROOTS RAP MC Shan
- 10 IT'S A DEMO DJ Polo & Kool G Rap

Courtesy of NME Chill Factory

HOT BULGAR

5



Nadka Karadjova: Eat to the bleat on Topic and 4AD

- 1 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various (4AD)
- 2 BALKANA Various (Hannibal)
- 3 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES VOLUME 2 Various (4AD)
- 4 RODOPSKA DEVOIKA: CHANTS DE FEMMES DE BULGARIE
The State Ensemble For Traditional Songs And Dances (Harmonia Mundi)
- 5 FOLK MUSIC OF BULGARIA: COLLECTED AND EDITED BY A L LLOYD
Various (Topic)

With thanks to Piers at Collets, 129 Charing Cross Road, London WC2. 01-734 0782

MUTANT METAL

10

- 1 KINDA COOL IN THE PLACE Thrashpack (Music Of Life)
- 2 BRING THE NOISE Public Enemy (Def Jam)
- 3 MECHANISED DEATH The Accused (Rough Justice)
- 4 CAUGHT IN A MOSH (LIVE) Anthrax (Island)
- 5 HIT THE HI-TECH GROOVE Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
- 6 MISFITS MEDLEY Metallica (Phonogram)
- 7 F-YOU Overkill (Under One Flag)
- 8 RESPECTABLE Mel & Kim (Supreme)
- 9 EAT THE RICH Motorhead (GWR)
- 10 SCARFACE Lawnmower Deth (Cobshape Demo)

5

YEARS AGO



Fun Boy Three: tunnel vision

- 1 BILLIE JEAN Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 2 TOO SHY Kajagoogoo (EMI)
- 3 AFRICA Toto (CBS)
- 4 CHANGE Tears For Fears (Mercury)
- 5 TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY Madness (Stiff)
- 6 TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
- 7 NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Musical Youth (MCA)
- 8 TUNNEL OF LOVE Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)
- 9 LOVE ON YOUR SIDE Thompson Twins (Arista)
- 10 SIGN OF THE TIMES Belle Stars (Stiff)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 WUTHERING HEIGHTS Kate Bush (EMI)
- 2 WISHING ON A STAR Rose Royce (Warner Bros)
- 3 TAKE A CHANCE ON ME Abba (Epic)
- 4 DENIS Blondie (Chrysalis)
- 5 STAYIN' ALIVE Bee Gees (RSO)
- 6 COME BACK MY LOVE Darts (Magnet)
- 7 MR BLUE SKY Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- 8 ALRIGHT NOW (EP) Free (Island)
- 9 JUST ONE MORE NIGHT Yellow Dog (Virgin)
- 10 BAKER STREET Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE Slade (Polydor)
- 2 CINDY INCIDENTALLY Faces (Warner Bros)
- 3 PART OF THE UNION Strawbs (A&M)
- 4 FEEL THE NEED IN ME Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
- 5 SYLVIA Focus (Polydor)
- 6 20TH CENTURY BOY T Rex (T Rex)
- 7 HELLO HURRAY Alice Cooper (Warner Bros)
- 8 BLOCKBUSTER Sweet (RCA)
- 9 KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
- 10 WHISKY IN THE JAR Thin Lizzy (Decca)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 CINDERELLA ROCKERFELLA Esther And Abi Ofarim (Philips)
- 2 LEGEND OF XANADU Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich (Fontana)
- 3 FIRE BRIGADE Move (Regal-Zonophone)
- 4 MIGHTY QUINN Manfred Man (Fontana)
- 5 ROSIE Don Partridge (Columbia)
- 6 SHE WEARS MY RING Solomon King (Columbia)
- 7 JENNIFER JUNIPER Donovan (Pye)
- 8 PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN Status Quo (Pye)
- 9 GREEN TAMBOURINE Lemon Pipers (Pye Int)
- 10 DELIAH Tom Jones (Decca)

FRED FACT

The major rumour of the past week has involved the possibility of Polygram phasing out all vinyl production during 1989. If true, it means that, within two years from now, all records on such labels as London, Mercury, Polydor, Vertigo, etc could be available on CD only. Unlikely? I think not.

In 1987, sales of CDs accounted for 27 per cent of all revenue from album sales in the UK. Punters generally love the format. The CD is neat, space-saving, of higher sound quality and less prone to damage than its vinyl counterpart. They can now contain up to 80 minutes of music, and any track can be found immediately at the press of a button. No one even has to turn the record over. Maybe they're not quite perfection itself but CDs have more than a lot going for them. So everyone—give or take a Luddite from the age of Edison—admires.

Half the population would have switched to CDs already but for one all-important factor—the retail price of the discs themselves. I mean, who, in his or her right mind, is going to pay £10.99 for a CD when its vinyl equivalent costs around half that price? The price has long been something of a con. Initially CDs were expensive to make and the rejection rate high. But this has all changed. Barry Fox, who writes *Hi-Fi News* technology page, recently reported that the Philips-duPont pressing factories were quoting 94p per disc with 20 per cent discount for orders over 100,000—in other words, a CD disc now only costs around 75p to press. Even adding all the extras such as packaging, distribution, royalties etc, £10.99 is way over the top. But prices are due to tumble. Most companies, EMI, Polygram etc have launched mid-price lines that include strong material. But even £7.99 for back catalogue material is too high. Which is why the majors will shortly have a battle on their hands. Many indie companies are already moving in to take advantage of the low pressing prices of CDs.

In the wake of Conifer, who have already launched a highly successful £3.99 line of nostalgia and jazz CDs, Warwick Records are shortly to launch a series called Spectrum, which will see CD albums by such as Fats Domino, Rick Nelson, Count Basie, The Platters and others, retailing for £2.99—which means that they are sold to dealers for just £2.08. Additionally, Record Merchandisers are moving in to hot up the action with a £2.99 line that includes early sides by The Beach Boys, Chuck Berry etc. All of which should shake some action from the initiated and, indeed, has already done so in the case of RCA, who have now announced their £5.99 Diamond series, featuring CDs by Nina Simone, The Drifters, Sam Cooke, Elvis Presley, Nilsson, Duane Eddy, Waylon Jennings and Brook Benton.

The next few months should prove interesting. Who knows, maybe we'll even end up being able to afford what the record companies are intent on giving us.

Fred Dellar

THE CLASH
— A UK DISCOGRAPHY

Long, long ago, before Joe Strummer became Ennio Morricone, he was involved in a band called The Clash. They recorded with folkies (Tyron Dogg), naughty ladies (Janie Jones), graffiti artists (Futura 2000) and even girlfriends (Ellen Foley) but, on the whole, were rather good. So good, in fact, that Danny Kelly bought all their records and even a few that the band didn't know about. Impressed? We thought you might be. CBS hope so too. After all, they're the ones who hope to flog you a copy of their 'Story Of The Clash' album during the next few weeks. You will co-operate, won't you?

SINGLES

- | | | |
|-----------|--|---------------------|
| MAR 1977 | White Riot/1977 | (CBS 5058) |
| MAY 1977 | Remote Control/London's Burning | (CBS 5293) |
| SEP 1977 | Complete Control/The City Of The Dead | (CBS 5664) |
| FEB 1978 | Clash City Rockers/Jail Guitar Doors | (CBS 5834) |
| JUNE 1978 | (White Man) In Hammersmith Palais/The Prisoner | (CBS 6383) |
| NOV 1978 | Tommy Gun/1-2, Crush On You | (CBS 6788) |
| FEB 1979 | English Civil War/Pressure Drop | (CBS 7082) |
| DEC 1979 | London Calling/Armageddon Time | (CBS 8087) |
| DEC 1979 | London Calling/Armageddon Time (version)/Justice Tonight (version)/Kick It Over (version) | (12" CBS 12 8087) |
| JUNE 1980 | Lose This Skin (as by Tyron Dogg but actually a track from Sandinista)/reverse by Tyron Dogg | (Ghost Dance GHO 1) |
| AUG 1980 | Bank Robber/Rockers Galore . . . UK Tour | (CBS 8323) |
| NOV 1980 | The Call-Up/Stop The World | (CBS 9339) |
| JAN 1981 | Hitsville UK/Radio One | (CBS 9480) |
| APL 1981 | The Magnificent Seven/The Magnificent Dance | (CBS A1133) |
| | also on 12" A121133 (June 1981) | |
| NOV 1981 | This Is Radio Clash/Radio Clash | (CBS A1797) |
| NOV 1981 | This Is Radio Clash/Radio Clash/Outside Broadcast/Radio 5 | (12" CBS A131797) |
| APL 1982 | Know Your Rights/First Night Back In London | (CBS A2309) |
| JUNE 1982 | Rock The Casbah/Long Time Jerk | (CBS A2479) |
| | (also on picture disc CBS A11 2479) | |
| JUNE 1982 | Rock The Casbah/Mustapha Dance | (12" CBS A132479) |
| SEP 1982 | Should I Stay Or Should I Go/Straight To Hell | (CBS A2646) |
| | (also available as picture disc (A11 2546) and 12" (A13 2646) editions) | |
| MAY 1983 | Escapades Of Futura 2000/Instrumental (By Futura 2000 and The Clash) | (Celluloid CYZ 104) |
| | (also on 12") | |
| DEC 1983 | House Of The Ju-Ju Queen/Sex Machine (by Janie Jones And The Lash) | (Big Beat NS91) |
| SEP 1985 | This Is England/Do It Now | (CBS A6122) |
| SEP 1985 | This Is England/Do It Now/Sex Mad Road | (12" CBS TA6122) |
| MAR 1988 | I Fought The Law/City Of The Dead/Police On My Back/48 Hours | (CBS CLASH 1) |
| | (also on cassette CLASH T1 and CD single CLASH C1) | |

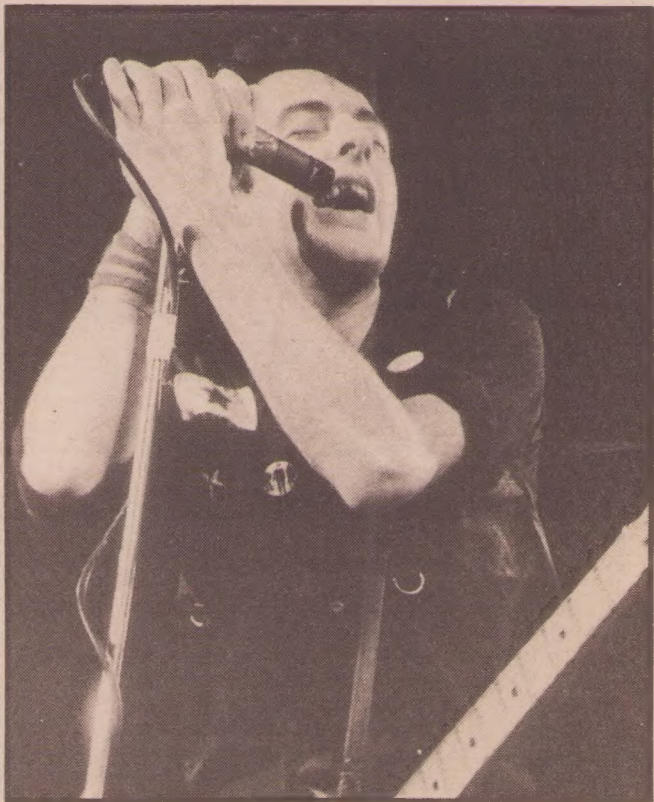
EPs

- | | | |
|----------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| APL 1977 | Capital Radio | (CBS CL-1) |
| MAY 1979 | The Cost Of Living | (CBS 7324) |
| DEC 1982 | Complete Control—cassette only | (CBS A40 2907) |

ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----------|--|---------------------|
| APL 1977 | The Clash | (CBS 82000) |
| | reissued on CBS 32232 (Nov 1982) | |
| NOV 1978 | Give 'Em Enough Rope | (CBS 82431) |
| | reissued on CBS 32444 (Nov 1984) | |
| DEC 1979 | London Calling | (CBS CLASH3) |
| | reissued on CBS 460114-1 (Feb 1988) | |
| DEC 1980 | Sandinista | (CBS FSLN) |
| MAR 1981 | Concert For Kampuchea (various artists includes Armageddon Time live) | (Atlantic K 60153) |
| JAN 1982 | Life In The European Theatre (various artists, includes London Calling live) | (WEA K58412) |
| MAY 1982 | Combat Rock | (CBS FMLN2) |
| NOV 1985 | Cut The Crap | (CBS 26601)# |
| FEB 1986 | Pogo A GoGo—NME cassette containing a 1977 Guy Stevens produced demo | (NME) |
| SEP 1986 | The 12" Tape—tape only issue | (CBS 4 401234) |
| MAY 1987 | Interview Picture Disc | (Baktabak BAK 2029) |
| MAR 1988 | The Story Of The Clash | (CBS 460244-1)# |

Also on CD



Mouldy old Joe

PICTURE: JUSTIN THOMAS

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:

COMMUNARDS AND
CLAUSE 28

Picture the scene—in a packed House of Lords, the Conservative Earl of Caithness informs his peers that young men coming to terms with adolescence are uniquely vulnerable to advances from older homosexual men, and that on coming into contact with such men, they would certainly run the grave risk of becoming incorrigibly homosexual themselves.

Something from the dark pre-Woolfenden days of the 1950s? January, actually, and despite the headline-grabbing interruption of abseiling lesbians their lordships weighed in behind the Earl and passed Clause 28 (now re-named Clause 29) of the Local Government Bill. This Bill, if it becomes law, will prohibit local authorities from promoting homosexuality, from allowing Education Authorities to include positive images of gay sexuality in sex education programmes or from funding any individuals or bodies working for either of the above.

In effect, this could mean any number of things—the removal of E M Forster or Walt Whitman from library shelves, theatres prohibited from putting on Joe Orton plays, the BBC prohibited from broadcasting Communards records, even (since when did they need legislation?). More alarmingly, this could mean the end of funding to the few gay centres/helplines that already enjoy grant-aid.

Well, at least it hasn't come as a surprise. Ms Thatcher and her government have long since made it a priority to see a return to 'Victorian Values'—you know, child labour, rickets, the Wilde Trial—and in the life of this government, having already successfully reorganised the economy, the unions, the public sector etc. to fit the required model, they now seem confident enough to bring the same new broom to our morals, and such issues as abortion, homosexuality, censorship and other subjects of '60s liberalising legislation are at the top of their hit-list.

Hopefully this will prove to be a tougher battle than they imagined. The vociferous protests occasioned by David Alton's attempts to amend the abortion legislation gives the lie to Tory assertions that a new mood is abroad in the country—in fact all the signs are that most people incline to sensible, tolerant attitudes on most sexual/moral issues.

Sensing that, the Tories have selected their targets with care and we don't think we're being unduly cynical in suggesting the Tories expect a smoother ride over Clause 28/29—a recent poll indicated a depressingly large majority in favour of its general provisions.

Most depressing has been the reaction of the Labour Party. A number of prominent front-benchers declared their opposition to the promotion of positive gay images in schools when the bill was first introduced in the Commons. Thanks a lot, guys! This is further evidence of the leadership's attempt to move the party away from the issue of Lesbian and Gay Rights.

Of course, the most striking thing about Clause 28/29 is that it's incredibly stupid. It attempts to preserve the exclusively heterosexual version of sex-education, fearing, no doubt, that the inclusion of positive images of homosexuality will lead to school children looking forward to field-

sports with new and sinister anticipation. This, of course, is absolute bollocks.

An adolescent runs no more risk of catching homosexuality from a library copy of *Maurice* than we do of catching heterosexuality from a copy of *The Sun*. It does not happen, despite the assertions of that well-known socio-psychosexual-crimino-neo-pathologist the Earl of Caithness.

The government's and others' attempts to revive traditional prejudices about homosexuality will result in nothing more than continued and growing misery for young gay men and women forced to come to terms with their sexuality in an atmosphere of fear, loathing and secrecy.

Lesbians and gay men have fought long and hard for the right to enjoy such support, for the right to read about ourselves, for the right to see images of ourselves by ourselves. We've had to fight for the most basic right of all—to exist—and this bill is a serious threat to those rights.

If allowed to become law it will pave the way for further attempts to diminish those freedoms, and you don't need a degree in history to see where that path might lead.

This is a stupid and dangerous bill and it must not go unchallenged. Richard Coles and Jimmy Somerville.

OUT OF THE WARDROBE

I wish to complain in the strongest possible terms about the busker who performs in the footpath approach to the Northern Line at Charing Cross Station between the hours of 9.00am and 11.30am (approx).

He not only sings bad songs badly but his guitar appears to travel at right angles to reality. I think new laws should be made so that people like him, and the idiots who give him money, should be locked in a very small room for an extended period of time with that bastard who slagged off the All About Eve album.

I think I should state at this juncture that I am not mad and anyone who says I am is a wardrobe. My next door neighbour can vouch for this, who is in fact a very good friend of the Pope and frequently accompanies him on his secret missions to Venus.

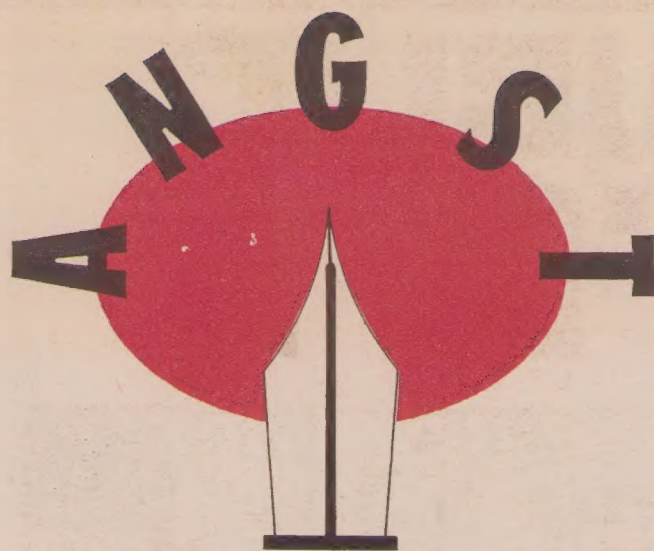
William Wilberforce, no fixed abode
An All About Eve fan no less.
This guy's nuts and my top drawer keeps sticking . . . — EP

SELF ABUSE

Why on earth are the execrable Attacco Decente being heaped with praise in your organ? I saw them about a year ago on the South Wales leg of the Red Wedge tour and they are just a bunch of posing ninnyes in nice pullovers and tinted spectacles. They tinkle away (surely not!!!!) — EP on various 'quaint' instruments whilst indulging in 'right-on' warbling.

By far their most stupid and pointless song is this 'Touch Yourself' thing (singled out by your reviewer Paul Mann in a recent review). This song advises people that it is OK to masturbate! Wow! Really?? When I saw Attacco I did not notice anyone starting to masturbate during this number . . . though I wasn't really looking I hasten to add. Anyway local faves The Abs had already performed their 'W——ing In The Bog' that night so perhaps many members of the audience had not fully recovered.

Have any other readers decided to start masturbating after hearing Attacco's song? I think we should



EDITED BY
EDWIN POUNCEY

be told.
Colin Morton, Gwent
You obviously have a diseased mind and deserve to go blind. Try putting boxing gloves over your ears — EP

JEAN JOHNNY

I'd always thought that the instrumental part of The Smiths' 'How Soon Is Now' conjured up richly-coloured visions of tomahawks, men dressing up as eagles and frighteningly effective rain-dances. Pepe Jeans advertising is spot on!

PS: I like Bernard Manning. Evangeline Bannister, Twickenham Me too. And surely the sight of big Bernie sporting a pair of outsized Pepees around his impressive girth whilst tripping the light fantastic to the godly ones' muse would have shifted more jeans and more old Smiths records? We can but dream — EP

WET THREAT

With reference to James Brown's Pooh Sticks article, just let the band try and give me a 'public flogging'. If they set one foot in Bristol they'll get their arses kicked all the way back to Swansea.

The Pooh Sticks are attention seeking bandwagon jumpers, bitter at being told that their demo-tape was wet crap.
Martin (Just You Try It Sonny) Whitehead, The Subway Organisation, Bristol
Wet Crap? I've never heard of them, but I bet Fierce might be interested — EP

A CYBER PUNK WRITES

I 1988. What the f—— are you playing at? OK, so the '70s revival issue I could laugh at and throw away, we all know you must have your flights of fancy occasionally. But giving a centre page spread filled with rave reviews of *RoboCop*? And slugging off *Bladerunner* into the process!

I've just been to see *RoboCop* and it's got approximately one millionth of the imagination, talent and style that went into *Bladerunner*. I've seen better effects in *Sinbad The Sailor* (now which *Sinbad* movie are we talking about here old chap? — EP). Sean O'Hagan needs a good kick up the arse, he obviously only liked it because the lead character had an Irish name.

Are you clutching at straws in the creative wasteland of early '88? Your paper is degenerating into a mass of contradictions, clichés and crap. Get it together.
The Super-hero in harlequin kecks, France
Hey! Dig that crazy cliché. So Sean O'Hagan likes RoboCop for patriotic reasons? Don't be dumb, chum, this letter sounds as though it was written by what was left of the creep that went skinny-

dipping in a tank of toxic waste, one of RoboCop's many miracle moments. Bladerunner's neat too, but remember, it's only a movie — EP

UGLY TRUTHS?

In *Angst* (February 27), Neil Stafford claims that racism is, "A matter of power, whites have it—blacks don't", and more astonishingly that, "Black people cannot be racist".

Well firstly, it is obvious that most whites have no more power than blacks, but surely it is not the case that all racism emanates from a few powerful whites?

Secondly, it is naive and self-deluding to say that black people cannot be racist. They can be, and sometimes are. Of course, if they themselves have previously been on the receiving end of racism it is not surprising, but that is not to say it does not exist. Abroad you only have to hear people in certain Asian countries, like Saudi Arabia and Japan, refer to people of Afro-Caribbean origin in the most disparaging terms to realise that racism is not simply a matter of whites oppressing blacks.

And what about the stand of the present Fijian rulers against Asians in that country, or the evil Idi Amin's expulsion of Ugandan Asians in the early '70s?

Racism is an evil that must be fought wherever it occurs and in whatever form it takes, even if it comes from current NME favourites like Public Enemy.
Brian Savage

"Black people cannot be racist," says Neil Stafford, *Angst*, February 27.

Scene: Outside Kentucky Fried Chicken, Brixton after The Woodentops gig at The Academy. Me and a mate wait while another mate buys some liquid refreshment inside. Two black youths approach.

"Why don't you just push in the queue?"
We ignore them.
"This is Brixton man, no place for people like you, this is Brixton."

Or have I missed the point somewhere?
Disillusioned Socialist of Surrey
I only hope that you didn't miss your bus, it's one hell of a walk back to Surrey. Seriously though methinks that our Disillusioned of Surrey was a victim of territorialism as opposed to out and out racism, there is, believe it or not, a difference. Racist behaviour is the end product of a stupid mind, no matter what colour it is or what creed it preaches — EP

BEAT IT

So once again hip-hop/House/sampling/DJing is spouted as being the new "punk", a revolution to throw Tiffany *et al* out of the charts.

ANGST, NME EDITORIAL,
COMMONWEALTH HOUSE,
1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET,
LONDON WC1N 1JF

You've got Tim Simenon saying, "All the kids are doing it". Who's doing it? Your trendy lefty hacks and the dance music propaganda machine seem to be in a different world. What he means is that a few trendies in The Wag have taken up DJing as the new thing. You ignore the vast majority of your papers' readers who are white, working class and into The Smiths and The Wedding Present.

The reason Bomb The Bass, M/A/R/R/S, The Beatmasters etc are in the charts is not because hordes of intelligent youngsters are buying the records. The people who are buying them are the same people who put Bananarama, Rick Astley, Sinatta and Spagna in the charts.

So wise up, don't groove to those scum. Slap on 'Crash' and kick out the reactionaries in our midst.

An Orange Bastard, Ayrshire
I gather you don't care for the sound of DJ culture, I'm not sure that I do either but give us a break why don'tcha? We featured both Morrissey (exclusively I might add) and The Wedding Present as full cover features mere weeks ago. NME is a music paper, its function is to report on the very latest cultural developments in various fields during the week it goes to press. Both Morrissey and The Wedding Present are important, obviously more important to you, but to feature them every week in our pages would be folly. Start a fanzine — EP

Oh, how I laughed, Sean O'Hagan! How I guffawed at your 'Steal It, Spiel It, Shake It, Take It For A Jolly Long Walk' clap-trap. You sir, are one of the most boring, anal, repetitive, po-faced buffoons ever to spout spume like, "Hey! These records are really funky-assed."



COULD THIS BE THE PLANET THE BOFFINS CALL VENUS?

Reader W. Nash of Edmonton writes — Last night I was abducted by aliens. I was drawn up to Venus where I mated with a humanoid stunner who looked just like Page 3's luscious Linda Lusardi! As we shuddered to a climax she bit my body crying out in Venusian 'Oh! well-endowed earth god!' In a twinkling I was back in my E Reg Astra, as if time had stood still during my absence!

BOBBY'S VERDICT — NO CUPS

I RECKON YOU'RE PULLING MY PLOKER, MATE! VENUS IS THE 3RD PLANET FROM THE SUN WITH CONDITIONS REACHING 700°C AND A PRESSURE 100 TIMES THAT OF EARTH'S. QUITE CLEARLY INHOSPITABLE TO HUMANOID STUNNERS! STILL, WHAT NME READER WOULDN'T DREAM OF A NIGHT OF PASSION WITH PAGE 3'S LUSCIOUS LINDA?

They cut, scratch, mix, somersault, twirl and do lots of other things that old rock-fart Mozzer would HATE!" So, this sampling business is ready to sweep the nation, take over society and show-all-us-whites-what-for is it? Yipes! Thatcher must be crapping herself!

You are old, O'Hagan. Piss off.
Albert Tatlock, Coronation Street
And you died years ago — EP

HOUSE CALL

The 'Hail The DJ' feature was a great relief for me. I have been petrified that House and all its variations would burn themselves out, victims of their Road-block logic.

But how I rejoiced at the bulldozer vision of T. Simeonon, C J Mackintosh and O Dowel (not to mention Tim's shrewd modesty). This letter, however, is in response to the last paragraph of 'Violent Fresh'. I quote: "You can't say there's a logical next step, 'cause there is no next step until someone does it."

Frustration!!

Speaking as an individualist; this is a typical comment of the '80s. When will people realise that "the next step" lies within themselves?

One can imagine the parade of nutters and fakes you're going to see in the months to come . . . Synthia in the House of Sin, Bungalow B and the Demolition, Paul Mortarly and the Shag-Shacks perhaps?

The Maisonettes!

This is a plea for truth in a world of insanity. True artistic motivation stems from oppression (look around you). Let House be the personification of the conflict and our world the common goal (please). Remember what happened in '68 . . .
Simon Bunn, Worthing, Sussex
Believe it or not I do . . . Praise the Lord and pass the Up Time — EP

PUBLIC N'M'E

IT'S PARIS an hour after **THE GODFATHERS** have ripped through a stunning set. The five would-be gangsters are searching for some French action when they come across a large well dressed and middle aged crowd thronging the sparkling foyer of a popular arts centre. Being typical nosy and arrogant British rockers abroad The GFs strolled right up through the crowd, past an obvious police presence and into the theatre, where they asked the first geezer they came across what the hell was going on? The serene gentleman turns around, revealing himself to be none other than the French president **FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND** himself, and tells **PETER COYNE**: "We are here to see the great middle of the road singer, Julian Clerc, perhaps you have heard of him? By the way whatever did happen to The Unholy Trinity?" Or words to that effect.

Oxford Street was bought to a standstill last Thursday when thousands of pencil necks and weirdos spilled out of the HMV Shop, where they were watching top Mancunian glam terror pop army **THE FALL**, and into the busy central London shopping area. **DETECTIVE INSPECTOR PAT MCCAT** told *Public NME* that he was shocked at, a) the popularity of the band, b) the amount of people who queued up to get their copies of 'The Frenz Experiment' signed, and c) how the band didn't perform 'C.R.E.E.P.'

Whilst **STEVE HANLEY**, **CRAIG SCANLON**, **BRIX SMITH**, **MARCIA SCHOFIELD** and **SIMON WOOLSTENCROFT** signed furiously away at the LPs, the lads looking as relaxed as Emlyn Hughes (Fields Of The Nephilim) and Bill Beaumont (ex-The Alarm) on *Question Of Sport*, **MARK SMITH** filled us in with the highlights so far: "One girl, she was Polish or something, asked us to sign ten different LPs with eight names on each, and they were all called Mairniea or something. Had to keep asking her how to spell it."

Nothing like a bit of cultural exchange is there?

Hot news from New York City is that **FLAVOUR FLAV**, mouth-person with *Public NME*, was arrested two weeks ago for impersonating a Puerto Rican cab driver. Flav was midway through a night of comfortable cabbying when a cop recognised him, pulled him over to ask what he was doing, discovered he was working without a taxi licence, and nicked him. Unfortunately, for the Def Jam mob that night Flav was supposed to be leading them out at a live engagement in Philadelphia, and as it was too late to cancel the posse had to get themselves a replacement. Luckily the wee popped out rap fans were too ecstatic to notice the difference. Flav was sprung from the slammer 48 hours later.

Labelmate **MIKE DIAMOND** of **THE BEASTIE BOYS** is currently working on a sideline band with a couple of mates whilst **MCA** and **AD ROCK** are off making their



'FALL INVADE OXFORD STREET HMV SHOP FOR POP-STAR STYLE ALBUM SIGNING SESSION' SHOCK! Woolstencroft, Brix, and Hanley struggle to answer the brain-stomping Question of Sport teaser 'What is the name of the 'singer' with top rock band The Fall?'



"And if I have anymore requests to sign Morrissey singles there'll be trouble." . . . Mark E Smith in fetching gold lame hair-dryer and camouflage shirt.

fortunes acting and skiing. They're called **THE GRATEFUL DUDES** and are not to be confused with **THE GRATEFUL DEAD**.

They will be bringing out their debut single shortly on the rapidly expanding Fierce label of Swansea. The A-side is likely to be called 'Bazooka', which is the name of the latest post-crack drug menace to hit the streets of the US. It consists of all sorts of mind

rotting chemicals together with enough lead to roof the dome of St Paul's. It's commonly known that after a month of using Bazooka you become permanently retarded which must make it the ideal drug for a Beastie Boy. Apparently the lyrics to Mike D's ditty go like this: "I was chillin' in my home/ Smoking my hookah/ Chillin' on dust and doing the Bazooka!"

Sounds like they should get

back to those old Montreux Cooold Medinas.

Although Fierce are currently establishing a New York HQ **STEVE GREGORY** sent us a message to let us know that prime Indie-haters **THE POOH STICKS** have now been chucked off the label for gross wimpiness. Although Steve wouldn't divulge what **HUGH POOH** had done he did suggest it was something to do with a front page story on the *South Wales Evening News*. The incident happened just a day after the label had signed the Pooh's single 'On Tape' to Rough Trade and it is now believed that said deal has been revoked and all remaining copies of the excellent single are to be destroyed.

Whilst we're on the subject of Rough Trade it is not a little bizarre that the label's latest signing, **GENE AND JIM ARE INTO SHAKES**, are managed by **PETER WATERMAN**? Weird, as **GILL PRINGLE** might say. On the subject of Gene and Jim those of you who might be wondering how Gene acquired such a magnificent moustache can rest assured that it wasn't caused by some strange Antipodean facial hair ointment but was in fact created by a mere shaving accident. So there you have it.

The **NEW ORDER** and **ANDY** and **FERGIE** meet that we told you about a fortnight ago took place last week at the Canadian Fashion Awards. The band's manager **ROB GRETTON** refused to talk to the couple but apart from that all went eerily well with Barney, Gillian, Stephen and Hooky all picking up some new clothes from the show just for the event.

Why **CLIVE**, The Doctor, from **DR & THE MEDICS**, has taken up snail farming we shall never know. Maybe it's because they move as quickly as the band's current career. And Island Records were sharp off the mark this week when they pointed out as part of their 'U2 Split' denial that the story emanated from the

same national newspaper that recently detected a man on Mars.

Can it be true that **JIMMY SOMERVILLE** of The Communards crossed the technicians picket line at TV-AM last Friday?

Pitty poor **WILLY SINNOT**, bass player with **THE SHAMEN**, who had a bag full of freshly washed clothes nicked from the band's gig at The Fulham Greyhound last Tuesday. Willy is temporarily homeless and the bag is acting as his wardrobe and contains his only clothes. Anyone with information as to the whereabouts of his togs should take a tube to Stratford and wait until they come across a naked ranting Scotsman or they could call the band's manager **COSH** on 01-555 5423.

One punter fainted and many others left **ULU** last Friday when **THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS** treated their fans to a fifteen minute medical film of a penis amputation. Similarly strange but less revolting scenes should take place this week when **THE EX** play assorted London dates with a fire engine on stage.

Forget **GEORGE MICHAEL** and **MICHAEL JACKSON** because **ABBA** mania is currently sweeping Japan where hordes of Tokyo street dancers have taken to dressing up in multicoloured glitter suits and shimmying to all the Swedish foursome's greatest hits. Another alarming trend to be glimpsed is the behaviour of other former rock 'n' roll dancers who now swing their bodies wildly to the subtle sounds of **FRANK SINATRA**.

DAVID GEDGE of **THE WEDDING PRESENT** shocked assorted newsmen at a hastily arranged press conference in Covent Garden last week when he answered the heavily loaded and romantically inclined question 'Who would you most like to be locked in a room with?' with the name of South African Foreign Minister Pik Botha. When pressed as to why he should want to do such a thing Gedge replied that "Then I would be able to kick his head in".

THE PRIMITIVES have been filling in what little spare time they have between TV appearances by reviewing the new play about **JIM MORRISON**'s death for Radio One. Unfortunately listeners couldn't hear what **STEVE** and **TRACEY** had to say on the subject for the sound of screeching cats in the background.

Is popular Locomotion DJ and former *Tube* presenter **WENDY MAY** shortly to tie the knot with an unnamed member of Medium Cool recording artists **THE CORN DOLLIES**?

NME's **SEAN O'HAGAN** and **DAVID QUANTICK** attempted to perform **WHAM!**'s 'Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go' at the Mean Fiddler Karaoke night last week. Apparently Quantick was so embarrassed at their performance that he collapsed mid-way through the recital and had to crawl off the stage in shame. Oh well, that's pop hacks for you.

NEW
MUSICAL
EXPRESS
NME

EDITORIAL
4th Floor
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NG
Phone: 01-404 0700

EDITOR
Alan Lewis

DEPUTY EDITOR
Danny Kelly

ASSISTANT EDITOR
(features)
Adrian Thrills

NEWS EDITOR
Terry Staunton

ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR
Denis Campbell

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Jo Isotta

PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
Adrian Tierney-Jones

SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR
Roy Carr

ALBUMS REVIEWS EDITOR
Alan Jackson

LIVE REVIEWS EDITOR
Helen Mead

MEDIA EDITOR
Gavin Martin

DESIGN
Justin Langlands

STAFF
Paolo Hewitt
James Brown
Steve Lamacq

PHOTOGRAPHY
Bledwyn Butcher
Derek Ridgers
Lawrence Watson
A. J. Barratt
Anne Coffey
Steve Pyke
Chris Clunn
Emily Andersen
Tim Jarvis

CONTRIBUTORS
Jack Barron
Len Brown
Fred Dellar
Barbara Ellen
D. J. Fontana
Louise Gray
Barney Hoskyns
Gaz Jennings
Michele Kirsch
The Legend!
Stuart Macdonie
John McCready
Myrna Minkoff
John Munro
Sean O'Hagan
Edwin Pouncey
David Quantick
Jonathan Romney
Mark Sinker
Jane Solanas
David Swift
Neil Taylor
Ben Thompson
Steven Wells
Simon Witter

ILLUSTRATIONS
Savage Pencil
John Geary
Steven Appleby
Shaky Kane

U.S.
Richard Grabel
Rob Tannenbaum
Kristine McKenna
Frank Owen

RESEARCH
Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY
Karen Walter

ADVERTISING
Room 329
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A

AD MANAGER
Nick Taylor
(01) 829 7825

ASSISTANT AD MANAGER
David Smith
(01) 829 7738

CLASSIFIED ADS
(01) 829 7797

LIVE ADS
(01) 829 7816

AD PRODUCTION
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 829 7759

Publisher Andy McDuff
Holborn Publishing Group
IPC Magazines Ltd
Production of any material without
permission is strictly forbidden

Sting

VOTED BPI ALBUM OF THE YEAR

*"Love, death, politics...Sting gets stuck in.
These songs are sensitive, literate, intelligent,
thoughtful, moving and occasionally very funny too."*
"Q" Magazine

"...Genuine haunting beauty..."
Sounds

*"...Burns with real emotion,
though its musical veneer is once again quite cool,
as in jazz cool..."*
Los Angeles Times

*"...If half a doubt is aroused
his never failing passionate singing belies it."*
NME



“...NOTHING LIKE THE SUN”

The Album, Cassette and Compact Disc